

The Catholic Record.

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

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CLERICAL.

WE have received a large stock of goods suitable for clerical garments.

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CATHOLIC PRESS.

London Universe.

Disraeli, England's prime minister, said, "It is at the feet of women we lay the laurels that, without her smile, would never have been won; it is her image that tunes the lyre of the poet, that animates the voice in the blase eloquence, that guides the brain in the august toils of stately council." And yet this same prime minister is reported to have permitted his under officer in the post-office to send two hundred of these laurelled angels home every night with half pay for a day's work, and so pinched with penury on this account that they had to take in other labor to eke out an existence. Young ladies, may we venture the ungallant remark, that much of the flattering sentiment you hear amounts to just about this in the real exigencies of life, unless sustained by Christian character.

Boston Pilot.

EARL COWPER has been talking at Belfast, where the "loyalists" gave him a banquet. The more he sees of Ireland, he says, the more he is convinced that dissatisfaction has always existed, though sometimes dumb and sullen and under the surface. It must be reduced to a dumb and sullen state again, he added, and then something should be done to remove its causes. Earl Cowper seems as incapable of learning from history as any of his countrymen. What the policy of repression has done in Ireland is plain to every one else; but Englishmen deliberately shut their eyes and won't see. Their own historians have pointed it out a dozen times, but they might as well talk to men deaf, dumb and blind. It is in England's power, of course, to crush Irish protests again and again, and she never hesitates to do it. She is now at her fell work once more, and her Lord Lieutenant of Ireland says it is right, and shall be continued. Very well. But the more of it is done now, the harder will it be for England to settle the final score.

JAMES REDPATH says that Ireland is the only country in the world where the best men are in prison, and where the most respectable men who are at liberty always excuse themselves to a stranger for not being in prison. Henry George says something of the same kind. On his voyage to Ireland he met an Englishman who had been travelling in the West, who told him that California was not half civilized, because so many men carried firearms. Mr. George says he wants to meet that Englishman in Ireland. He could point out to him at every station when the train stopped a lot of constables with repeating rifles. He would like to ask him whether he called that civilization. He would like to ask him to listen to the stories he heard of police brutality in the streets of Dublin. He would like to call his attention to such stories as that which came from Belmont, where old women were shot down and young girls bayoneted, and to ask him whether he ever heard of such a thing as that in America. He would like to take him down to Kilmainham Jail and show him how in Ireland members of Parliament arrested on suspicion were imprisoned like the very worst criminals in America, and he would like to ask him what he thought of that kind of civilization. "Why," he says, "even in the sort of half civilization they had across the Atlantic, it was considered a disgrace for a man to have been in jail, but in Ireland it seemed to be an honor."

WESTMINSTER ABBEY declining to admit a statue of Oliver Cromwell, Prof. Goldwin Smith thinks that one should be erected to the memory of the Protector in the Capitol at Washington. His theory, that American liberty owes its existence to the roundheads, and that Washington and his fellow patriots were only indirectly responsible for the founding of the republic, is ingenious if not very sound. With true Puritanical narrowness it leaves entirely out of

the question the gallant sons of Cavaliers, Huguenots, Catholics and Dutchmen who upheld the cause of liberty in Virginia, the Carolinas, Maryland and New York at least as well as the sons of the Puritans did in New England. That, however, was to be expected of a man who apparently believes that America was founded and populated exclusively by the passengers and crew of the Mayflower. To such a mind as his, Washington, the descendant of a Cavalier, is a much less noble figure than the fanatical and cruel Protector who freed England from a monarchy and gave her a dictatorship. America knows better whom to honor. History is full of Cromwells. It knows but one Washington.

That was a thrilling point that Mr. Henry George made at a crowded meeting in the Rotundo, Dublin, lately. He was holding the great audience with fervid words, when he abruptly said:—

"They have in Sackville Street the statue of a great man—a one-armed man (hissses)—[Nelson]—a naval hero, who in his time was a great admiral—a great butcher of men. He believed that some time a greater statue would arise (loud cheers)—a statue of another one-armed man (great cheering, the whole audience rising and waving hats and handkerchiefs for some minutes)—a man who to-day occupied a felon's cell in Portland Prison; poor, one-armed Michael Davitt, patriot and hero!"

Catholic Review.

