

The Catholic Record.

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

VOL. 5.

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NO. 209

NICHOLAS WILSON & CO.,
FASHIONABLE TAILORS.
A nice assortment of Imported
TWEEDS now in stock.
ALSO—
New Ties, Silk Handkerchiefs,
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When I Was Little.

FROM THE DANISH OF JENS BAGENSEN.
There was a time when I was very tiny,
My darts of mind had scarce an aim;
Of when I think thereon, fall tears-drops
Of when I think thereon, fall tears-drops
And yet I think full many a time thereon.
Then I upon my mother's bosom toyed me,
Or rode delighted on my father's knee;
And sorrow, fear, and gloom no more annoyed me,
Than ancient Greek or modern minstrelsy.
If smaller, then, the world to me was seeming,
Aias much better was it in my eyes;
For I beheld the stars like sparklets gleaming,
And wished for wings to make them all my prize.
When I behind the hill the moon saw gliding,
Of thought I earth had then no mystery;
That I could learn, and bring my mother tidings,
How large, how round, and what that moon might be!
Wond'ring I traced God's flaming star careering,
Toward the west, unto the ocean bed;
And yet again at morn in east appearing,
And dyeing the whole orient scarlet red.
And then I thought on Him, the great, the gracious,
Who me created, and that beacon bright,
And those pearl-rows which all heaven's arches spacious,
From pole to pole, illuminate at night.
My youthful lip would pray in deep devotion
The prayer my blessed mother taught to me;
Thy wisdom, God; thy mercy, shall the emotion
Of worship wake, and wake unceasingly.
Then prayed I for my father, for my mother,
My sister too, and all the family;
For unknown things, and for our wretched brother,
The cripple who went sighing, staggering by.
Then slid away my childhood's day of pleasure,
Away with them my joy and quietude;
Remember, but remains, and all that treasure,
That I should be bereaved, O God; forbid!

CATHOLIC PRESS.

Buffalo Union.
"ARCHBISHOP FOULKES, an Englishman, 'takes the cake.' Speaking at some missionary meeting the other day, this luminary of the Anglican church attributed the war and fact of American independence to the neglect of the English government to send a due supply of bishops to the colonies. The separation that occurred was a divine judgment upon the English nation for their neglect."—*Rochester Democrat*.
This divine judgment on the English nation proved a divine blessing on the American colonies. We should be truly thankful that the English government neglected to send to the colonies a due supply of the anti-republican article above spoken of. If the English nation should send a due supply to the sandy plains of Egypt would it be a case of "hail fellow, well met?"

This is how the "Man About Town" in the New York Star, pictures the sleek little fraud called Ingersoll:
"Ingersoll is a clever mouther of stale and pointless infidelity; brave, because in this land of religious liberty there are no fleshly torments for him to fear; impudent, because nature in a stepmotherish whim denied him veneration, and he never knew good breeding; so full of self-conceit that there is no room in his heart for other adoration; so shallow as to think there is no bottom to the universe because his tow-string finds none; no roof because he is unable to count the rafters, and no God because He hasn't invited Bob to dinner; mistaking bravado for courage, assertion for proof, and cheek for conscience; whose wit is like that of Rabelais, diluted with dirty water; a blatant defamer of the world's ancient worthies; and defender of its modern thieves; the doughty knight-errant of Republican rascality, and nickel-plated apostle of a gospel which appears to teach that ritzdrift, robbery, and rioting are man's chief business while alive, as after death it is his fate to rot; as comely to look upon as a polished brass kettle; as noisy and sensible as a beaten bass drum."

Milwaukee Citizen.

A CORRESPONDENT of the New York World gives the following account of scenes during the recent earthquake in the city of Mexico: "People rushed out of their houses and kneeling down in the middle of the streets raised their eyes to Heaven and prayed aloud. Some sang litanies and others confessed their sins for the benefit of all those who could hear them. Children ran

out of school crying and wringing their hands. The balconies of the houses were full of ladies sobbing and praying fervently. Husbands and wives, mothers and their children bade each other an eternal farewell. Those who a few minutes before professed a deep hatred for each other now fell weeping into their greatest enemy's arms." Instances like these forcibly bring home to us the truth of this observation that man has religious instincts which infidelity can not destroy, though it may hide and deaden them. In the hour of danger when the mind is naturally at its highest tension and all the faculties are alive, the voice of conscience and the promptings of faith will not be stifled. We have all heard the anecdote of Volney, the famous infidel writer. Caught in a storm at sea, he commenced a vigorous recital of the rosary. His acquaintances were chagrined at the report and upbraided him for thus "showing the white flag" to the Christians. "Ah!" replied he, "atheism is good enough on land, but it won't do in a storm at sea." In the presence of death, whether the cause be natural disease or some chance calamity, the idle vanity of learning and the obstinate wilfulness of unbelief are dissipated. It is the most serious moment of existence, and the deepest and most earnest elements of our nature assume the command and drive out the frivolous and empty ambitions that have hitherto governed us. Heroism and faith go together in the hour of danger, being each parts of man's higher nature.

Is our duty discharged on Sunday when we have returned from Mass? Can we give up the rest of the day to enjoyment of the appetite, the senses and the body? In this age of daily newspapers and light literature, how many Catholics ever look at a religious book except it be the mechanical perusal of their prayer books? The days of controversy are seemingly over. The polemics of Milner, Hughes and Purcell are out of print. But the breach has not been filled up by devotional books. The Imitation of Christ, Christian Perfection and the Lives of the Saints, have not obtained an increased circulation. The Catholic population has indeed doubled, and the parochial school has multiplied. Yet Catholic publishers make the announcement that they sold more books in 1850, than they have disposed of in any one year since 1870. Have our people given up reading, or has the newspaper driven out the book? Secular journalism has made wonderful strides since the Atlantic cable joined two worlds into one household, but it does not seem that the increased circulation of the newspaper has injured the trade of the booksellers. More books are sold to-day than ever before, and the American people have won a world-wide reputation as a reading community. Why then this dearth in the demand for reading matter? Why does the circulation of Catholic devotional works fall off, while eulogies are being written on the wonderful increase of Catholicity in America? Chiefly, let us answer, because faith and population are two different things. Secular journalism and the meditations of the saints can not be read together. The one is arid, skeptical, unproductive and blighting. It leaves no disposition for devotional and meditative reading. It cultivates a superficiality which cannot comprehend the deep thought of the ascetic. It begets a craving for sensationalism that can not yoke itself down to the calm quietude or ardent fervor of the saint. Yet for the purpose of preserving the faith and cultivating a religious devotion, no man or woman who reads even a little of the indiscriminate mass of current literature, can get along without spiritual reading. No Catholic family can long deserve the name without such aid. And such books must not merely be bought "to have them in the house" or because they are well bound, but that they may be read thoughtfully and frequently reflected upon.

Catholic Telegraph.

Our newsy contemporary, the Catholic Record, of London, Ontario, gives full particulars, in its last issue, of the installation of the Right Rev. J. F. Jamot, D. D., the first Bishop of Peterboro'. It was an imposing ceremony, the Most Rev. Archbishop of Toronto being present with several of his suffragans—Monsignor Farelly and Bruyere, three Vicars-General, and forty priests. Our thoughts immediately reverted to the splendid old Catholic Cathedral at Peterboro', in England, now pro-

stituted to Protestant worship. We thought how Dr. Magee, its Irish-born chief pastor, the only ritualistically inclined English bishop, would have enjoyed the spectacle—how now and then furtively assumes a cope, though he has never dared to put on a mitre; even as it is, he received a severe rap on the knuckles, the other day, from one of his own canons, in his own cathedral. Would it not be a good idea for Bishop Jamot to write to Father Moser, who is struggling to erect a small church for the Holy Souls in Protestant Peterboro', and ask him to send some relic of the Ages of Faith, from that city, to be preserved with jealous care and veneration in the Catholic Cathedral of Peterboro' in the New World? Plenty of such relics are to had.

THE Gazette recently remarked that this journal was "more rigid than Cardinal Manning," relative to the Salvation Army, and seemed to suppose that His Eminence almost approved of that most singular organization. It is only necessary to read the whole of the Cardinal's article in the current Contemporary, of which we gave extracts, to see that he entirely disapproves of the blasphemous ravings of these Dervishes of the gutter. The secular papers are against them. The London World has the following:—

"If obscene announcements are not allowed to offend the public eye at street corners, it is hard to see why these blasphemous proclamations should be suffered a larger license. Here is one of them: 'Monday, at 2.30, in Barracks, Yankee Las will talk for Jesus, with other officers; 6.30, Soldiers meet at Barracks for PARADE IN FULL UNIFORM: Red Handkerchiefs, White Aprons and Jackets.' GREAT DOINGS ALL THE WEEK; TERMS OF PEACE GIVEN TO ALL REBELS OF our King. By Male and Female Warriors. The Army Doctor will attend to the Wounded. By Order of King Jesus and Major Cadman."

And if such miserable cranks succeed, what wonder that religion becomes a by-word and a mockery? Somebody ought to draw the line." Such starting Dervishes, properly advertised, do a fine business in this country. We have one of them with us now.

Catholic Columbian.

