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The Catholic Record.

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

VOL. 3.

LONDON, ONT., FRIDAY, FEB. 4, 1881.

NO. 121

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ECCLIASTICAL CALENDAR.

FEBRUARY, 1881.
Sunday, 6—Fifth Sunday after Epiphany. St. Hyacinthe, Virgin. Double.
Monday, 7—St. Edmund, Abbot. Double.
Tuesday, 8—St. John of Martha, Virgin and Martyr. Double.
Wednesday, 9—St. Gelasius, Pope and Confessor. Double.
Thursday, 10—St. Scholastica, Virgin. Double.
Friday, 11—St. Anthon, Pope and Martyr. Double. (Fix from 5 Jan.)
Saturday, 12—St. Telesphorus, Pope and Martyr. Double. (Fix from 5 Jan.)

"He Being Dead Yet Speaketh."

Catholic Telegraph.
We will ask our readers to carefully peruse the following beautiful lines written years since by Father Edward Farrell; they come as if just now with a ring of prophetic meaning in their rhyme. He was a poet, like Ovid *quid tantum scribere verba erat*, numbers were natural to him and his soul was nurtured in them.

The Autumn Leaf.

The summer sun has passed away and o'er the mountain's head
A diadem of golden hue is beautifully spread;
A rich and varied mass of leaves, where every brilliant tinge,
In mingled shades around the pines is shining like a fringe.
But hark! the wailing wind is heard, it sweeps in murmurs by,
A thousand rainbow-colored leaves go floating through the sky,
They bid the setting sun farewell, whilst children with ecstatic breath,
They sit around the parent tree, still beautiful in death.

The fallen leaf, the fallen leaf, what hand can now restore.
The life that filled its slender veins, the blood it knew before,
Its beauty all has passed away, its lonely hour is o'er,
And man, who blessed its summer shade, forgets that it was dear.
'Tis thus that youth, a youthful heart, feels the tempest lower,
And thought that friends would never fall off, the youth's heart is o'er,
But, when misfortune came to blight, and hope withered in its ray,
The hand that should have wiped the tears was coldly turned away.

A solemn silence falls the scene, the ancient leaves are hushed;
The leaves have filled the rocky cleft where late the fountain gushes,
Against the clear, cold, azure sky, the withered branches stretch,
Where, mournfully, some lingering leaf hangs desolate and sear.
The color'd web, which Autumn weaves, of purple and of gold,
Her loom of blue and crimson tints along the vale is rolled.

Ab! who will give us back the sun, the fountain and the rose,
The singing birds that flutter'd there, the minstrel of the glade,
Alas the leaf, which on the branch in verdant beauty hung,
Its summer home, its fragrance o'er, upon the ground is flung.
It never more, refreshed with dew, the radiant sun shall glow,
Nor, with its kindred brood again upon their forest tree,
The wailing wind heard at eve, its requiem to wail,
There, with its brethren of the glen, it sleeps amid the vale.

And birds that love the genial sun in farewell hummers sing,
The autumn leaf, the yellow leaf, the nursing leaf, which on the bough,
But Spring shall come and every flower, again be lifted up,
The fall, like you, shall keep the dew-drop in her cup.
Around the cottage house shall bloom the bluest and the rose,
And trees that dropped in winter winds a thousand leaves disclose,
Ah! thus when Death has close the scene, may Heaven's eternal Spring,
Around the soul her endless wreaths, her sacred roses fling.

And, when she looks in triumph back, will not her world of bliss
Seem happier, for the gloom that rests on all that's found in this.

CATHOLIC PRESS.

ON THE Feast of the Purification, which occurred Wednesday, the faithful had the privilege of making an offering of candles for the service of the altar. They should hold it an honor to be allowed to contribute to the adornment of God's house and to the means for the decent celebration of the mysteries of faith.—Catholic Columbian.

WE notice in a circular addressed to the Catholics of St. Mary's, Cambridgeport, Mass., by the pastor, Rev. Thomas Scully, the following pregnant advice: "We remind you of the obligation of supporting the Catholic press. Every family can afford to subscribe for at least one Catholic paper. As fast as bad papers are brought into your homes put them into the stove. Better for you to burn them than that they should burn you and your children in Hell for all eternity." Next to Catholic schools come Catholic books and papers. They form an integral part of Catholic education in these days, not merely for what they contain, but also for what they keep away.—Catholic Review.