WHAT has become of the old Catholics, or who hears of them now? This was the bantling, or as the grandiloquent Churchman would consider it, the infant Hercules, offspring of the lions of Rome that was to rise up and destroy and supplant the parent stock. As such child of great promise was it hailed by the un-Catholic world. Solemn articles were written about it in leading journals. All the bands of heresy leaned towards it. Governments favored and made much of it. Disaffected spirits joined it. It came into existence about ten years ago, and already its name is a by-word of scorn and ridicule. It is as dead in its movements as though instead of being but ten years in existence, it had died ten centuries ago. And for what reason? The Catholic Church bothered little about it. The fuss was all made by itself and among the un-Catholic world. The Church went quietly, calmly on about its business, leaving the noisy, disaffected little knot of men to pursue their own devices and methods for the overthrow of Rome. The truth soon became apparent. There was disaffection, disappointment, anger, slight and all mean things; but there was no policy, no declaration of principles, no strenuous falsehood even of the Luther kind. It was all petty subterfuge and petulant recrimination. It was not great enough for a heresy, nor wide enough for a schism. It was from first to last, petty and pretentious as Port Royal, a babbling coterie without a church or a platform. The natural result was that it died a natural death, for all the petting and coddling that the bantling received, and all the crowing and flapping of wings that it made.

GAMBETTA disgusts even Protestants. We are not surprised that a reputable American journal, such as the Congressionalist, of Boston, even though it is not favorable to Catholics, should find the new French premier a revolting morsel, which all his hatred to Catholicism will not enable it to swallow. Says our contemporary: "The religious aspect of France is at present full of the deepest interest to every thoughtful Christian. M. Gambetta, now practically at the head of affairs, is an avowed atheist and has openly declared that the first duty of the Republic is to free its citizens from the 'trammels of superstition,' by which is meant any religious belief whatever. At an Atheistic Congress recently held in Paris, the advocates of free thought passed a resolution that parents ought to be prohibited by law from speaking of religion at home, even to their children. To their honor be it said, two Protestant ministers had the courage to attend and lift up their voices against some of the blasphemy, though their protest caused a great commotion. The Congress closed with a banquet, at which a toast to 'God hating' was drunk."

MODERN Apostles of the Moody and Sankey school find it a good thing to preach their peculiar gospel. The Scotsman says their charge is £700 monthly! If Christianity were "capitalized" on that basis, it would represent a marvellous sum.

Freeman's Journal.

"A number of Chicago men, including a Jewish rabbi, a Bishop of the Reformed Episcopal Church, and the pastor of a Unitarian society, have addressed a petition to the Board of Education asking that the first forty minutes in each school-day be devoted to instruction in unsectarian ethics and psychology."—New York Sun.

The creed of the Reformed Episcopal Church must be flexible, when a Unitarian and a Jewish rabbi can unite with one of its Bishops in a petition for the introduction of the modern substitute for religion, "ethical culture," into the common (?) schools. The Reformed Protestant Episcopalians has, perhaps, like the "Reformed" Jew, elided all religion from his creed and left the God of his forefathers to run after "unsectarian ethics." To a Unitarian, "unsectarian ethics" mean the acknowledgment of a Deity, but not the God of the Christian. To the rabbi—who is doubtless a "Reformed" Jew—they mean substantially the same thing; but to the Reformed Episcopalian, what can they mean? Surely, in all the processes of "reform" which the Anglican Church and its branches have gone through since the reign of its founder, Henry VIII., it has not entirely lost its belief in the Godhead of Our Lord Jesus Christ. And yet it would seem so, when one of the Bishops of its latest "reformed" branches unites with a Jew and a Unitarian in asking that children be educated according to an "ethical" scheme which will not admit any allusion to Our Lord as God—a scheme which blasphemously and sacrilegiously places Him on the plane of Plato, Confucius, Mohammed and Buddha! It was as feasible to gather the ocean in a sieve as to stem the tide of corruption which "colorless" teaching has caused, with such "ethical" and "psychological" moralizings as the "Reformed" Jew, Felix Adler, indulges in, and such as the late preacher of "ethical culture," Mr. Frothingham, has recently declared to be worthless.

United Ireland.

