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BOOKS FOR NOVEMBER.

- THE CATHOLIC WORLD. Contents:—Contes of Thought in the Past—II; Fleurance; The Poor Ploughman; A Dark Chapter in English History; The Progressionists; The Virgin; The Homeless Poor of New York City; The House that Jack Built; Where are You Going? Number Thirteen; Use and Abuse of the Novel; Review of Vaughan's Life of St. Thomas; To S. Mary Magdalen; God's Acre; Personal Recollections of the Late President Jaurez of Mexico; New Publications, etc. Price 45 cts. MAURESA; or, The Spiritual Exercises of St. Ignatius. For General Use. New edition. Cloth. 1 50

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FAITHFUL AND BRAVE.

AN ORIGINAL STORY.

(From the Dublin Weekly Freeman)

CHAPTER IV.—(Continued.)

"I do not care to know what his politics may be, but it is just like his quill-driving impudence to make his property of the girl before my very eyes. It is too bad, Kate. There, I went up to ask her for a gallop, but though I had full sail on, off she went, scudding down the room with that mast." "Why, Harry, he is no taller than you are." "Bah! he looks so; he is thinner than I am, a poplar, while I am a sturdy tree, like my ship, made of oak." "Yes, Harry, you are an oak of Oakfield, but poor Mr. Courtenay is not a pop-u-lar man. Stand firm, and like your ship be Undaunted."

For an instant the trusting eyes glanced up at him, gladdening his heart with the uncoined joy they betrayed. That glance, swift as the lightning flash, lived in Aylmer's recollection as long as his words were remembered by Eda.

Half-a-dozen meaningless little words, uttered in tones that conveyed a great deal, were dwelt upon with a lingering fondness by Eda, and the last murmur breathed by her ere sinking to rest was "Good night, but not good-bye, I shall see him to-morrow."

CHAPTER V.

A military band had been announced, in the fashionable intelligence, to perform at Bray, county Wicklow, and Lady Bradon's party, consisting of her two sons, Eda, Kate, and Mr. Courtenay, had gone down by an early train from Dublin.

The morning was devoted to a drive through the Glen of the Downs, to visit the Devil's Glen; that beautiful spot, unfortunately so little frequented by tourists. Eda had often wished to see this glen, which Mrs. Hemans, in her diary, regrets has so peculiar a name.—The name, however, cannot deteriorate from the rare loveliness of this scenic gem of Wicklow, and Eda was enraptured with its picturesque ruggedness.

"I do not wonder at the great love you have for your country," she exclaimed, turning to Mr. Courtenay, "there is so much beauty on every side, with so much variety, that the eye is never wearied by sameness. I often wish I had a particular claim upon some country or other, but you know I am only half-English and half-Irish. I was born in India and educated in Germany, so that my sympathies are necessarily divided. However, I must admit England never stirred my enthusiasm as beautiful Ireland does."

"Then Eda you have buried your prejudices along with your ignorance of Ireland and its inhabitants," said Mark; "you were once not favorably impressed with us."

Kate glanced at Eda's flushing face, and again, as once before, came to the rescue of her little cousin. "Do not take an unfair advantage, Mark, let the dead past bury its dead," with all its crude opinions.

"Indeed, I am very sorry for what I said, but as you are strong be merciful, Mark, and let us have a truce for ever with regard to disagreeable reminiscences. Don't let the people know what a little fool I was," pleaded Eda.

"Yes, God has truly blessed the land with beauty," interrupted Aylmer Courtenay.

"But for all that," Eda quickly replied, "you Irish are not content."

"Content! how can we be content?" exclaimed Kate, "We Irish have a country, yet have it not. We only retain its unsalable beauty; our neighbors cannot import that as they do the produce of England's kitchen garden."

"Yet, Miss Vero, the very scenery, so peacefully calm, or so ruggedly grand, is the natural incentive to patriotism. What Irishman could gaze upon a scene like that before us without feeling his breast swell with the consciousness of devotion to his native land? We are all from root to branch, imbued with the most intense poetry of feeling, and our hearts ache again for freedom in the country to which our fondest sympathies and recollections cling. Oh! Liberty, Liberty, life is but a living death without thee. As untrammelled, unshackled freedom is necessary to the health of the body, so perfect and unrestrained freedom is the first grand requirement of the soul and mind.—What can possibly be more degrading than the yoke of constraint and surveillance? It not only lowers us in the sight of our fellows, but also in our own. Forced to subjection, compelled to grovel, we lose our self-esteem and self-reliance. Is it any wonder, then, if a spirit of lawless, uncurbed recklessness rises up within our souls, which runs riot over good principles, sweeps away good resolutions, and reduces the virtue of religion to a mere word?"

