

ARCHBISHOP BAYLEY ON SIMPLICITY.

At the annual commencement held at the Academy of the Visitation, Frederick, Maryland, Archbishop Bayley addressed those present in the following words:

"I thank the audience for their presence here to-day; for the encouragement they have given to the good Sisters of the Academy, and for the great appreciation they have manifested for the musical entertainment given by the young ladies. I must praise also the ladies for their excellent performance. It is customary to give some advice on these occasions; but I have learned from experience to give little advice. In the writings of Bishop Brute, I find that saintly man putting down this resolution after a retreat: 'Give little advice.' Yet I must say something.

"Let this be my advice: Study simplicity in dress, in manners and in morals. Be as simple in these things as were our forefathers. Nothing shows so plainly the swift progress of our country to ruin as the marked departure from the simplicity of the past generation.

"Let me also advise you to love good reading; nothing is so good a companion as a good book; and I can say that nothing is so bad a companion as a bad book. Let your reading be select. It is not necessary that you should always read pious books, though these should be perused; read books of standard literature. Our public schools have a great name, and their admirers claim for them a great influence, but notwithstanding all their assumed superiority, we are not an educated people, because we do not read and study the right kind of books. Few ever rise above the yellow-covered trash which abounds. Avoid such books as you would the yellow fever. Unfortunately we have no quarantine against the yellow-covered novel, and it does more harm because it undermines the moral sense.

"I notice also that the Sisters give premiums for cooking. I am glad of it. Would that all our schools imitated their example. In France, the noblest families think it not beneath them to know how to cook. All young women should have this accomplishment, which in after life may prove so serviceable. A knowledge of this branch of domestic economy will make home-life much more agreeable. I again offer my thanks to the audience for their appreciation of the exhibition, and for their attention to my remarks."

IRELAND AS IT IS IN 1876.

The population of Ireland in the middle of the year 1876 is estimated by the Registrar-General at 5,317,416. The total of registered births over all Ireland on an average of five years, is 144,998 per annum. The highest birth-rate is in the County Kerry, where the annual per centage estimated from the number registered in this quarter is 45 for every 1000 of the population; the lowest is in Meath, which is only 21 per 1000. Of registered marriages, the total number throughout Ireland in the year was 24,256. Of these, 15,688 were celebrated between the Roman Catholic population; and 7,571 were between Protestants, which is at the rate of one marriage for every 162 of the Protestant population. As to deaths, the annual number in Ireland on an average of five years, is 94,751. The highest annual death rate is in the County Dublin, where it amounts to 31 out of a 1000. During the first quarter of 1876 no less than 9762 have emigrated from Ireland, of whom 5,047 were males and 5,695 females. This is 1,788 less than the number which left the country in the corresponding quarter of the preceding year. The tide of emigration, though not stopped, is, we infer, very considerably checked, mainly owing to the prevalence of bad times for the working population of the United States. As to the price of provisions, the Registrar-General's return records the Dublin prices. In the first quarter of 1864 the average price of oatmeal in the Dublin market was 11s per cwt.; in the first quarter of 1876 the average price was 16s 2d per cwt. Potatoes at the same time twelve years ago, sold from 5s 6d to 3s 3d per cwt.; they sold, at the same time in the present year, from 3s 4d to 4s 11d. Beef, which then sold per cwt. from 51s 6d to 64s 6d, sells now from 56s 6d to 76s 6d. The 4lb. loaf, which then sold at 6d, sells now for 7d. In speaking of the difference of the cost of living between the past and the present, facts so interesting and so accurate as these should be constantly kept in view.—*Catholic Sentinel.*

THE CONDITION OF THE CATHOLIC PRESS.

In all parts of the country the Catholic papers are crying for aid, "Help, help, or we perish." They are continually nudging their delinquent subscribers to pay their bills, individually small, but in the aggregate making a large sum. They are asking their friends to aid them in extending their circulation, and promise to make improvements with increased resources. Week after week these calls for aid are issued, and scarcely a single Catholic journal in the country does not join in the request. The condition of the Catholic press, unveiled by these repeated and universal appeals for support, is a shame to the Catholics of the land. For every Catholic is cognizant of this wretched state of affairs; he knows that these papers have been started in his interest, that they are fighting for his sake, for the cause of his religion, for the cause of truth, that they are defending the Church against the attacks of its enemies, that they are unveiling the sophistries and falsehoods of the sectarian press, that they are as sentinels on a watch-tower, ever on the alert, ever ready to sally forth and attack the assailants of the cause of Christ, and to defend His spouse, the Church.

The reason why Catholic papers do not receive better support must, it is true, be partly found in the hard times that for three years have overshadowed the land; but must in great measure be ascribed to the negligence and indifference of well to do Catholics. The poor are always ready to give their mite to the cause of God in whatever shape it appeals to their generosity. But the moderately rich or wealthy Catholic sees unmoved the struggle of his

religious paper to exist and do good, and never thinks of coming to the rescue. He considers the paper dry, uninteresting and behind the times, and, he says, in fact, he can't afford to take it, although several magazines and story papers find their way regularly to his fireside.