THERE are at this writing close on fifty thousand—there will be in a few days sixty thousand—tenant farmers in the Land Courts, scrambling for Mr. Gladstone's bone. They are not one-tenth of the Irish tenant-farmers, and they will soon find in the bitterness of their hearts that the remaining nine-tenths are going a swifter and surer way of settling the land question. But the selfish and the giddy fractions of the tenantry must see their folly out. The mountebank politicians who are running the Land Act have started a gigantic state lottery, and invite all who pass the way to dip in their hands and draw out a fortune. It used to be said the Land League appealed to a sordid motive—the base craving of the Irish tenant to have food for his children and to banish the shadow of the evictor from his doorway. Mr. Gladstone and his fuglemen appeal to the nobler passions of the gambling hell. It is illegal to bet on a horse, but the law invites the Irish tenant to wager his money and his fate for fifteen years to come on the chance that the Commissioners who try his case may know nothing about land, or may know nothing about principle, or no principle may ruin the landlord, or ruin the tenant, or ruin both, according to the exigencies of the machine which they have to run. The thing is thoroughly well-advertised, a couple of electro-plated prizes are fished up by the first comers and exhibited to the public gaze, and all noble sportsmen are affectionately bidden to put down their money that they may "live and thrive." Like most Cheap-Jacks the Commissioners have had some success with the bumpkins. The Times confesses the imposture, which was pointed out in these columns last week: "We believe there can be no doubt that many of the cases first decided were chosen to be dealt with at once, because there were grounds for anticipating that a large reduction of rent would be found justifiable. The device has been only too successful." The farmers have been lured into the belief that the reductions were to be general and sweeping. The Court has learned to regret its little plot, as the tenants will learn to regret having been deceived by it. We pointed out last week that the Crawford decisions meant, that they meant anything, that land in Ulster was worth twenty-five per cent. over Griffith's valuation, and consequently fifty per cent. over Griffith's in the South, and that the boasted reductions left the tenants still rack-rented and ground down.

Philadelphia Standard.

The Episcopal Church is very broad, so "broad" indeed that, it might be supposed, it had room for every possible or real form of belief and practice. Pelagians, Socinians, Erastians, Unitarians, Rationalists, can all find abundant room and liberty in its "communion." But yet it has none for Ritualists. It is doing its utmost to exclude them. If they still remain connected with it, it is because of their persistence in remaining where they are not wanted. The beautiful exhibition of brotherly love and unity of belief, made, we suppose, for public edification by "Bishop" Stephens and the ministers of St. Clement's Church not long ago, is an instance in point in this country. In England, too, its breadth is not great enough to allow room for Ritualists. There is constant effort to kick them out and because they resist this, to imprison them.

The Anglican "Bishop of Liverpool" in his first "charge" to his clergy, has stated the position of Anglicanism quite accurately. As reported, he said that he was:

"Uncompromisingly in favor of the existing Privy Council judgments, calling on his clergy to obey them, and saying that England would rise from end to end if the views of the Ritualists were to be generally enforced. He concluded by stating that within limits he admitted the comprehensiveness of the national Church, but could not understand the conduct of those Churchmen who, not adopting Ritualistic practices themselves, yet regarded as martyrs those who disobeyed the law."

The Bishop of Liverpool's head is level. He understands clearly that the real foundation of Anglicanism is the secular Government of England—the Crown and Parliament. They are the sole spiritual authority of "the Church of England," and he is at no trouble to conceal it. "The judgments of the existing Privy Council," composed as it is of men of every creed and no creed, are to Anglicans supreme utterances deciding for them all questions of religion, and their highest duty is to "obey" its decisions. "He admitted the comprehensiveness of the National Church" "within certain limits," and those limits are that "heathen, Jew or atheist may enter here," but "papists" and imitators of papists are forever debarred. It is a consistent conclusion. Those who recognize secular authority as supreme in spiritual matters, should obey the laws which that authority enacts as regards religion, and should not complain or try to set themselves up as martyrs if they are punished for disobedience. They have chosen their master, and having made their choice, they should render corresponding service and obedience.

WHENEVER insults are heaped upon the Sovereign Pontiff and religion is outraged by the infidels and the Carbonari of Rome, our liberal journals excuse it by alleging that the Pope or his ecclesiastical officers "provoked" the insults and outrages. Thus when the Pope received the Italian pilgrims in his own basilica and gave them his blessing, it was represented by these very liberal journals as an "exasperating Papal provocation." The London Universe pertinently replied: "This is something like a burglar calling the presence of a man in his own house a provocation." It is doubtless, too, very "exasperating" to the burglar, when he has planned a robbery, to see friends of his intended victim visiting him and interfering with the execution of his intentions. So it was "provoking," no doubt, to the infidels and conspirators of Rome to see twenty thousand Italian pilgrims renewing their vows of reverence and obedience to the Visible Head of the Church, and the blessing of them by his Holiness in his own Basilica.

Cincinnati Telegraph.