"Ah, yes, liberty is a joyful thing; I would not even cage a bird," cried Eda. "Once I was made a present of a beautiful white scull, and very proud I was of my strange, feathered pet. But when I began to think how I was to prevent him flying off, I must say I was greatly perplexed. One day, chancing to see a goat, securely tied to a stake by the roadside, the idea struck me that I would try a similar plan with Jack, for so I had named the bird, after its donor. Accordingly I tethered him by the leg to a stake in the ground and when I used to walk there I would drag poor Jack in a truly tyrannical fashion. Well do I remember the tugs he used to give, as he hopped after me on one leg. Even now I see before me his wistful eyes, full of mute supplication for freedom, or at least exemption from those constitutional promenades to which I used to treat him, with the avowed object of taming him. One morning I was attracted by an unusual noise on Jack's part, who in general used to bewail his sorrows in a most melancholy

and lugubrious croak. The notes now were changed from their plaintive character to a most defiant manifestation, and looking out of my window I saw the full cause Jack had for his glee. The little cord had slipped from off his leg, once again he was free, flapping and croaking with joy in his new-found independence. I ran to make him fast, but before I reached the spot he was in mid-air, revelling in his freedom, soaring, soaring upward until he seemed to reach the very heaven with his white wings. That was the last I saw of Jack, and one triumphant shriek, as much as to say, "Try that if you can," was the only a dieu of that bird upon which I had lavished so much care. I often think if I were a man—an Irishman—I would make a good patriot, for Jack taught me that subjection is a very bitter trial. Now, when I think of wrong or oppression I incline to the weaker side, and somehow its cause becomes identified with my fondest hopes. Yes, as you once said, Kate, 'Liberty and country,' is a noble watchword."

"I am afraid I must ask your uncle to instruct both you and Kate in sound politics," remarked Lady Bindon, with a smile. I rather fear you are in advance of the age. Come, Mark, as your father's representative, what do you say to the matter?"

"Well, mother, if the blind lead the blind, both shall fall into the ditch, and you know I am no lover of politics. Besides, these horses are too skittish to admit of me discussing the rival merits of Conservatives and Liberals. Were I to do so, we would all be in a real ditch."

"Party spirit is the curse of a country," blurted out Harry. "We are well enough let alone. Ireland would be wretched for ever if England let her a drift. Why, there would be one thousand and one factions tearing away at each other. Yet, after all, it would not be a bad venture of policy if England would let Ireland shift for herself. Like the Kilkenny cats, the Irish would eat each other to the tails, and so gloriously end internal squabbles."

"Yes, we Irish are a turbulent race," responded Courtenay. "Broken into factions, convulsed by division, and yet in everything claiming the deepest sympathy which the generous can give."

"But, Mr. Courtenay," said Lady Bindon, "the present state of the country is really shocking; the Suspension Act is in force, and the Fenians in Dublin, I am assured, are actually receiving eighteen-pence a day. Besides there are immense numbers, who are not in the receipt of pay who have the promise of receiving ten acres of land each eventually.—Not later than yesterday, a gentleman from the county Galway, a Mr. O'Connor, told me that the farmers would not do anything. 'What's the good?' they say, 'we may not reap the benefit.' To make matters worse, I see by the papers the Constabulary are resigning in large numbers. Apropos of Mr. O'Connor, I believe he lives near your father's place. Do you know him?"

"You mean Edwin O'Connor, J. P., I presume? Yes, by repute, Lady Bindon, but not personally. I recollect one day, at a country station waiting for the train, 'That's our old O'Connor, said a big, frieze-coated countryman to another broad-shouldered fellow. 'Thruce for ye, so it is O'Connor, the magistrate.'—'Magistrate,' echoed the other, 'begor, he's the cruckested ould stick that iver I seen.—Didn't he give it agin the Widdy Lynch? as decent a woman as iver drew breath—for by the same token, he covited the poor crathure's bit of a holden, that iver won ov her childre was born in, for a run for his sheep. Och! but he's the fine man intirely, J. P., and all as he is?'"

"You surprise me," exclaimed Lady Bindon, "I thought he was such a kind man; I am astonished to hear he is so unpopular."

A smile passed between Kate and Harry at the word, and their thoughts flew back to the night when Kate had spoken of the handsome Courtenay, as being "unpopular."