Which is which? In several of the London papers the other day an announcement appeared in large type to the effect that the agrarian conspirators of Ireland had perpetrated a shocking atrocity on Lord Lansdowne's donkey, whose tail

they had cut off. In commenting upon the atrocity one journal inquired how long Englishmen meant to submit to a reign of terror under which loyal and orderly "fellow-subjects" were murdered and "mutilated." A donkey may be orderly enough in its way, but that it should be raised to the dignity of a fellow-subject merely because it is mutilated is, perhaps, going too far. The writer for the journal referred to leaves his readers in a bewildering state of doubt as to whether it was Lord Lansdowne's ass or the Irish landlords he referred to. That is left to the imagination.—London Universe.

MR. GLADSTONE—perhaps the Earl of Hawarden—the British Government generally covers a brilliant blunder by the award of a title—has made a blunder by his measures of coercion. He has united Ireland, as Ireland, except in the days of O'Connell was never united before, and united so firmly that no British sop can disintegrate them.—N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

IN HUMAN science the world regards great minds as *proving* beyond all doubt, the existence of certain laws and establishing incontrovertible facts. But in the science of God, in the knowledge of eternal truth, the world has little belief, and certainties no certainty. The true Church is spoken of as *claiming*, not as *proving*, and yet the arguments she advances for infallibility in her capacity as Divine Teacher cannot be disproved.—Catholic Columbian.

THE Rev. Myron Adams, in his sermon last Sunday, is reported to have said, "The German monk, Luther, sounded the doom of the dark ages." Judging from history we should never have thought it. By that criterion we had been led to believe, on the contrary, that Luther prolonged the dark ages by two or three centuries. When Luther appeared there was a universal renaissance of art, science and learning. Printing and the mariner's compass had been invented, America had been discovered, and the Copernican system had been proclaimed. Luther started up in the era of Columbus, Copernicus, Erasmus and Michael Angelo, and cast a black shadow on the works of these children of light. The printing press was perverted from its proper uses and set to gibbering the polemics of crazy heresies, or to defending the truth against them. Gloomy fanatics were incited to destroy the productions of art, religious wars for false doctrines that now no man cares for, desolated nations, and out of their bloody and wasted fields pestilence and famine arose, and barbarism recovered sway in the fairest portions of Europe, and the hand was set back on the dial of progress.—Catholic Times.

AMONG the rising generation there has been fostered an admiration for successful roguery which works evil in many ways. Cleverness, smartness, cheek, are the qualities that too many of us admire above all others. It is unfortunately true that the American father who discovered the qualities of a St. Aloysius in his son would be more troubled than if he discovered in the boy the peculiar talents that are said to have distinguished the youthful Jim Fisk. In fact, Fisk has been made an idol in the eyes of young Americans, and the qualities that made him known of the public school and the daily press have made to seem admirable.—N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

THE wisdom of the Church in condemning all secret, oath-bound societies is every day becoming more manifest, and we hope that all honorable men will frown down every attempt to revive the accursed organizations which sacked and burned Catholic churches in 1844 and 1854, and murdered in cold blood inoffensive citizens. We wish that every American citizen, Catholic and non-Catholic, would take to heart the following words of the patriotic Josiah Quincy: "The liberties of a people are never more certainly in the path of destruction than when they trust themselves to the guidance of secret societies. Birds of the night are never birds of wisdom. One of them, indeed, received this name, but it was from its looks, and not from its

moral and intellectual qualities. They are for the most part birds of prey. The fate of a republic is sealed when bats take the lead of eagles."—Catholic Herald.

WE see much nonsense written, almost daily, in ridicule of extremes of fashion in women, and this, too, in Catholic papers. It is very well, but why not single out some of the fopish Catholic young men, who make long-eared animals of themselves or join the *quadrumania*, by following out style, even to a burlesque? The complacency with which some young men regard their dress and the cut of their hair and moustache is as reprehensible as the apparent vanity of some young women in wearing a new hat.—Catholic Columbian.