THERE are two principal causes of destruction of souls,—one is the keeping of bed company; the other is the feeling that there is no necessity for religion. The former destroys those who may have had the faith; the latter tries to convince those who never believed that they are good enough. What of prayer and meditation, and correspondence with Divine Grace, lead many souls away, but the principal cause is one or other of the first named. If every one would think in his heart, he would not only avoid sin, but also its occasions; he would not only be honest and morally correct in the natural order, but he would raise himself up to the supernatural life. How few there are who do think in their hearts!

NINETEEN hundred years ago the Catholic Church established the Sunday. She has ever since kept it holy. She has, with the authority she possesses of binding and loosening, commanded her children to abstain from servile work on that day, under pain of mortal sin. She makes it a grievous offense for one of her fold to miss attendance at Holy Mass on that day, without necessity. Where is the church organization that does the same? Why will politicians prate but because the preachers cannot force their people to the same observance?

ALMIGHTY God frequently manifested His displeasure with man on account of the passion of lust. He destroyed cities with fire and brimstone from Heaven; he washed the earth with a deluge; He wiped out nations with plague and pestilence; He exterminated men with the sword, as a punishment of uncleanness; but nowhere has He visited such chastisements upon man for other crimes. God repented that He had made man, because all flesh had corrupted its way.
ALL the bigotry in the world results from ignorance or malice. We never met a bigoted person who spoke reasonably of the Catholic Church, who did not manifest great ignorance of its teachings. Sometimes such ignorance is wilful, and then it becomes malicious. Now, would it not be worth while for public journalists and others who attempt to form the public mind, to study the teachings and practices of the Catholic Church? We know that when a Jewish feast is to be written up, reporters will study up its meaning and antiquity by searching books of history and interviewing those who know something about such festivals. Not so, generally, with the Catholic Church and her festivals. They are at once hurled or passed over as meaningless, or an attempt is made to explain, and the result is a melange of the veriest nonsense. Every one who talks or writes, should know what he talks or writes about.

London Universe.

A PSETER! A local preacher of the Primitive Methodist persuasion, hailing from

the Crowle district near Goole, offered to go to Limerick to hang poor Hynes as a substitute for Marwood. The Primitive Methodist for the Crowle district became wildly indignant, and passed a resolution in these emphatic and unmistakable terms, "that Mr. Longhorn's name be taken off the plan, he having accepted an offer to hang a man at Limerick." Mr. Longhorn turns upon his brother Primitive Methodists with the very awkward inquiry why he should be regarded as more blameable than the judge and jury through whose instrumentally the unfortunate man has been executed. The wisdom and cleverness of the Primitive Methodists of the Crowle circuit have in vain endeavoured to reply to Mr. Longhorn's question. They are not likely to succeed.

Is the "centre of civilization" one thousand miles annually from suffocation, either from the carelessness or neglect of their parents. This mortality of the "incontinent" in London alone is, or ought to be, a very startling fact. What the total mortality from the same cause is for the whole of England is dreadful to contemplate. Dr. Thomas, the coroner for Central Middlesex, says that he holds on an average over two hundred inquests a year on the bodies of suffocated babies, and his experience may be taken as a type of what is common to all the other districts of the metropolis. It appears that each of these inquests entails a cost to the county of £3 5s., and there are in addition other expenses which fall upon the parish in which the deaths occur, bringing up the total cost to about £5 more. Most of these suffocations occur between Saturday night and Sunday morning, and it is more than certain that the publichouse is at the bottom of these tragedies.

A VALUED correspondent writes to us from Tipperary: "You can have no adequate notion of the pathetic interest created in the South-Western districts of Ireland by the execution of Francis Hynes. At Mass on Sunday in an ivy-clad rustic chapel, in one of the Upper Shannon valleys, I heard the priest, a tall, candid young Clare man, express his confidence of the guiltlessness of his former schoolfellow. He was almost moved to tears as he spoke. After Mass he and the congregation offered up the Litany of the Blessed Virgin for the repose of the soul of the deceased—done to death on the gallows!" The heart of Ireland is still true to the core. God will never desert such a country.

New York Freeman's Journal.

It is announced that Archbishop Lynch, of Toronto, has protested against the adoption of a textbook in the Canadian schools, and that the Canadian Government has taken action in support of his objection. Canadian exchanges confirming this report have just reached us. The objections of the Archbishop are sound, though some of our secular contemporaries do not agree with them. Sir Walter Scott was a great writer, and a moralist; but the lips that grew cold reciting the *Dues Ite* would no doubt have willingly offered the blotting out of many lines written to propitiate the anti-Catholic spirit of his time. Still, Sir Walter's faults were venial compared with those of others, and their root was not in malice. Yet there are not many of his works that Catholics would choose as textbooks. Fable historically, they are true to human nature, and as such we accept them and read them, and, with discrimination, let our children read them. In *Marmion*, Constance, having fled from her convent with Marmion, is punished for breaking her vows by being buried alive in the convent-well. We do not care to have our children learn at school that horrors of this sort were usual in convents; nor do we want to have the sympathy of our hearts enlisted in behalf of a nun who has broken her solemn vows. This of itself is sufficient to condemn Marmion as a textbook for Catholic children. Every body has a warm spot in his heart for young Lochinvar, who came out of the West in such gallant fashion. The episode of King James's "flirtation" with Lady Heron, good rhythm and rhyme as it is, can not be commended as the most appropriate poetical exercise for boys and girls. Even if Marmion were the only poem in the English language, Catholics might reasonably object to these episodes. As it is, there are poems, even of Sir Walter Scott's which might in part be substituted for Marmion, which, beautiful as it is, is not, as a whole, suitable to be read in children's schools. The Abbot contains the fine character of Edward Glendinning, which nobody but an author of Catholic sympathies could have drawn; yet we would not like to put it, or the *Monastery*, with its poetical and Protestant license with historical facts, in the hands of Catholic children as a textbook. Both these novels, if the young reader were properly warned and instructed, might be read with pleasure and a degree of profit; but not as literary textbooks in school. Marmion is even more objectionable than these.

THERE is no depth of absurdity to which the New York Observer can not fall. In a foolish article on Xavier, the chief apostle of Rome, a contributor, who ought to have the palm for silliness and mendacity long ago awarded to the Evening Post's "Roman Correspondent," says: "Protestant missions have nothing to fear by an honest comparison with Roman missions, nor do the missionaries suffer by contrast with Roman missionaries. They are not found wanting, even when weighed against Rome's chief apostle, Francis Xavier."
Why, it is acknowledged that Protestant missions in foreign lands are generally successful only in laying "converts." The missionaries may mean well, their wives and children mean well, the "Sabbath" school people that collect the pen-

nies, to build houses and send out clothes, parlor organs, and chronos (old books numbers of Zion's Herald) to the Heathen (and to the missionaries, since they that serve the Heathen should live by the Heathen), mean well. Mr. Van Meter, who spent many "Sabbath" school collections in the conversion of mythical Aborigines, meant—what he did; yet nobody but the idiotic person writing in the New York Observer would think of mentioning men of his ilk in the same breath with St. Francis Xavier, the Apostle of the Indies. It is sacrilegious. Judged by their own statistics, the Protestant missions are failures. In order that their "converts" may be Christianized, they must learn to read, the chief end of Protestantism being to spread the Bible. Unlettered Heathens can not read the Bible; therefore they must learn to read. The Heathen, like the Chinese in San Francisco, having learned to read, often stops short. As emissaries for the spreading of the act of reading among the Heathen, the Protestant missionaries have had a certain degree of success. The Catholic missionary does not offer the natives of an infidel country the Bible, therefore they must learn to read. The Heathen, like the Chinese in San Francisco, having learned to read, often stops short. As emissaries for the spreading of the act of reading among the Heathen, the Protestant missionaries have had a certain degree of success. The Catholic missionary does not offer the natives of an infidel country the Bible, therefore they must learn to read. The Heathen, like the Chinese in San Francisco, having learned to read, often stops short. As emissaries for the spreading of the act of reading among the Heathen, the Protestant missionaries have had a certain degree of success. The Catholic missionary does not offer the natives of an infidel country the Bible, therefore they must learn to read. The Heathen, like the Chinese in San Francisco, having learned to read, often stops short. As emissaries for the spreading of the act of reading among the Heathen, the Protestant missionaries have had a certain degree of success.

Western Watchman.

A MARRIAGE in high life took place last week, the particulars of which was published in the daily papers, made every Catholic in the city blush. A young Catholic, a son of one of the proudest French Catholic families of the city, wedded a Protestant lady before a Presbyterian minister. Why did the young man commit a mortal sin on his wedding day? Why did the young man tramp on his right hand and left foot, as he did on his conscience upon his wedding day? Why did the young man spit upon the cross and sell his manhood on his wedding day? Why did the young man insult the living and outrage the memory of his dead kindred men on his wedding day? Why did he turn his back upon the altar and renounce his first communion on his wedding day?