"A Protestant minister rather on the sly, admitted that he did not consider his creed well grounded, yet there were eight reasons why he could not join the old Church, the Church of unbroken chain, the reasons were a wife and seven children."—North Western Chronicle.

Let him come over, bringing his impediments with him. We have known hundreds of converts whose conversion cost them dearly, but none who were reduced to absolute need thereof. We never saw the bread of the Faithful begging their bread. The Head of the Church has said: "I am the bread of life; he that cometh to me shall not hunger, and he that believeth in me shall never thirst." These are, literally, as well as figuratively, words of truth.

Baltimore Mirror.

The Irish National Convention which was held at Chicago last week was an imposing demonstration of the sympathy entertained by millions of Celtic-Americans for the people of the old land, and of their set purpose to support the men at home in the agitation for a just government by words of encouragement and by generous contributions of money.

The convention was a success. Over eight hundred intelligent, respectable, determined men assembled at it to deliberate, and the immediate result of their meeting may be seen in the resolutions which they made, the address which they adopted, and the fund which they began to collect.

The convention was a success. Its outcome will cheer and invigorate the tenant-farmers of Ireland, and will discourage the British government, which cannot reach its members to imprison them, nor prevent them from stimulating and aiding their kinsmen in the war on landlordism.

The convention was a success. It peremptorily refused to be run by the radical faction. It resolutely rejected the representatives of several associations tainted with Communism. It firmly suppressed all manifestations of approval of socialism. It summarily extinguished a half-dozen demagogues who sought to make use of it for their own aggrandizement. It decisively declined to disrupt the organization known as "The Irish National Land League of the United States," which, under Mr. Patrick A. Collins and Rev. Lawrence Walsh, has won the respect of honest men and done good service to the cause of the Land League in Ireland.

The convention was a success. It was large in the number of delegates, wise in the choice of a Protestant clergyman to preside over its proceedings, commendable in its detestation of pernicious doctrines and fanatical blatherskites, harmonious in its workings, unanimous in its declarations, and practical in its conclusions.

It will thrill the heart of Parnell and Dillon, and Davitt with enthusiasm, and make Gladstone and Forster wish themselves well out of their unholy task of trying to govern against the consent of the governed.

ROME.

THE CITY OF THE POPES.

Why it Should not be the Capital of United Italy.

III.

ROME THE MILITARY CAPITAL OF ITALY.

In perfect accordance with the historical and political character of the question is the military one, the whole army being unanimous in their opinion that not only is Rome not a necessary capital, but that it is useless for strategic purposes. It is only necessary to have a slight acquaintance with the art of war and the topographical conditions necessary for the security of a great city to see that Rome is anything but secure or defensible against an enemy coming from the sea or up the Tiber, and is still more exposed to attack by land.

People go on talking about fortifications and the number of men required to defend them; but in Rome there are no sites which could be so strengthened as to ensure her safety. Not a single fortification is to be seen in the city, nor a chain of forts round her as in Paris; nor fortify her as the Austrians fortified Verona; nor surround her with water and marshes like Mantua; nor make use of the Tiber as you can of the Po or the Adige.

The vast desert of the Roman Campagna, which is utterly useless for the provisioning of a vast army, and which may be easily watched from the surrounding mountains by an enemy, makes Rome capital utterly unfit for any but an essentially pacific State.

To put her in a state of real defence an enormous force would be required; and these men gathered round Rome would leave all the other parts of Italy weak and exposed to the enemy, especially owing to its near vicinity to the sea, where it would be impossible to guard every point from the disembarkation of hostile troops. Rome was a first-rate capital when the Mediterranean was entirely in her power; when the Roman Empire extended over Spain and France, Balmatia and Greece, Syria and Asia Minor, Mauritania and Numidia, and the entire sea-coast of Africa. Then, indeed, Rome was the real and the true centre of the Empire—but not of the Kingdom of Italy as it exists now. Of the Roman States alone it might, in one sense, be called the capital. But without this extensive dominion, Rome has been recognized for many centuries to be an impossible capital; nor did the Italian kingdom, until now, ever dream of making it one.

Christian philosophers saw in this sort of aversion towards making Rome the capital a kind of mysterious force which repelled not only kings but the conquerors of Pavia, Milan and Ravenna. But political and military considerations added

to this aversion, especially when the name of Rome had a splendor unequalled in military records.

More than Rome to be the capital of the State, even if united; and this we have already historically proved. Turin, Milan, Venice, Bologna, Naples, Ravenna, Pavia, Verona, Brescia, Florence, each and all present better military and topographical conditions than Rome, and each boasts of glorious and regal traditions.