IT is a bad sign to find parental authority so much disregarded as it is by the rising generation; but the fault lies, in no small measure, with parents. Many an unwise parent labors hard and lives sparingly all his life for the purpose of leaving enough to give his children a start in the world, as it is mis-called. Setting a young man adrift with money left him by his relatives is like tying bladders under the arms of one who will lose his bladders and go the bottom. Teach him to swim and he will never need the bladders. Give your child a sound education and you have done enough for him. See to it that his morals are pure, his mind cultivated and his whole nature made subservient to laws which govern man, and you have given what will be of more value than the wealth of the Indies.—Catholic Herald.

THE Catholic heart that is not saddened when reading in the telegrams, despatches and newspaper correspondence, of official France and its doings, must be very indifferent to the glory of a great and Catholic race. Were the France that goes in and out of office, issues decrees today and resigns to-morrow, beats its opponents and in turn defeated, were it the only France; were Paris France, as we are often told, there might be grave reason to consider its future without hope. But there is another France. Noticing the other day, the striking fact that while its political system was in perfect chaos, the country nevertheless prospered, the London Times accounted for the phenomenon in a paragraph that is worth quoting. It writes: "It is a rebuke to politicians who fancy that they control and irrevocably determine the destinies of nations. The truth is that outside the France which is fickle and giddy, which perorates and plots and legislates, and seeks and place and power, and overturns Ministries, there is a France which ceaselessly toils and saves, which unwearyingly digs and waters, and makes the most of a favored land—a France which thinks little of power or place, but has its ambition set upon adding acre to acre, and vineyard to vineyard, or bond of all sorts; which is cool and indifferent about the fall of Ministries, which does not trouble itself about the national *republic*; which wishes only to be let alone, and which resembles one great live of industry. The thousands of frugal citizens who compose this France continue to enrich her." And so it is in the moral world in which France with all its faults is still so mighty. There is a Catholic France, perhaps not as audacious in dealing with our foes, as we desire, but still a mighty conservative force certain to resist the disorganizing influences that are at work for her destruction. It is this France that sends missionaries to every land under heaven, that contributes and accomplishes mighty things by its *centimes* saved by some little act of economy that others would not dream of, but which by its motive receives the consecration and the reward of the Widow's Mite. It is this France which has given her first born to the sanctuary, and which has trained a priesthood, as learned, as devoted, as self-sacrificing as the Church has ever known. It is this France which teaches the wives and mothers of the coming race, and whom the *petrol* uses and the *communards* detest. It is not likely to die out under Ferry's or Gambetta's persecution, and while it survives, no one need despair of the resurrection of this great people.—Catholic Review.

THERE is so much rubbish written by people who probably do, but who certainly ought to know better, concerning Protestant progress in Rome, that the following extract from the letters of a New York priest written in Rome on Christmas morning, will be read with profit: "I have been to the Church of the Ar Coeli and have seen the crib in which the Infant Saviour lay. The scenic effect was the grandest I ever witnessed! The joy of the Roman bambini was boundless, whilst it was edifying to see the zeal which the Roman mothers displayed to lift them in their arms that they might have a glance at the admired object. Whoever imagines, if any one imagines, that the Romans have any inclination for Protestantism, should see the Catholic Churches to-day, or, indeed, any Sunday. A glance, also, into the Protestant Churches, of which there is a fair sprinkling, would help to remove the notion of such a one. I visited Gavazza's Church during a week-day evening service, and on counting the congregation, found them to number thirty or forty at the utmost. But, it was very manifest that at least half of this number were like myself, curiosity seekers, and had not part or lot in what was going on. The reverend preacher's zeal seemed boundless, and his theme was the corruption of the Catholic priesthood. He was contrasting the morality of Catholic with Protestant nations. I did not understand which nation or city he had across his knees, but, laugh or not, the Protestant city, which he held up for admiration, was Glasgow. The following Sunday I visited another of these places and, as before, counted the congregation. Strange to say, just thirty again, and, also as before, not half were worshippers. These facts may be of interest to you should you fall in with Van Meter. (Since I wrote you last I have had the unspeakable pleasure of saying Mass at the tomb of the dear St. Agnes. I could scarcely suppress my emotion during Mass. I had a small congregation, among whom was the Countess of Austria, a most excellent lady, who stops at this house. On my return I hope to say Mass in the Catacomb of St. Cecilia, as I have already obtained permission. The first time I said Mass in Rome was in the Church of St. Andrew della Fratte, and on the spot where the Blessed Virgin appeared to Raishon in 1842. It was but a few days after this, that a letter of introduction to him was put into my hands from a friend of his, a lady whom I had never seen, and of whom I had never heard, nor had I ever asked for the letter or dreamed of such a thing. She was the Baroness of Dresden. Needless to say I was delighted. I had an audience of His Holiness the other day, and by a mere accident, I was alone, a thing which seldom happens. Nothing now detains me in Rome; so I start on my long journey to-morrow; when you hear from me again I will be in the Holy Land."—Catholic Review.