Mr. Sullivan in a sequel to his charming work "New Ireland," describes in his own inimitable way Mr. Parnell's debut as a public speaker. Mr. Parnell's first attempt at public speaking was an utter and painful failure. Having been chosen to enter the parliamentary contest for Dublin, a public meeting was called in the Rotunda, that city, to support his candidature, and Mr. Parnell's attempted speech is thus described in the sequel to "New Ireland," already mentioned: "At this meeting, Mr. Parnell made his debut in public life. The resolution which I had moved in his favor having been adopted with acclamation, he came forward to address the assemblage. To our dismay, he broke down utterly. He faltered, he paused, went on, got confused, and, pale, with intense but subdued nervous anxiety, caused everyone to feel deep sympathy for him. Then the audience saw it all, and cheered him kindly and heartily, but many on the platform shook their heads, singly prophesying that if ever he got to Westminster, no matter how long he stayed there, he would either be a silent member or be known as 'single-speech Parnell.' O far-sighted individuals! O men of prophetic power! What would the House of Commons not give, what would her Majesty's Ministers not give to-day that your words had come true?"

New Orleans Morning Star.

THE North American Review publishes an article from Henry Ward Beecher in which he speaks very reverently of the Catholic Church. He is evidently ashamed of Protestantism, but he makes the vulgar mistake of supposing that the Church is responsible for the sins of its members. Consequentially, instead of wishing to see the individuals reformed, he wishes to see the Church reformed. The Church is only bound to teach the truth. It is not bound to keep up absolutely perfect discipline in all places and in all respects. No such power has been given to it. 'There will always be scandals.' But, we to those who are so abhorrently scandalized, Beecher cannot see that what has become of Luther and his friends continue, like Luther, to quarrel with the Church because of those scandals which Christ Himself said would always be in her midst, while they wish to reform the Church, not from within, but from without, what is becoming of that movement of outside reformation? How singular that so intelligent a man as Beecher cannot see that what has effected much as milk and water! Luther came out like a man-devil, and struck for reformation with sword of fire; Beecher, who is only a woman-devil, grumbles and scolds and stands back. He is a shrewd old woman, however, and sees the inevitable coming. He sees the grand old Church marching along with the same old vigorous trend of two thousand years, and while he has manhood enough left to say so, he has not enough of it to put himself in line.

Baltimore Mirror.

"Let your modesty be known to all men," says the great Apostle to the Gentiles. This advice he gives to the Christians of his day, admonishing them to give good example by that special virtue; and it is advice which applies equally well to us. Modesty is a virtue which regulates our exterior conduct, and makes it correspond with the rules of Christian propriety. It is beautiful even in man. It is the characteristic of the perfect gentleman, and distinguishes him from the poor and the booby, from the rowdy and the libertine. But in woman it shines with a double lustre, because it is the hedge which surrounds and protects all those feminine graces and virtues which we expect to find in the perfect lady. Modesty is the sister and guardian of chastity and without it cannot be preserved unassailed. It befits it is a special manly-acting women, and to them the advice of St. Paul applies in a special manner, "Let your modesty be known to all men." Without this virtue, innocence must suffer when buffeted by the rude storms of this world. Without it they must lose that respect which checks the advances of those who might be dangerous to virtue, and leaves them open to assault and injury. Our girls should guard with an assiduous jealousy that modesty which, whilst it renders them attractive, conciliates for them the esteem and respect of men, and shields them from dangers innumerable.

Many Protestants wonder why Catholics go to confession. Some of them imagine we pay to have our sins forgiven, and all of them think the confessional was invented and is maintained to enable the priests to lord it over the people. They do not know what a comfort it is to have trustworthy confidants to whom we can acknowledge our transgressions and from whom we are sure to receive instruction, fatherly reproof, advice and encouragement. They do not know that the secrecy of the confessional was never violated. They do not know that every priest goes to confession, every cardinal goes to confession, and the Pope himself goes to confession—and this regularly about once a week. If they were aware of the peace that comes to a man after confession, and if they were convinced that Christ established the sacrament of penance when He said to His apostles—"Whose sins you shall forgive, they are forgiven them, and whose sins you shall retain, they are retained." (St. John xx, 23), they would find no difficulty in the confessional, but would resort to it with alacrity to find relief for their troubled hearts.

IRELAND'S PRESENT CONDITION.

From our excellent Catholic contemporary, the Buffalo Union, we take the following extract, giving the views of a most prominent Irish manufacturer of Rochester, who has just returned from a trip to his native land:—

In the absence of the prominent Dr. Casey, Vice-president H. P. Mulligan presided at the Land League meeting last Friday evening. After disposing of routine business, Mr. Cox, who recently returned from Ireland, and who was present, was called upon to make some remarks. Mr. Cox responded to the call, and gave a very interesting sketch of his life in Ireland and the impressions which his intercourse with the people of that country had made upon him. He said the Land League had worked a great change in the people and that a spirit of manly independence was rapidly taking the place of cringing slavery. Many farms, he said were "boycotted," farms from which tenants had been evicted, and which the landlords could not re-rent, as nobody dared rent them in spite of the strong public opinion which forbids it; and in many instances the land was virtually being abandoned by the landlords, and whole farms were appropriated for pasture fields for cattle. Land grabbing, he said, was a thing of the past. In rare instances the emergency men had taken farms, but it proved of no benefit to the landlords as they got no rent from that class. Many of the landlords, he said, are reduced to poverty and are therefore in very bad humor and the wholesale evictions that occur only prove that they are in desperation.

Mr. Cox spoke of interviews which he had with Messrs. Biggar and Davitt. Both those leaders, he said, were endeavoring to have Mr. Parnell and Dillon come to America; the former dislikes the task, however, and the latter's health is shattered and he desires rest and quiet for a time. The policy of the leaders at present, Mr. Cox said, was to foster a spirit of charitable brotherhood between those comparatively well-to-do tenants who had been most benefited by the recent land legislation, and their more unfortunate neighbors who need assistance, and also a concentration of forces preparatory to a demand for home government.

A Little Lady of Eight Years, From Ireland.

Among the passengers who arrived at Castle Garden by the steamship Britannic from Liverpool was Rose McEnery, aged 8 years, a bright-eyed, rosy-faced little girl, who had traveled all alone from her home in the County Cavan, Ireland, across the Atlantic, on her own way to her friends and relatives in Marshall, Mich. She is possessed of considerable intelligence, is neatly dressed, and self-possessed in manner, and talks freely with the students. Although she has only 40 cents in her possession, she was by no means discouraged by the situation. Under instruction from Superintendent Jackson the necessary preparations have been made to forward her to her cousin in Michigan.

A Gem For Every Month.

By her who in this month is born... January... February... March... April... May... June... July... August... September... October... November... December.

THE PILOT'S DAUGHTER.

For several minutes neither of the young women uttered another word, both sobbed bitterly... "I am afraid to return home," at length murmured Mehitabe.

on this threshold before I'd allow any Cowly boy to injure you."

"Well, where is Phebe going?" whispered the pilot, twitching Mehitabe's hair... "She will not tell me; do you know?" Mehitabe turned to Phebe with an inquiring look.

THE SURPRISE.

A Story of the Irish Brigade. Repath's Illustrated Weekly. THE BARRING. The sun was retiring to rest on his couch of burning saffron.

THE FOND UNBRAINING WHICH HE HUGGED HIS DAUGHTER.

The explanation was easy. In the battle of Antietam, Lawson was wounded, and related before, but not killed; and being taken prisoner by the Federals, he was soon recovered.

MR. FREEMAN AND THE IRISH IN AMERICA.

It may not be known to everybody that so idyllic a person as Mr. E. Freeman, author of any number of "Histories," passed through this country long ago, taking notes as he went.

Grace.

As sunshine warms the chilly earth, So grace shines o'er life's dreary path, How many virtues spring to birth, Beneath its vivifying power.

A LEGEND THE POWER OF ST. JOSEPH'S INTERCESSION.

According to an old, old story, there was a day when the Holy Apostle St. Peter passed along the coast of the heavenly city of Rome.

FATHER BURKE O. P. IN GLASGOW.

On Sunday, at the High Mass, the Very Rev. Father Burke preached a charity sermon in St. Francis' Church, South Cumberland Street, Glasgow.

Martin Luther on the Catholic Church.

Luther, the father of the so-called Protestant Reformation, was forced to the following acknowledgment: I confess under the Papacy are many good things, nay, all that is good in Christianity.

THE GLORIOUS, PIOUS AND IMMORTAL.

(From the Indo-European Correspondence.) The home papers contain a very serious account of the way in which Catholics were dealt with by William III.

THE FINALE.

It was summer again, and on the plain in Virginia where Harry first met with Nelly Lawson, the war is now ended and the great Republic has dismissed her glorious defenders to their peaceful avocations.

THE GLORIOUS, PIOUS AND IMMORTAL.

(From the Indo-European Correspondence.) The home papers contain a very serious account of the way in which Catholics were dealt with by William III.

COT. 13, 1882.

Grace.

As sunshine warms the chilly earth,
So grace shines o'er life's dreariest hour,
How many virtues spring to birth,
Beneath its vivifying power.
Come down to brighten and to bless,
Come down to brighten and to bless,
Scarce do we feel its kindly ray,
Than grief and pain and sorrow cease,
Like mist, have quickly passed away.

It glids the thorny track we tread,
And shows us where the flowers hid,
Its blessed light, upon us sheds,
Reveals what saints before us did,
Unshrinking it bids us dare,
What hitherto we feared as hard,
And yet, each precious grace and rare,
How oft we slightly disregard.