"A kind man truly, as far as outward show goes," continued Courtenay, "but he has neglected cultivating a friendly feeling with his tenantry. The Irish peasantry can be won by kindness, not gold. There stands a cottage before you, in which my dear old nurse lives, who would sooner see her right hand cut off than evil happen to me, her foster-son. Yes, if I count one true friend, it is Nurse Kavanaugh, who lives in that unpretending cottage, near Bray Head."

Bray Esplanade was crowded; not only had the sojourners at that fashionable watering-place assembled, but many had come down from Dublin to get a breath of the sea breeze and hear the splendid band of the regiment.

"I fear," said Lady Bindon, alighting from the waggonette, "we have missed some of the music."

"I hardly think so, aunt; it is only half-past four. Music we can often enjoy, but such exquisite scenery is a rare treat."

"I am glad you liked your drive, Eda," replied her aunt. "Mark has ordered dinner at Breslin's, and we must catch the half-past seven train, as the carriage will be waiting for us at Harcourt-street terminus. It will be ten o'clock before we reach Oakfield; your uncle would be uneasy were we later."

Poor Harry! this day, like the night of the ball, was a failure with him. After handing the ladies out of the waggonette, he turned, in the hope of being Eda's escort in the promenade, but again he found Mr. Courtenay had forestalled him.

"So, Harry, the young people have left us to walk together," continued Lady Bindon, with a loving glance at her sailor-boy, as she took his arm. "I am extremely sorry to see Eda inclining so much to Mr. Courtenay's opinions. I am glad his visit terminates to-morrow, for what would Colonel Hamilton say to his daughter imbibing such deplorable views?"

"Uncle Hamilton will never blame Eda, or us, for her visit or its consequences. His daughter could never harbor a thought that would grieve him. I must say I wanted to walk with her to-day, though, mother dear, I am right proud to do the dutiful to you. Now we will enjoy ourselves and take the goods the gods send."

Side by side stood Mark and Kate, the soft sea breeze wafting Verdi's beautiful "Inferno" to their ears, and not until its thrilling melody had died away did either speak; then Mark broke the silence, "I know I am proud, Kate, I know I am suspicious, but I fancied no matter what others thought, you at least would do me justice. It is not my fault that a barrier of reserve has arisen between us, for since your return from England you have not even been coarsely. What have I done?" he added, "how have I offended you? You can't deny that your manner is different since the evening you returned. Why, Kate, why will you not be the same dear sister of old, to whom all my boyish sorrows were told? You wonder at me speaking now, but you are always busy for every one and with every one, but me."

"I am always ready to do anything," his cousin briefly answered, "always ready to be a sympathizing listener. I think you overrate what you dignify by the name of a barrier. I am the same dear sister as of old." That term had grated harshly on her ear, hence there was a slight tinge of sarcasm in Kate's tone, an intimation Mark was not slow to perceive, and thus his efforts to mend matters only made them worse.

"Kate sincerely loved Eda, but as 'the head is ever the dupe of the heart,' ridiculous notions will sometimes enter the wisest heads, and she had taken a fancy that Mark, too, had fallen a captive to the winning graces of his English cousin. Kate Vero was keeping the promise she made to herself on the night of the ball, of being proud too. One relenting word, one kind look, and Mark would have whispered the words her heart sought for. No word was spoken, no look repaid Mark for his effort at reconciliation, and Kate's bitter secret tears paid the penalty of foolish pride."

How very often the term "party of pleasure" is a misnomer. Of the six people who drove away from Oakfield that morning in high glee at the anticipated enjoyment, who, in point of fact, reaped unalloyed pleasure? Harry had looked forward to the company of Eda, and Aylmer had forestalled him. This circumstance, in itself, was quite sufficient to damp the spirits of the prudent aunt, who knew Colonel Hamilton would blame her if Eda's penchant became serious. Mark and Kate, as we have seen, made few steps towards the realization of their hopes. But for Eda Hamilton and Aylmer Courtenay that day, that happy day, was the brightest in the summer of their lives.

The gentle breeze rippled o'er the shimmering sea, and the glorious sun shed warmth and joy over the two people whose lives hereafter will ever be united by the magic, subtle chain of sympathy. How happy that day proved to Aylmer can be gathered from his last words as they lingered on the esplanade, "Miss Hamilton, I will always look back upon this trip with unfeigned pleasure. You will, no doubt, soon forget it."