THE levity of the newspaper writer really ought to stop somewhere. If it reflects the aspect of the American mind, then the American mind is lapsing into a state of degeneracy which prevents it from looking at anything in a serious light. Everything held sacred by men from time immemorial is laughed at. Ingersoll's mockery of God is only the open expression of a levity which finds vent in a hundred ways more thinly veiled. A glance at the humorous paragraphs in any of the papers will show to what length this levity is carried. Death, heaven, respect for parents—all high things made the burden of the American "joke," and even those who would shudder at the thought of making light of sacred things in cold blood are unconsciously led to laugh at the humorous blasphemy of the paragrapher. Divorce and marital infidelity furnish the newspaper man with much of his material for the serio-comic article. Commenting on a sad case, into which both of these elements enter, a Brooklyn writer says: "Poor, wicked, forsaken Charley! He is out West, working for a living, as he never worked before. Thanks to that public spirited, but divorced citizen of Westchester County, who got a special act from the Legislature for his own case, if Charley behaves himself for five years, the court which divorced him has the power to amend the decree" and allow him to marry once more. As the writer pens this, a mateless sparrow sits outside on a frozen perch and says, "cheer up!" This poor Charley has been described in the preceding column as an adulterer and yet the writer ends his sad story with this burst of light and pathetic bit of humor! It is no wonder that American boys are learning to look on life and death and sin as "jokes."—Catholic Review.

CABLE NEWS FROM IRELAND.

THE JURY IN THE STATE TRIALS DISAGREE.

On Tuesday the jury were discharged at 7:45 o'clock, the foreman stating that it was utterly impossible they could agree. A juror had previously stated they were ten to two, but the Judge said he could only receive a unanimous verdict. Great excitement prevails, which was heightened when the Judge said after the exhibition of Tuesday in the Court, he could not expect that there would be a free, unanimous verdict. An immense crowd were cheering outside the Court House.

As soon as the result of the State trials was known in Dungarvan, the town was brilliantly illuminated. Bands paraded and the traversers' names were cheered. The surrounding hills were ablaze for twenty miles. A mob of 400 persons gathered and hissed before the house of one of the jurors, supposed to have favored a conviction.

It is reported that the two dissenting jurors in the State trial were Corcoran, Foreman, a Roman Catholic, and Webb a Quaker. Among the majority were three Protestants.

The Orange Emergency Committee is about to arm a party to protect the house of Lady Montmorris, as the authorities decline to keep two policemen there any longer.

O'Neill, paid Secretary of the Cork Land League, has again been summoned for intimidation.

It is stated that elaborate preparations are making at Mountjoy prison, where the *habitués* corpus prisoners were confined for the reception of a large number of fresh inmates.

The Catholic clergy assembled at Maynooth, Ireland, under the presidency of Archbishop McCabe, have passed resolutions declaring that the immediate and thorough reform of the land laws framed on the principle of justice to all existing rights, would be certain to call back peace and security, but they cannot refrain from expressing a fear that the fictitious alarm caused by coercion may encourage the House of Lords to reject or nullify the Land Bill.

The land League has passed a resolution summoning Shaw and Colthurst to resign their seats in the House of Commons for seceding from the Parnell party.

At a meeting of Home Rulers on Friday, Parnell presiding, a committee appointed at a previous meeting to analyze the Blue Book, on the murders of Ireland, determined that it would be advisable that each member should address the Commons, and state the character of the outrages reported from his constituency.