Life's cup, how bitter would it taste,
If sweetened not by grace divine,
And earth would seem a dreary waste,
Did not its beams upon us shine.
It bids the anxious heart be still,
When with a thousand cares oppressed,
And when its restless pulses thrill,
Its influence gently soothes to rest.

How oft when nature would rebel,
And spin the cross of sorrow sore,
Some strengthening grace upon us fell,
And to our weakness course we bore.
It shows us how our hearts would shun,
The path which He had trod before,
Us-til His way we have done.

Each precious grace, how dearly bought,
Since purchased by His blood and death;
Its worth the dying Saviour taught,
On Calvary with His bloody sweat,
Then, shall I deem a little thing,
That inward voice which calls me forth,
My wayward steps from error bring,
Which aids my progress, checks my fall?

Which soothes my every pain,
Which tempers, too, my every joy,
Which eases the conflicts I sustain,
Which eases the conflicts I sustain,
Which eases the conflicts I sustain,
Which eases the conflicts I sustain.

FATHER BURKE O. P. IN GLASGOW.

Sermon and Lecture by the Great Dominician.
On Sunday, at the High Mass, the Very Rev. Father Burke preached a charity sermon in St. Francis' Church, South Cumberland Street, Glasgow, on behalf of the Catholic Hospital at Lanark. The Gospel of that day, he said, our Divine Lord was found correcting a great mistake into which the doctors of the law had fallen, namely, that it was not lawful to do good on the Sabbath day. In hearing, on that day, the poor wretched man afflicted with that terrible disease, the dropsy, he taught us that in no way could we more fully honour the Sabbath day than by doing works of mercy and kindness to the poor. And it was to appeal for such a work of mercy that he had been brought to that day: to ask them to strengthen the hands of those consecrated spouses of the Son of God, whose lives were devoted to the service of the poor. And in order to stir up in their hearts that sentiment of divine mercy, he could find no gospel more appropriate than that which he had just read to them. For it told them most emphatically what was the action of the Son of God on this earth towards man—mercy. The blind, the lame, the paralysed, the lepers—all were to our Divine Lord objects of mercy. Let them consider the God-like beauty of that virtue of mercy before he began to preach, and he would find it necessary to impress upon them its necessity. Mercy was a combination of two splendid attributes of Almighty God—His omnipotent power, and His infinite love and mercy. How many there were in this world who had great power, but that power was not guided by kindness or by love. Let them behold the nations armed as they were to day: millions of men trained to put forth their arms, and devoted every day of their lives to the work of mercy. It might seem strange, at first sight, that mercy should be made the very key that opens the gate of heaven, that mercy should appear to be the only quality that God seemed to demand in order to admit souls to heaven. But when we consider what mercy is, we at once see its necessity. The Son of God, knowing that the poor would always have with us, condescended to associate Himself with them, to declare that He was one of them, and that what was done to them was done to Him. Therefore, whoever has the spirit of Christ must be merciful; he must be ready to recognize the Son of God in the poor, and have a feeling of love, veneration, almost adoration, for those upon whom God has laid the heavy burden of poverty and disease. Let them, then, all, rich and poor, seek to secure to themselves that crown which shall not be set upon any brows except those who were merciful.

THE LECTURE.
On Sunday evening a large congregation delivered a lecture to a crowded congregation in St. Alphonsus' Church, Great Hamilton Street, Glasgow, taking for its subject "Catholic faith, the true perfection of man." In this grand nineteenth century, of which they were all so proud—and no man, he said, admired it more than he did—they saw more development than in any preceding epoch of the world's history. They saw the triumph of human genius—the magnificent achievements of human science. Why, the men of the nineteenth century had done things that their grandfathers believed to be utterly impossible. They had annihilated space; they had taken the two elements that were supposed to be most hostile to each other—fire and water—joined them together, and from their union there was the offspring of steam, the greatest power in the physical world to-day. Men had taken the most terrible and the most un-eruly of all elements—lightning—and

had made it the humble messenger of their thoughts, carrying them from end to end of the earth in a moment of time. No doubt, naturally enough, man were very proud of those achievements, and of the wonderful advance and progress in all sciences, of which this nineteenth century had been the witness; and, consequently, they thought it a strange thing when an old friar like him comes out with a habit worn for 700 years, belonging to an Order of men living in cloisters, separated from the world, and engaged in studies of which the world cared little or nothing—when such a man as he comes out, and says to those wonderful scientists—to those successful engineers and electricians—to those philosophers who had sounded the very depths of the ocean, and who had explained every law of nature, even the most hidden, "My friends, with all your knowledge, with all your science, with all your progress and your man-ufactures and wealth, I tell you that you never will attain to the true perfection of your being, a man in this world or the next, unless you embrace the holy Catholic faith, the Church of Jesus Christ. That faith alone is the perfection of man."

Here was a daring assertion that he had the courage to fling out before the men of the nineteenth century. He would, then, make these two propositions: that man was capable of attaining to the perfection of his being, but he could not attain that perfection without the holy Catholic faith. Let them first consider what was the Catholic faith. That faith meant three things—first, knowledge, not opinion, no matter how deep the opinion might be, but absolute conviction; but absolute knowledge; secondly, the Catholic faith was a law, prescribing to us not only what we were to believe, but what we were to do, and what to avoid; third, the Catholic faith was a power that enabled us to accept what it proposed to our belief, and to fulfill the Commandments God had given us to observe. The Catholic faith was knowledge. God, who is light and who has finite knowledge, Himself had vouchsafed great truths that man could never attain to by his own mere study, or by the mere human intellect. God demanded of all those who were His, and whom he had created, that they should have knowledge of Him; and the absence of that knowledge was one of the greatest curses that God could lay upon a people. That knowledge must be certain; it must be of the intellect of what God has revealed; and that knowledge must come from an authority, from the authority of a teacher, because it could never be attained by the mere human intellect. Where was this knowledge to be found except in the Catholic Church? Every other system calling itself religion simply asked man to read his Bible, and to draw his own conclusions, to form his own opinions; but, although that man might believe what appeared to him to be the meaning of a certain text, although he might feel thoroughly convinced of it, still he had no knowledge. The Catholic Church said, "I do not ask you to believe me unless I am able to prove that I am the messenger of God, and that God is with me; but, if I can produce to you my credentials, if I can show you my diploma, if I can hold up my title-deeds to show that God has sent me, and if He declares that He is with me always, then I ask you to bow down your intellects, and accept my teaching as it comes from God."

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To aid us in overcoming these attacks of hell, God has sent to our aid His holy angels whose continuous duty it is to watch over our temporal and spiritual welfare. There are, as we have already seen, angelic appointed to guard each state and country; nay, each individual, has his special, ever-watchful guardian, to aid him in the combat for salvation. Each church is under the care of a particular angel, each house is under their guardianship, whether walking or sleeping we have, thanks to God, the benefit of this special protection of His holy angels.
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"Secret societies, sir! I, an American citizen, a Christian, swear to submit myself to the guidance and direction of other men, surrendering my own judgment, and my conscience to their keeping? No, no, sir. I know quite well the fallibility of my own judgment, and my liability to fall; my life has been spent in breaking the bonds of the slavery of men. I therefore know too well the danger of confiding power to irresponsible hands, and make myself a willing slave."
This is what Daniel Webster wrote in a letter dated Boston, November 20, 1831:
"All secret associations, the members which take upon themselves extraordinary obligations to one another, and are bound together by secret oaths, are naturally good success everywhere is admitted, sources of jealousy and just alarm to others; are especially unfavorable to harmony and mutual confidence among men living together under popular institutions, and dangerous to the general cause of civil liberty and good government. Under the influence of the conviction it is my opinion that the administration of all such oaths, and the formation of all such obligations, should be prohibited by law." The late Lord Beaconsfield had this to say shortly before his death:
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It is in recognition of this ever-continued care of the angels for us, that the Church has instituted festivals in their honor, and has set aside the month of October to their special devotion. Should we not enter fully into the spirit of the Church? Should we not show by every means in our power, how much we love them? We desire to honor the angelic hosts!

SECRET SOCIETIES.
What great Protestant Men think of Them.
All organizations which compel their members to swear obedience to undefined obligations should be seriously opposed as un-American. Wm. H. Seward once said:

"Secret societies, sir! Before I could place my hand between the hands of other men, and bending on my knee before them, and bending on my knee before them, enter into combination with them for any object, personal or political, good or bad, I would pray to God that hand and that knee might be paralyzed, and that I might become an object of pity and even the mockery of my fellow men."
"Secret societies, sir! I, an American citizen, a Christian, swear to submit myself to the guidance and direction of other men, surrendering my own judgment, and my conscience to their keeping? No, no, sir. I know quite well the fallibility of my own judgment, and my liability to fall; my life has been spent in breaking the bonds of the slavery of men. I therefore know too well the danger of confiding power to irresponsible hands, and make myself a willing slave."
This is what Daniel Webster wrote in a letter dated Boston, November 20, 1831:
"All secret associations, the members which take upon themselves extraordinary obligations to one another, and are bound together by secret oaths, are naturally good success everywhere is admitted, sources of jealousy and just alarm to others; are especially unfavorable to harmony and mutual confidence among men living together under popular institutions, and dangerous to the general cause of civil liberty and good government. Under the influence of the conviction it is my opinion that the administration of all such oaths, and the formation of all such obligations, should be prohibited by law." The late Lord Beaconsfield had this to say shortly before his death:
"Secret societies are hurrying the civil governments of this world to the brink of a precipice over which law and order will ultimately fall and perish together."
In a letter to a friend, January 23, 1874, Wendell Phillips opened his mind in this way: "I wish you success most heartily in your efforts to rouse the community to the danger of 'secret societies.' They are a great evil; entirely out of place in a republic, and no patriot should join or uphold them."