His earnest eyes looked pleading for that answer which his heart yearned to hear, but which his reason told him was madness to expect. Back, thrilling him to the soul, came the simple answer, "I never forget."

(To be Continued.)

FATHER BURKE'S LECTURE "On Temperance."

HIS ADDRESS AT "THE RINK"—HE ANSWERS FROUDE'S TAUNT, AND VINDICATES HIS IRISH EXTRACTION.

On Wednesday evening, October 23rd, Father Burke delivered the following lecture at Newark, N. J. When Father Burke appeared on

the stage, Mr. O'Brien, President of the Abstinence Union of New Jersey, with a few remarks, presented him with a Shamrock, growing still in its native soil, imbedded in a vase, and dug a few weeks ago, in Tipperary, by a priest, who had brought it over for Father Bourke. Mr. O'Brien then moved that the Rev. G. H. Doane preside at the meeting.—Father Doane, next, made a few remarks, and then came Father Burke:—

My friends, there is a gentleman amongst us, who has come all the way from England to tell the American people "What he knows about Ireland" (great laughter) and about her people and their history. One thing I can tell the American people, that, in tracing that history, even with all the prejudices of his race and of his Protestant religion, he may be able to bring home to Ireland many an impulsive, ill-considered, foolish act; he may, perhaps, prove us guilty, from time to time, of want of head; but I defy him, or any other man that speaks of Ireland's race or Ireland's people, to prove against them a want of heart (cheers). Your reception this evening of an Irish Catholic priest, whose only recommendation to you, whose only passport to-night amongst you, is that he is a Catholic priest and an Irishman (cheers); the cheer that you gave me would be answer to any charge made by him or any other man, if he attempted to fix upon the Irish people the sin that comes from want of heart (renewed applause).

Now, the question which we have come here to consider this evening is the great question of "Temperance." The priest, beyond all other men, is supposed always to have in his hands and upon his lips the weightiest arguments that can be brought to bear upon what is, after all, the most important question, the politician may come before you, to speak to you of the interest of the passing hour. The lecturer on science may come to reveal to you the motions of the stars or the secrets of nature; these, also, are things of the hour. The historian may come before you to put the panorama of the past, in all its glowing colors, before your eyes: the past is gone, nothing remains of it but its traditions and its memories. But the priest, when he rises to speak, has for his argument and for his subject the things of eternity—the immortal interests of the soul of man, which shall never pass away, so as to be either a remembrance in the past, or a mere transitory thing in the present: and on this great subject, all-important because of its eternal interest, the priest preaches with arguments taken from the highest authority—from the very mind and heart and mouth of God,—drawn from the fountain of eternal truth, or else drawn from the history of mankind, from their experience in the present, or from the hopes, bright or dark, that they may have of the future.

Now, amongst the subjects, all-important as they, which form the burden of my message to the people of God,—as a messenger of God, commissioned to speak to them of things appertaining to eternity,—there is not one more important, or, in its nature more pregnant with interest, in its bearing upon society and upon the soul of man, than the great virtue of which I am come here this evening to speak,—the virtue of temperance (loud cheers). And why? Because, my dear friends, in whatever light we look upon man,—whether we look upon him as a citizen of the State,—whether we look upon him as the father of a family,—whether we look upon him as a Christian, professing to believe in God, to fear Him, and to hope in Him,—the greatest curse that can fall upon man is the curse of intemperance. It is the greatest curse, if we consider man in his position as a citizen of the State; and, consequently, it is pre-eminently, the social evil. It is the greatest curse, if we look upon him in his family relations; consequently, it is the domestic evil. It is the greatest curse, if we look upon him as one who professes any fixed religion; consequently, it is the religious evil. Behold the burden of my argument; behold the three points upon which I will put this subject before you.

First of all,—what are the obligations of a man, as a citizen of the State, and as a member of society, governed by laws? His first obligation is to obey the laws; to yield to them an intellectual, manly obedience. To assert the dominion and omnipotence of the law is the very quintessence of freedom: to uphold his rights as a citizen; and to maintain them, within all lawful and reasonable limits;—to help to preserve the State that protects him in life and in property; and to edify his fellow-citizens by the example of a manly, intellectual life, in obedience to the law (cheers). Now, my friends, there are the ruling, the primary obligations that the State puts upon us. And, remark, that next to the religion that sets a man right with his God, and keeps him right with God, the highest blessing that God can give to any man, is to place him under a free, liberal, considerate government or order of State policy;—to place him in a State where