It is thought the last has been heard in Dublin of the State trials. For the past six months a remarkable commentary on the alleged effects of the agitation, as regards business, has been the fact that the wholesale firms find little difficulty in getting accounts from country shopkeepers. Farmers are paying shopkeepers in the country, and Dublin is feeling the benefit.

Davitt denies that he intends to quit Ireland when the Coercion Bill has passed.

Plaunders have been posted in the Londonderry and Ballina districts urging the people not to revolt, as the time has not yet come. The police tore down the placards, and the Londonderry Land League denounced them as a fraud.

Michael Davitt made a violent speech at Ferris, in County Carlow, on Sunday. Threats similar to those at Londonderry were posted at Carr.

THE CAPE.

A skirmishing party from Gov. Colley's force has come in sight of the Boer patrol. A battle is imminent.

The patrol from Pretoria surprised and captured the Boer's Laager after severing the telegraph wires. The Boers lost twenty-seven killed. The enemy have abandoned the stores. British loss, four killed.

Gen. Colley telegraphs from Mount Prospect: "Our advance has been stopped by rain and mist, but the weather is clearing." Sir George Colley telegraphs that he sent a copy of Capt. Lambert's statement in regard to the capture of the camp of the Boer Commandant, who expressed horror at the act, and promised a strict investigation.

One thousand Boers are in sight of the scouts of the British advance column.

The news from the Drakenburg Pass indicates that the Boers have taken up a position in the Drakenburg Pass, among the last of the steep ascents leading to the plateau. They permitted Gen. Colley to advance unmolested through the worst places in the mountains. Their position will enable them to await the encounter when their troops are fatigued with rough traveling, whilst the Boers will have behind them a comparatively level plain through which they can retreat much faster than the British can follow. The Boers are anxious to know if Colley has terms to offer.

Sir George Colley telegraphs: "Attack on the pass repulsed; casualties heavy, but not yet known. Hold the camp until the arrival of reinforcements." The Secretary of War believes that the English attack is repulsed.

The official details of the engagement with the Boers state that the fifty-eight regiment partially mounted and drove the Boers up the hill, after a very hot encounter, but the Boers being strongly reinforced at the top of the hill opened a terrible fire and compelled the British to retire. The artillery covered their retreat with a hot fire. The camp is held by 150 foot and thirty sappers with two Gatling guns, and is surrounded by three strong redoubts. The engagement will probably result in the surrender of the garrisons now besieged in the Transvaal, which will put the Boers in possession of artillery.

Gen. Colley's advance guard, consisting of a portion of the 58th Regiment and a force of horsemen, attacked the Boers' position. The attack was at first partially successful, but subsequently the Boers were strongly reinforced and repulsed the British with heavy loss. The Boers suffered severely. Both sides maintain their former positions. Colley must await the infantry now on the way to Pietermaritzburg by railroad, whence they have two hundred miles to march before they join Colley. The horses to mount the hussars are still on the way from Cape-town.

In the recent engagement in the Drakenburg Pass, the Boers fought with determined courage, captured the colors of the 58th Regiment, and killed the two officers in charge. The colors were recaptured at the point of the bayonet. An eyewitness says the Boers were shot or wounded through the heads as they lay. If the 58th Regiment had been supported by another thousand men, the position would have been taken. Col. Dean and Luman are among the killed. Forty Boers fell close to the British lines.

An official despatch from Durban says that Sir Colley moved out with 800 infantry, 170 cavalry and six guns. Five troops of the 58th Cavalry, with artillery support, attacked the enemy's left, but after a gallant and nearly successful charge, in which, General Dean commanding, and all the staff and mounted officers were shot down, they were driven down the hill. The casualties, as far as known, are Gen. Drane, Major Poole, Lieuts. Elwes and Baillie, killed; Lieuts. Hingston, Lovegrove and O'Donnell wounded; and 151 men killed, wounded and missing.

Gen. Colley bore the reputation of being the Von Moltke of the British army, and the news of his defeat has produced a deep impression.

Rev. S. Fitzsimons, Rev. Howard J. O'Reilly, of Catholics to the political John Gilmary Shea, their Countrymen.
N. P. Sullivan, John MacCreedy, Rev. Aug. J. Theobald, S. J., Rev. John A. de G.
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