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A Ludicrous Result of a Habit.
Highlanders have the habit, when talking their English, such as it is of interjecting the personal pronoun "he" where not required, such as "The king has come," instead of "The king has come." Often, in consequence, a sentence or an expression is rendered sufficiently ludicrous, as the sequel will show. A gentleman says he has had the pleasure of listening to a clever man, the Rev. Mr. ... (let his locality be a secret) and recently he began his discourse thus: "My friends, you will find the subject of discourse this morning in the first Epistle of St. Paul to the Romans, Chapter V, and verse 8, in the words: 'The devil he goeth about he may devour.' Now, my friends, with your leave, we will divide the subject of our text to-day in two heads. Firstly, we shall endeavor to ascertain 'Who the devil he was.' Secondly, we shall inquire into his geographical position, namely, 'Where the devil he was.' and 'Where the devil he was going.' Thirdly (as this is of a personal character), 'Who the devil he was seeking.' And fourthly, and lastly, we shall endeavor to solve the question which has never been solved yet—'What the devil he was roaring about.'"
"Skill and patience succeed where force fails." The quiet skill and patient research which brought forth Kidney-Wort illustrates the truth of the fact. Its success never comes to us without a cause. Ask any good physician the reason and he will tell you something interferes with the working of the great organs. Kidney-Wort enables them to overcome all obstructions and preserves perfect health. Try a box or bottle at once.
Henry Clement, Almoner, writes: "For a long time I was troubled with chronic rheumatism, at times wholly disabled; I tried anything and everything recommended, but failed to get any benefit, until a gentleman who was cured of rheumatism by Dr. Thomas' Eucletic Oil, told me about it. I began using it both internally and externally, and before two bottles were used I was radically cured. We find it a household medicine, and for croup, burns, cuts and bruises, it has no equal."
FLIES, roches, ants, bed-bugs, rats, mice, crows, chipmunks, cleared out by "Rough on Rats." 15c.

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THE HOLY ANGELS.
The church, desirous that all our thoughts should be directed to God and holy things, has dedicated each month, and even each day of the week and of the year, to the honor of some Saint or to the commemoration of some important event in the great work of our redemption. Thus, May is especially dedicated to honor the Blessed Virgin, June is the month of the Sacred Heart, and October has been set apart for devotion to the Holy Angels.

The Catholic Record Published every Friday morning at 48 Richmond Street.

THOS. COPPEY, Proprietor and Proprietary.

Annual subscription... £2 00 Six months... 1 00

LETTER FROM HIS LORDSHIP BISHOP WALSH.

DEAR MR. COPPEY.—As you have become proprietor and publisher of the CATHOLIC RECORD, I deem it my duty to announce to subscribers and patrons that the change of proprietorship will work no change in its name and principles...

MR. THOMAS COPPEY, Office of the "Catholic Record," FROM HIS GRACE ARCHBISHOP HANNAN.

LETTER FROM MGR. POWER. The following letter was given to our agent in Halifax by Mr. Power, administrator of the Archdiocese of Halifax.

Catholic Record.

LONDON, FRIDAY, OCT. 13, 1882.

ST. FRANCIS AND ST. TERESA.

At a time when the powers of darkness struggle so hard to secure respect and veneration for men who led most infamous and disgraceful lives; when the faith and good sense of christian people are insulted by having the memory of those so-called heroes honored with statues and monuments erected in the public places of their large cities...

The Christian world seemed to be rushing to destruction towards the close of the 12th century, when the "Rising Sun," as St. Thomas and Dante called St. Francis, appeared, and in an age of avarice, domestic wars, schism and universal wickedness, became a signal of civilization, a watchtower of wisdom, a champion of faith and a symbol of true christian charity.

Catholic Spain and the countries infested by the new heresies, and besides opened the gate by which thousands and thousands of holy virgins both in Europe and America have entered the sanctuary to dedicate themselves to the love and service of God, and pass to the heavenly Jerusalem to follow the Lamb whosoever He goeth.

St. Francis of Assisi, and St. Teresa of Avilla, appeared in the world like brilliant luminaries that in shade and sunshine, in austerity, poverty, want and suffering illustrated the mystery of the Cross, which in the time of St. Paul was a scandal to the Jews, and a stumbling-block to the Gentiles...

THE TIMES ON IRELAND.

The London Times was once loud in condemnation of boycotting. Now it finds words of approval for it when of course practised by Englishmen against the Irish. The Times says "the inventors of boycotting are finding to their cost that it is a process capable of indefinite application."

order, and they have only themselves to thank if their conduct has chilled some of the kindlier sentiments which their countrymen of Great Britain are quite ready to entertain.

THE SITUATION IN ITALY.

The situation in Italy is just now exceedingly interesting. The Chamber of deputies has been dissolved, and elections for a new representative body ordered to take place at the close of the present month.

IRELAND AND THE IRISH.

HIS LORDSHIP BISHOP WALSH'S DISCOURSE ON IRELAND.

St. Peter's Cathedral Crowded by an Appreciative Audience.

THE BISHOP GIVES AN INTERESTING AND ELOQUENT ACCOUNT OF HIS TOUR.

The announcement made on Saturday last that His Lordship Bishop Walsh would occupy the pulpit of St. Peter's Cathedral last morning and evening on Sunday had, as might have been expected from the learned prelate's well-known reputation for eloquence and erudition, the effect of drawing together two of the largest congregations that ever assembled within the walls of St. Peter's.

I have come this evening to tell you something of the state of Ireland, material and religious, as I found it during my short stay in August and the early part of September. I have nothing new to startle you regarding my recent experience in the green island. The Irish question in all its bearings has been so much discussed of late, both by friend and foe, and this discussion has obtained such wide publicity in the ubiquitous press that no new light can be thrown upon it by a mere casual observer such as I was during my brief and transient visit.

still advises the Italian people, in view of the dangers certain to follow radical success, to support the government. This counsel is tantamount to an admission that the old party of the Right has practically ceased to be, and that the struggle at the close of this month will be in the main restricted to the party in power and the radicals.

On Thursday evening, the 5th instant, His Lordship Bishop Walsh was entertained at dinner in the London club by a number of citizens. The chair was occupied by Mr. H. D. Long. Amongst the gentlemen present were Hon. J. Carling, M. P., Col. Walker, Major Leys, B. Cronyn, C. Goodhue, Jas. Malon, P. Mulken, M. Masuret, J. Blackburn, F. W. Fitzgerald, J. Reid, Dr. Sippli, and about thirty other representative citizens.

His Grace Archbishop Lynch and His Lordship Bishop O'Mahony visited London on Wednesday last and were guests of Bishop Walsh.

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methods of securing and promoting them. So has John Dillon, favor of the present John Dillon, who was one of the speakers on that memorable occasion.

Eighteen eventful years have passed away since then. The Fenian movement sprung up, passed through its various phases of agitation, of revolt, and of failure, and as a quasi-national organization has ceased to be. That movement, however, startled England from her dream of the fancied contentment of the Sister Isle, and it roused also the latter from its death-like lethargy.

Well, by a strange coincidence, I who was present at the laying of the corner stone of the O'Connell monument on the 15th of August, 1864, assisted at the unveiling of the completed monument in the same city on the 15th of August, 1882. The monument itself is Foley's masterpiece, the base is of granite, the group of symbolic statues, as well as that of the great imposing figure of O'Connell, is of bronze.

The national system of education has some drawbacks, it is true, but on the whole it does its work efficiently and successfully. It is theoretically secular and unsectarian, but it is practically denominational. In the Catholic Provinces it is practically Catholic, and in the north of Ireland it is Protestant in its character.

trines and subversion of the rights of property and of society itself as present constituted, and that they exercised over all the powers of a terrorism that obliterated all liberty of opinion or of action, a terrorism that too often found expression in the maiming of cattle and injury to person and property, and even in red handed murders.

There are certain districts in the west of Ireland which, in my opinion, no remedial laws can ever make prosperous or even put beyond the reach of periodical destitution. I visited certain portions of Mayo in the company of Mr. John Dillon, member for Tipperary, and I must say that I never beheld such a wretched and abject population as I there witnessed.

Industrial schools exist in the large cities of the country, under the management of religious orders. Ragged children and poor children, accused even though not convicted of petty crimes, are committed by law to these institutions, where they receive a useful education suited to their wants.

tant lands the streams of spiritual gifts and blessings, which induce Irish missionaries of the faith to labour for the salvation of souls and the eternal welfare of their fellow men, in the remotest regions of the earth.

It is in agrarian "outrages" that Ireland is just now most notorious at her worst. In the year 1870 there were such "outrages" put 1,320; from January 1, 1879, to 31, 1880, it was but 977. This best showing against Ireland English government could not have been achieved in any other country.