But, besides the indifference of the laity, a contemporary affirms that the struggling condition of the Catholic press for existence must be laid to the door of the clergy. He says they are ready enough to find fault should anything go wrong, that they censure this omission or that oversight, but take good care that they do nothing to prevent such missteps. He says that the majority of them take no interest in extending the circulation and influence of Catholic papers, which he declares to be their duty, and which he says he calls upon them to do, not as a favor, but as a right.

The cost of a Catholic paper varies from \$1 50 to \$3 50 a year. Now there is not a Catholic family in the country that cannot give from three to six cents a week for a Catholic paper, and there is not a Catholic family that should not subscribe. Were Catholics as ready to support their journals as the members of the sects are to maintain their organs, the Catholic press would soon cease their appeals and lamentations. Encouraged by the generosity of their supporters, they would turn their whole attention to the exposition and defence of truth, and the result would soon be evident in larger harvests of good than they now reap.—*Baltimore Mirror.*

THE ENGLISH PAINTED BY AN AMERICAN.

Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton, an American lady now in London, contributes a descriptive article to the 'New York weekly,' whence we select the following passages:—"The best dressed women we saw in England were the shopgirls. There was a quiet elegance about them which their idler and wealthier sisters certainly lacked. They are dressed, throughout London, in black. At Swan and Edgar's and other select and high-priced establishments on Regent-street, they wore really sumptuous silks—fitted to perfection, and made up in the most artistic manner. Their hair was simply and beautifully arranged; their hands well kept, and their manners would have been lady-like but for the trace of servility, of which I will speak further on. At Whiteley's, on the Westbourne road, the girls wore dresses of cachemere or some sort of wollen stuff; but still they wore black, and they fitted to perfection, and yet the "young ladies" had that air of quiet gentility for which the London shop-girl is distinguished. Nothing can equal the servility of London shop-keepers, as a rule. It is a comfort to be ruled, not to be bullied into buying what you don't want; but the freshly-imprinted American is mildly surprised to be thanked with just as sweet a humility for saying that goods are trash, and he will have none of them, as if he had launched out in some unparalleled extravagance. He gets used to this servile civility after awhile, and receives it as his just due. 'Quite so,' is a favorable formula with the London shopkeeper; and this habit leads them sometimes into ludicrous blunders. For instance, I went one day into the shop of a London druggist or a chemist as they say there. 'I want a tooth-brush,' I said. 'Quite so, madam;—' And some smelling salts—strong!' 'Quite so!'—'Oh, and ink, have you got good black ink?'—'Quite so!' Presently my parcels were put up, and I began to count out the pay for them. My Yankee arithmetic was scarcely equal to the shillings and sixpences, not to say farthings, of this unaccustomed currency; and I said, I'm awkward with your money.'—'Quite so, madame,' came the shopman's reply, with the accustomed sweet readiness; and it was only by the smile I could not suppress that he was reminded of his quite unintentional discourtesy. There is something pitiful in the humility of the lower orders in England. They are a sad-faced and solemn set. They quite understand Carlyle's theory that half mankind are born with saddles on their backs ready to be ridden, and the other half are born booted and spurred ready to ride them. The common people have felt the saddle on their backs so long that they do not object to it now. I presume, in fact, that they scarcely feel its pressure. The whole of life in England seems to me to be arranged for the benefit of the upper classes one of whose distinguishing characteristics is a very wholesome, or rather very unwholesome, contempt for those people who are beneath them.

There are but faint signs of any mitigation of the Catholic troubles in the Canton of Berne. A French priest, the Abbé Bernasconi of Fesseyvillers (Doubs), who had been condemned by the rural Rhodamantus to a fine of fifty francs for teaching catechism to Catholic children at the Orphanage of Saignelegg, has been relieved from that sentence on appeal to the superior police-court at Berne; and the Catholic population of the Jura has succeeded, after many struggles, in getting back their own priests, who are now at liberty to resume their pastoral ministrations. But Apostasy and infidelity are still in possession of the churches and Church property. The Catholic clergy are supported by voluntary contributions, and nearly all the primary schools are at present in the hands of the enemy. The other day, M. Herzog, a Prussian, was elected "bishop" of the "Old Catholic" sect at Olten. At a subsequent meeting of the "synod" it was proposed to "reform" the Church by the abolition of Latin Mass, priestly celibacy, sacramental confession, and so forth. In some places the new clergy have given great scandal by their delinquencies, and the Bernese Government has its hands full of "cases" of this kind, which are all it has to show in return for the large sums it has disbursed for the support of the schism. Several "Old Catholic" parishes are demanding the removal of their reformed pastors; while at Courfaivre the schismatics have looked their "Old Catholic" priest out of the parish church, and will allow him to officiate there no more. In fact, in the Canton of Berne, the movement is looked upon as a failure. In Geneva the persecution goes on with malice unabated.