On the other hand, the strength of resistance in United Italy lies beyond the Po. If defeated there, it would be difficult for her to regain her position beyond Bologna and Piacenza; nor could she easily return (in spite of the marvellous facility with which the Mezzanapoli in their books find an insurmountable barrier behind every little stream), or be able to find ground on which she could reform her scattered forces and cover Rome as her capital against the strength of an enemy powerful both by sea and land.

Rome never can be as the heart of the nation, towards which vigor and political wisdom could converge in such a moment of supreme anxiety. In the event of war, Rome, on the contrary, would be a real embarrassment. Military plans and manoeuvres would be wasted, and no fixed campaign could be decided upon, as strategy and tactics would have to be subordinate to questions of health, especially when such operations were to be conducted near the city.

The fate of Italy has been over and over again decided at Pavia, at Milan, at Mantua, on the Po—never in Rome. Even Southern Italy bears witness to the same truth; for the battle was fought at Benevento, at Tagliacozzo—never in Rome. History and reason confirm, then, our assertion that Rome is not necessary in a military point of view for Italy as a capital, but, on the contrary is harmful and ruinous.

INTERMENT OF ARCHBISHOP McHALE.

In our last issue we gave full particulars of the illness and death of the "Lion of the Fold." Later papers give details of his interment, and we extract the following:

The interment took place in a brick vault specially constructed beneath the sanctuary of Tuam Cathedral. The attendance, as anticipated, was very large and influential, and from all points of the compass, including the most Rev. Dr. McGeehan of Armagh, Primate of all Ireland, the Bishops of Meath, Elphin, Kildare and Leighlin, Killa, Clonfert, Achonry, Ross, Raphoe, and the mitred Abbot of Mount Mellary. Around the catafalque was the whole body of the clergy of the Archdiocese and other parts of the country, numbering over two hundred; and the members of the religious orders of the diocese; at the West end were the chief mourners, Very Rev. Thomas McHale, D. D., and Mr. T. Higgins, Solicitor and seated near them were a number of members of Parliament and other influential personages from the four provinces. After the chanting of the Office for the Dead, High Mass was celebrated by his Grace Archbishop McEvilly, the successor of Dr. McHale, assisted by Rev. Mr. Heaney and Rev. John McHale, grand-nephew of the deceased, as deacon and sub-deacon. The great organ was silent and the service, which was the Gregorian chant, was purely vocal. Mass concluded, four of the prelates present, robed in black stole and cope, successively walked around the catafalque, reciting the Lord's prayer, and incensed the body and sprinkled it with holy water, and afterwards His Grace Archbishop McEvilly in mitre and stole and cope performed the same ceremony. Laden with wreaths, the canopies of the Town Board, the chrysanthema and lilies of the Irishmen and Irishwomen of London, the stephanitis and lilies of the Sisters of Mercy, the beautiful and fragrant tribute of Mr. Mitchell-Henry, M. P., sent from Kylesmore, the pure white remembrance of the Nun of Kenmare, and not least, the flowers sent by the ladies of Ballinacree and other towns, the triple casket was slowly and sadly lowered to its last resting place—the first tomb of an Irishman in the world. The draped columns of altar and aisle seemed to assume a still deeper hue of mourning, the blaze of countless yellow lights partook of a more deathly shade as all that was mortal of the Most Rev. John McHale, Archbishop of Tuam, born 6th March, 1791, died 6th November, 1881, descended to the last resting place. Most Rev. Dr. McEvilly said the last prayers over his grave and chanted the last requiem; and the vast multitude slowly and sadly dispersed. It may well be said that he who is no more, saw the closing day of the sufferings and the trials of his people, and, as though Noah were another Nebo, he was shown the fair Land of Promise, destined by divine decree, for a long-suffering and proven race. He was not to enter with them. The sharer of all their sorrows, it was given to him as to Moses, to partake only in part and in prospect of their joys. But it was enough. His heart required no more. His life was crowned by Death; when dying he could behold the future of God's providence and say: "Israel then shall dwell in safety and alone; the eye of Jacob in a land of corn and wine; and the heavens shall be misty with dew. Happy art thou, Israel; who is like unto thee, O People saved by the Lord, the shield of thy help, and the sword of thy glory!" On the 12th November, a meeting of the Irish Nationalists in Paris was held at the Hotel du Louvre—Mr. James Stephens in the chair—was a resolution of regret was passed and copies of same ordered to be forwarded to the Papal Nuncio at Paris and to the family of the great Archbishop.