Table with 2 columns: OFFENCES, IRISH, ENGLISH. Rows include: Against property, with violence; Suicide; Attempts at suicide; Forgery, etc.; Offences against purity; Perjury.

tant lands the streams of spiritual graces and blessings, which induce Irish missionaries of the faith to labour for the salvation of souls and the eternal welfare of their fellow men, in the remotest regions of the earth. This intensity of faith is also shown by the numerous vocations to conventual life that exist there. The daughters of the best families as well as of the middle classes crowd the convents and charitable institutions, eager to be the chaste spouses of Christ, to imitate him in his voluntary poverty, chastity and obedience, and to expend their lives in the service of the poor, in attending the sick, and in bringing consolation to the suffering and the afflicted. There is no form of human misery no matter how repulsive and loathsome, no great sorrow of the human heart, no matter how crushing and hopeless, that an Irish nun, like some sweet angel of charity, is not found ready to devote her life to its alleviation and its assuagement. This spirit of fervor is always noticeable in the regular and devout attendance of the people at the services of the church, and in their frequentation of the Sacraments. The Irish people are an eminently religious people, and even though when writhing under bitter sufferings of great wrongs or amid the wild excitement of political agitation they may seem for the moment to swerve from the path of strict religious duties, they return again, with excitement over, true as the needle to the pole, to the teachings of the church which during the long night of their sufferings and sorrows shone like stars of hope and happiness to comfort, to cheer, and to sustain them. It is true that during the recent agitations great crimes, such as maiming of cattle, injury to persons and property, and shocking murders, dishonored Ireland, and brought the blush of shame to her cheek. For such crimes there can be no valid excuse, no just apology. They were simply atrocious and shocking, and deserve the reprobation and abhorrence of every honest man. Besides, in point of fact, they worked irremediable and irreparable harm. But, nevertheless, it is only common justice to state that apart from these, she is and has been comparatively free from crime and compares favorably with nations that hold up their hands in holy horror at her wickedness. Even on the score of murders, Professor Leone Levi, at the social science congress held a few weeks ago at Southampton, England, maintained that in proportion to population, more crimes of violence were committed in England and Scotland than Ireland. Professor Levi was discussing facts in the interest of civilization and the spread of science, and for his facts he appealed to the annual volumes of judicial statistics for England and Wales, Scotland, and Ireland respectively. Not one of these returns is complete for the purpose of the economist, but notwithstanding their defective method of compilation, they abundantly exhibit the relative criminality of English, Scotch, and Irish peoples. "According to the statistics issued," says Mr. Levi, "the number of indictable offences within the last ten years in England, Wales, and Scotland, indicated a slight increase of crime. In recent years, both absolutely and relatively to population, it would be seen the number of crimes reported to have been committed was uniformly smaller in Ireland than in England and Wales." Balancing the returns of the ten years from 1871 to 1880 inclusive, he finds that the average of the two periods of five years had been per 1,000 in England and Wales 1.39; in Ireland, 1.37. Calculating crime on the basis of population Mr. Levi gives the following figures:—In proportion to the population the offences against public order were 5.13 in the 1,000 in Scotland, against 1.16 in England. The offences against morals were in the proportion of 0.21 to the 1,000 in England, against 0.04 in Ireland. Offences against the person 11.58 to the 1,000 in Scotland, against 2.82 in England; and the offences against property 6.6 per 1,000 in Scotland, against 2.27 in Ireland. But I have before me other statistics taken from a recent work, which, in justice to the moral character of the Irish people, I deem it my duty to cite. The following table compares the more serious offences committed in Ireland in 1878 with those committed in 1877 in England and Scotland, dividing the English criminal statistics by 4.5 and multiplying the Scotch statistics by 1.5, to equalize populations:

	IRISH, ENGL., SCOTCH	1878.	1877.	1875.
Against property, without violence.....	700	1,774	1,067	1,067
Against property, with violence.....	458	1,014	3,175	3,175
Attempts at suicide.....	93	291	163	163
Forgery, etc.....	69	195	108	108
Offences against purity.....	142	290	281	281
Perjury.....	15	33	27	27
Totals.....	1,567	3,664	4,981	4,981

An analysis of the above figures shows how well Ireland stands in comparison with her neighbors, especially as regards purity; but we may add more testimony. According to report to the House of Commons on August 6, 1880, there were 20 murders committed in England and Wales in 1878, and but 5 in the same year in Ireland; in 1879 there were 34 murders in England and Wales and but 4 in the same year in Ireland. In another report the number of aggravated assaults on women and children is stated to be in 1877 England and Wales 2,374, Ireland 311; in 1878, England and Wales 2,443, Ireland 282; in 1879 England and Wales 1,989, Ireland 533. These figures are more than sufficient to show that the Irish are as law-abiding, and much freer of crime than their neighbors. They will stand comparison equally well even with America. Take, for instance, the old Quaker City (Philadelphia)—population 846,984, and in 1879 it had 49 homicides, while Ireland (population 5,159,539) in the same year killed but 4 persons!

It is in agrarian "outrages" however, that Ireland is just now made to appear at her worst. In the year 1870 the number of such "outrages" was put down at 1,820; from January 1, 1879, to January 31, 1880, it was but 977. This was the best showing against Ireland the English government could make of a period of great distress and agitation. In 1880, at the summer assizes, there were in Wexford just

three cases to go before the Grand Jury; in Galway, four; in Derry, five; in Wicklow, one; in Donegal five; in Louth, two; in the city of Cork, none. Of 149 "outrages" in Ulster, in 1879, 77 consisted in the sending of threatening letters; in Leinster, in the same year, 151 were threatening letters; and many of these missives were probably written and dispatched by agents, bailiffs, and others of that ilk, in order to excite the moral sentiment of the world against the Irish people.

What, then, are the present wants of Ireland? What the remedy for her political ailments?

I venture to think that Home Rule, such as we enjoy here in Canada, is what Ireland wants to make her a prosperous and contented country. Every free people ought to have the right to manage their own affairs, and to make the laws that govern them. Neither in legislative matters, nor in county government, nor even in municipal institutions, does Ireland enjoy the right of governing herself, and she never will be happy without it. As long as Englishmen and Scotchmen, no matter how well intentioned and disposed, insist on making laws for the government of Ireland, so long Irishmen will chafe against the arrangement, and will continue to protest and to agitate. Give Irishmen a home legislature for local affairs such as we enjoy in Ontario, throw upon them the responsibility of enforcing the observance of law and the maintenance of order, make them feel that it is their interest as well as their duty to protect the sanctity of life and the rights of property—that they have the honor, the fame and the welfare of their country in their own hands—and, take my word for it, that there will not be amongst civilized nations a more orderly country, or a more peace-loving and law-abiding people.

Such are the hasty and imperfect observations I have had to make this evening. I consider the present condition of things in Ireland as big with hope for its future prosperity and happiness. The people are intelligent, politically educated and more united and patriotic than ever. Such a people cannot long be refused the rights to which they have a just and inalienable title. Intelligent Englishmen are just, and love fair-play, and when convinced that the demands of Ireland are not more nor less than what she is entitled to, that the rights she asks were once hers, and were wrested from her by foul and wicked means, that her demands are founded on right and justice—that if conceded they would not injure the integrity of the empire, but would make Ireland contented, prosperous and happy—that they will not, I am confident hesitate to grant those demands, and thus help to bind Ireland to the throne by bonds stronger than steel—the bonds of justice and loyalty. When this day comes, and come it will, and, I hope, before long, we can salute our mother country in the words of the immortal poet:

"The nations have fallen and thou still art young,
Thy sun but rising when others are set,
And though slavery's cloud o'er thee morning hath hung
The full orb of freedom shall beam round thee yet.
Ere long, ere long, shine thou in the shade,
Thy star will shine out when the proudest shall fade."

A PEDDLER OF PATRIOTISM.

Career of "Mister Mooney," Ex-Reporter, Ex-Fenian and Irish World Correspondent.

Catholic Citizen.
We glean the following spicy history from two of our contemporaries. We publish it chiefly as a warning against other impositions of the kind.

1848—THE REPEALER.
When the old Repeal agitation was at its height, there appeared in New York a book-peddler and *so* *dizem* "lecturer." His principal stock in trade being a glib tongue, and a "History of Ireland" made up of vaporous scribbles such as are now vended through the Irish World. When the Revolutionary outbreak took place in Europe, in 1848, and the Irish Directory was appointed in New York, this Mr. Mooney volunteered his services to "spread the light" of those days in the mining regions of Pennsylvania, which then, as now, were inhabited by a patriotic company of Irish-Americans. The offer was all too confidently accepted, and the lecturer started on his mission. He made noise enough on the rostrum and in the papers; but the results, as far as producing the "sinews of war," appeared ridiculously small. Pretty soon however, while the excitement was at its highest mark, complaints began to reach the Directory in New York that large sums of money had been subscribed for the cause, and entrusted for transmission to the "spread the light" orator, and for which no consequent acknowledgments had been received. These statements at last came so thick and fast the Directory took action on them, and dispatched the late Patrick Lynch of the Irish-American, as their representative to investigate and check the swindle. When Mr. Lynch reached the scene of operations, however, the acute Mr. Mooney had levanted for pastures new; no trace of the collected money was ever got; nor was the great expounder ever heard of till he turned up in a little mining town called Folsom, in California, soon after the outbreak of the gold fever; and there he again embarked in his old blood and thunder speculations, in "patriotic" politics and publications, till the escapade that sent him flying from a vigilance committee between two days.

1866—THE FENIAN BANKER.

The Mr. Mooney of San Francisco notoriety was a restless, irrepressible little scamp who managed to keep the city in an uproar for years. As a specimen of all kinds of atrocities. As a specimen of Mr. Mooney's style of writing, which by the way, very much resembles the "Transatlantic" in the Irish World, we quote a few passages from Mooney's Experiences:

"I am thoroughly of opinion that words of grass are not of the slightest avail against evil. Nothing but bullets will avail, and therefore I commend my countrymen to shoot the landlords as we shoot robbers or rats, at night or in the day, on the road-side or in the marketplace! That I offered a reward of five hundred dollars for the head of Major Babazon (a landlord who had been shot) is true. True, I declared that the killing of Babazon was patriotic, noble and righteous. Bah! I say, shoot them!"

Well, this will do as a specimen of Tom Mooney's logic. Tom, on account of his loud vapors and fierce denunciation of England, became the idol of the Irish in San Francisco. He even started a bank on the principle of the "Emigrants' Savings-Bank of New York," and the poor Irish generously invested their savings in Mr. Mooney's bank. He was a man of importance, and though, then old, he married an Irish girl of sixteen against the wishes of her family, and then entertained the readers of the Express with a full history of the elopement.

One would expect that Mr. Mooney would be happy now in the enjoyment of a bank, a newspaper, and a pretty young wife. Alas! for the reality of human nature. One fine morning the bank was found closed. Mr. Mooney was found missing, and by a strange coincidence, the sprightly wife of Mr. Job, a small dealer in the town, disappeared at the same time. Poor Mrs. Mooney was left penniless and disconsolate, the bank depositors distressed, while the erring pair fled to parts unknown.

CHAPTER THIRD.

After his second financial exploit, in San Francisco, he fled to Australia; but thanks to the Irish press his character was too well known there, and at his first attempt to thrust himself again into the public notice he was promptly hoisted down. He then transferred the scene of his operations to London, where he has since carefully hidden his real identity under various aliases. His locality however was discovered, and he was importuned, to return to San Francisco, and settle up his affairs, as by doing so he could have saved to his victims a portion of what they lost through his rascality. But he was too careful of his neck to trust it within reach of a second possible *posse* of Judge Lynch; he refused to appear or even make any sign; and his unfortunate dupes lost everything of which his knavery could deprive them.

The New York Tablet in an article on "Apostles of Nationalism," thus speaks of "Transatlantic" whom it is correct in believing to be the Tom Mooney of San Francisco malodorous "fame":

The real blood-and-thunder, double distilled dynamite hero of the "nationalists" is "Transatlantic," the London correspondent of the Irish World. For fiery diatribes, spread-the-light appeals, and wholesale massacres on paper he even discourses *Rosa or Crowe*. His writings are those of a Communist of the most advanced kind, and he justifies assassination as a remedy for political grievances and the right of all men to an equal share of the world's goods. We are informed that this fiery contributor would be regenerated in the cause of Ireland by Mr. Tom Mooney. As we have an unpleasant recollection of a Mr. Tom Mooney who figured prominently in some disreputable transactions in San Francisco, we ask ourselves, can they be the constant and would-be regenerator of Ireland is Mr. Tom Mooney. As we have an unpleasant recollection of a Mr. Tom Mooney who figured prominently in some disreputable transactions in San Francisco, we ask ourselves, can they be the constant and would-be regenerator of Ireland is Mr. Tom Mooney. As we have an unpleasant recollection of a Mr. Tom Mooney who figured prominently in some disreputable transactions in San Francisco, we ask ourselves, can they be the constant and would-be regenerator of Ireland is Mr. Tom Mooney.

A NOBLE PROTESTANT MINISTER.

Philadelphia Standard.
It is refreshing to meet with instances among Protestants of true generosity and willingness to do justice to the Catholic religion and clergy, such as we are about to record. The readers of the Standard will readily recall the fact that some time ago the small-pox was epidemic in South Bethlehem. We need scarcely say that numbers of Catholic families (poor as regards this world's goods) were among the sufferers. And—what made the distress still greater—in many instances members of households into which the pestilence entered, who escaped its assaults and were able to work, were virtually imprisoned in their houses and shut off from employment by the rigid quarantine which it was thought necessary to establish.

It is needless to say that the Catholic clergymen, Rev. Philip McEnroe and Rev. Hugh P. McGovern of South Bethlehem, and Rev. Henry Badde, of Bethlehem, remained heroically at their posts and faithfully did their duty in visiting the pest-stricken dwellings, comforting and encouraging the sick and comforting the dying with the last Sacraments of the Church. They are Catholic priests, and knew what, under the circumstances, was required of them as Priests, and did it. Their conduct was heroic, yet it was that heroic which the world when it hears of wonders at, but which excites scarcely a remark or thought, on the part of priests themselves, being a duty which often devolves upon them in the discharge of their duties and from which they would be faithless if they shrunk.

No soldier, at the order to charge, moves forward more readily in the face of shot and shell, than do Catholic priests when the call is made to visit those who are stricken with deadly pestilence. Sitting, or, if needs be, lying down at the side of the pest-stricken sufferer, with ear to his lips, inhaling his fetid breath, the priest calmly hears his confession, absolves him from his sins, places the Viaticum upon his tongue, and the holy unction upon the different organs of sense, when the more touching of them may infect him with the fatal disease. Such is the duty of Catholic priests whenever pestilential stalks abroad in a community, and such was the duty which the Catholic clergymen above-named performed. So far as they could they ministered also to the temporal necessities of the sufferers, but the demands in respect to this far exceeded all help that they could give.

In this emergency temporal help came from an unexpected source. Rev. Wm. B. Morrow, an Episcopalian minister, Secretary to the Rev. M. A. De Wolfe Howe, Episcopalian "Bishop of Central Pennsylvania," aware that there was, at the time, no Episcopalian minister in South Bethlehem, and informed that "no Protestant minister whatever was visiting the sick or burying the dead," offered, in the words of Bishop Howe, "to go (and went) into the infected district, and separating himself from family and friends, devoted himself day and night to the suffering and sorrowful." Subsequently two members of an Episcopalian Sisterhood in Boston came to Rev. Mr. Morrow's assistance, and were "hailed as angels of mercy in every stricken household."

The heroism of Rev. Mr. Morrow and the two "Sisters," Bishop Howe very properly commended in his annual address, and such is the duty which the Catholic clergymen above-named performed. So far as they could they ministered also to the temporal necessities of the sufferers, but the demands in respect to this far exceeded all help that they could give.

THE CATHOLIC PRIESTS AT SOUTH BETHLEHEM.

Mr. Editor: In your to-day's issue I observe that you print a portion of Bishop Howe's annual address in the late Convention, concerning ministrations in the epidemic at South Bethlehem. One expression contained in it is, I fear, likely to be misconceived, and so to fall of justice to others, namely, that "His ministrations (the Bishop's Secretary's) were most cordially received alike by Romanists and Protestants of every name." Now, the Bishop's intention; I am quite sure, was only to state concerning the suffering members of the Roman Catholic Church, that they gladly received our ministrations to their bodily necessities.

It was our good fortune to be enabled to care for both soul and body of all the afflicted people in Bethlehem who were not under the pastoral charge of the Rev. Philip McEnroe, with his assistant, the Rev. M. A. McGovern, and the Rev. Mr. Badde (the German priest), but I never presumed to offer spiritual service to a people who were so happily and abundantly cared for already in the concerns of the soul by their own loving and courageous priests. In private houses and in the hospital, the Rev. Philip McEnroe and the other priests were ever met standing night and day at the post of duty.

In God's ordering of the estates of men, the afflicted members of that great communion were blessed with very little of this world's goods, and when the sturdy bread-winners of a family were shut up in quarantined houses, wait speedily appeared. Hence their pastors readily and gladly consented to receive help for their temporal needs; but in the ministrations of the sacraments and other holy offices of the Church their people received the constant and faithful care of the priests appointed to their souls' cure and with that sacred duty none other ever thought of interfering.

If of the point of this note should seem to any to be but a small matter, I can only say that having been enlisted in the same kind of service with themselves, and knowing full well the quality and abundance of their labors, I am jealous of those great jealousy for the due honor of those

DEVOTION TO THE HOLY ROSARY.

W. B. MORROW.
Reading, Sept. 12, 1882.

HOW THEY LOVE IRELAND.

The following is the concluding portion of T. P. O'Connor's last letter to the New York Sun. It emphasizes the sarcasm of those who would have the world innocently believe that Englishmen cherish none but the kindest feelings toward Ireland. Mr. O'Connor says:

I have kept to the last what I regard as one of the most potent factors in the development of the Jinggo spirit in the Liberal party; that is the attitude of Ireland and of the Irish people in America. The English have awakened to the fact that the fight in which they are now engaged is very different from the thing it was long ago; they know now that it is not a national conflict only, but that it is a race struggle as well. The incidents of the last few years have roused feelings in the country the profound depths of whose bitterness, and even ferocity, nobody can even imagine without living in the country among the people. You see English hate of Ireland and Irishmen in nearly every eye; it meets you in the railway car, in the restaurant, in the drawing room. Among the lower orders it has shown itself in savage outbreaks in several towns against the Irish population; among the better educated you perceive it by the estrangement of old friends or by the steady boycotting of everything Irish. Irish authors have ceased to sell their books. Irish journalists are looked out of the newspaper offices; the representatives of the Irish factories are ordered out of the stores where they used to obtain in happier times remunerative contracts. I don't know whether it is that they feel that the old and supreme ascendancy of England in Ireland is doomed, or that they are caught up by that spirit of cynic violence which Bismark has so successfully taught to his age. Whatever the reason, Englishmen now entertain projects with regard to Ireland which they—at least those of them who belonged to the Radical party—would have shrunk from with disgust and horror a few years ago. It is quite a common thing to hear the wish expressed by Liberals, so called, that Parnell, Dillon, Healy, and the rest could be hanged right away, and so got rid of finally.

I remember, a few weeks before the session closed, I was speaking over this street of phenomena in English thought in our day to my friend and colleague, Mr. Sexton—who is not merely the eloquent orator, but, what is perhaps of even greater importance, the level-headed and sagacious statesman—and I ventured to make a prophecy as to the immediate future. I said: "In five years' time Ireland will either have home rule or be disfranchised."

I turn again to the speech of Mr. Leatham, and one of the passages in the oration of this same typical Radical says that, though the time has not yet come, it may come soon when Ireland will have to be reduced to the position of a province, and deprived of all representation in the Imperial Parliament! I had no idea that my gloomy prophecy would so soon find proof of its probable fulfilment.

There is one great and fundamental fact in the struggle between England and Ireland patent to every Irishman with brains, honesty in the desire rather to advance the cause of his people than to exhibit himself in picturesque attitude and mock heroic pose.

The fact was brought home to my mind when I heard the wild, mad, exultant shout which went up when take Radical benches when the arrest of Michael Davitt was announced by Harcourt in the House of Commons. Scratch the ordinary Englishman, rouse his temper, and you find in Irish affairs a tiger. Men conscious of this truth have endeavored occasionally in the struggle of the last four years, as well as in previous conflicts, to recommend prudence and sometimes a less rapid pace to the leaders of the Irish agitation. Their reward has been the stigma of whiggery and—it would be nothing if it had stopped there—the realization of some of their worst fears for the liberties and the hopes of their country.

RELIGIOUS.

The Devout Child.

A large soap factory in Berlin was totally destroyed by an explosion of gas; by the disaster six persons were killed, and seventeen others were maimed and wounded seriously; the factory itself fell a prey to the devouring flames. On the evening of the day of this unfortunate occurrence, a young servant girl was observed at the May devotions at one of the Berlin churches. She approached the richly decorated Lady altar, bearing in her hands a beautiful wreath of flowers which she placed at the feet of the statue of the Mother of God. Upon being asked the reason of so costly an offering, she replied in a simple, straightforward manner: "This morning I was sent by my employers to the soap factory that was destroyed to-day by an explosion of gas. On my way to the factory I passed a church, and the thought came into my head, 'Go and say one 'Hail Mary,' perhaps you won't have time to go to the May devotions to-night.' So I went in and said one single 'Hail Mary' and then went on toward the soap factory. Just at the very moment that I came in sight of the factory I heard a fearful crashing noise, the flames burst forth, the factory was soon a total wreck. Had I not said that 'Hail Mary' in the church, I must have been killed with the others, and I should now have been stretched in the morgue, a blackened corpse." The poor little child of Mary added, with tears in her eyes, "Ah! what would my mother have done if I had been killed."—Nord America.

The Catholic Brother of the Author of "Paradise Lost."

A writer in the current number of Macmillan, among many surprising stories about "Great Men's Relatives," reminds us that one of Rome's Recruits in days long antedated to those of that great Tractarian movement whose nominal leader now lies at the point of death, was Christopher Milton, the brother of perhaps the greatest Puritan in the history of the world.

DEVOTION TO THE HOLY ROSARY.

The Emperor Charles V. considered the Rosary a powerful means to obtain divine protection. So much was he devoted to it that nothing, even the most important affairs of state, could ever induce him to interrupt his beads when once he had begun their recitation. When called upon by his courtiers on such occasions, he would say: "Let me finish my beads first."

Frederic III. ordered the establishment of a Rosary society in the city of Cologne, and inscribed on the register of membership his own name and those of his wife Eleanor and his son Maximilian.

King Alphonsus V. of Portugal, a devout client of our Lady, spoke thus to his ministers: "Let us ask the Queen of the Rosary to become the guide of our Government." Henry I. of the same country, requested the venerable servant of God, Louis of Granada, to instruct him how to meditate on the mysteries of the Rosary, and was so much pleased with the method proposed to him that he caused it to be printed. The same is related of Duke Ferdinand of Parma (1779). Philip II. of Spain, was also much given to meditating on the mysteries of the Rosary; and Philip II. recommending the devotion to his son used to say: "To the devotion of the Rosary I trust my salvation."

King Casimir III. of Poland, once wrote to the Superior-General of the Dominicans: "I pray your Reverence to send me apostles of the Rosary, since they are the true reformers of the people."

When St. Dominic appeared before Louis VIII. of France, to announce to him the triumph of his armies over the Albigenses, the king exclaimed: "O Blessed Dominic! thy Rosary-prayer has become the stronghold of my kingdom!"

Anna of Austria, queen of France, caused her son, Louis XIV. to be inscribed in the register of this Confraternity when he was still in his cradle; and James II, king of England, had the Rosary said publicly at his court, together with an explanation of the sacred mysteries.

Every one has heard how much devoted to the Rosary were those three famous musicians of Germany. Gluck never let a day pass without saying it; even in the royal palace of Versailles, he was wont to select a secluded corner where he could offer his favorite prayer. Haydn always had recourse to his beads when the threat of his thoughts seemed to slacken, or a composition was about to fail. Mozart never forgot his Rosary in the deepest misfortune, as well as in moments of the greatest happiness; and it was often noticed that, during the enthusiastic applause of a delightful audience, the great artist took out his beads to murmur a prayer of thanksgiving.

The famous Bishop Martin, of Padernberg, penned the following words on his favorite devotion: "I wish I could say to the hearts of all to whom Christianity is dear: Cherish the holy Rosary; study this beautiful prayer, and let not a day pass without reading in this truly golden guide-book. For my part, the longer and more carefully I meditate on the mysteries of the Rosary, the more I feel convinced of its superlative origin."

It has often been observed how frequently Pius IX., of saintly memory, in the numerous audiences he gave, mentioned the devotion of the Rosary, laying peculiar stress on the necessity of propagating it throughout the world. To the Rev. Bishop of Laval, that holy Pope once said: "Tell your faithful people that the Pope is not satisfied with simply blessing the Rosary, but that he says his beads every day, and invites all his children to do the same."

At the conclusion of an address to a band of pilgrims from the diocese of Poitiers, in 1877, Pius IX. urged, as every honest man, as a sure means of securing the blessings of Heaven, the daily recitation of the Rosary: "As you are praying for me, so I will pray for you, that God may keep you in His grace. And this is my counsel: Say the beads in common every evening in your homes; father, mother, sons and daughters—all should unite in this simple and beautiful prayer, enriched with so many indulgences. Take this advice, my children, as my last words, and treasure them up as precious mementoes."—Ave Maria.

RELIGIOUS.

On the fourth of the present month the chapel of "L'Hospital General" in Quebec was the scene of the conferring of the white veil of the Order on Miss Zoie Caron, eldest daughter of the late Lieutenant Governor of the Province of Quebec, the lady being Mrs. Edward Caron, who has left behind her a reputation of unusual honor and whose memory is and will continue to be revered as well by the citizens of the Ancient Capital as by the people of the province at large. Miss Caron, dressed in a magnificent robe of white satin and wearing a wreath and crown of white flowers, was led to the altar by her brother, the Hon. A. P. Caron, Minister of the Monastery. Also His Lordship, the Archbishop of Quebec, Mgr. Taschereau, presided on the occasion, assisted by the Rev. Father Laliberté, P. P. of St. Michael's, Bellechase and the Rev. Father Caron, brother of the religieuse. There were also present His Lordship the Bishop of Chicoutimi, Mgr. Dominick Racine and Rev. Fathers Lagace, L. Paquet, Marquis F. H. Belanger, and Hanelin, chaplain of the Monastery. Also His Lordship, the Judge Taschereau of the Supreme Court and Mrs. Taschereau, Mr. and Mrs. J. Sharples, and Mrs. Charles Fitzpatrick, (the three ladies being sisters of the religieuse) and Messrs. Edward and Pierre DeBlais (her maternal uncles) and their families. After the ceremony all were entertained at *dejeuner a la fourchette* by the reverend ladies of the institution.

LAVALS UNIVERSITY.

On the 4th inst., the formal opening of the courses of Laval University, Quebec, took place and was preceded by the election of the low *Mass de Spiritu Sancto* by the Rev. Father Methot, Rector. Immediately after Mass there was a meeting for the conferring of degrees. Among those so honored were Sir Hector Langevin, C. L. K. C. M. G., and Knight of St. Gregory the Great on whom was conferred the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws, L. L. D. His Grace the Archbishop was present as were also all the professors in their academic robes.

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