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THE CITY VISITORS.

(From the French)

CHAPTER IV.—RAILLERY SHOWS NO LOVE—AN ACCIDENT PROVES IT.

Meanwhile the intimacy of Edmond with the Parisians had become a subject of conversation with the bathers. Some one insinuated that his assiduites must have a cause. This remark was repeated and commented upon, and the next day everybody knew that M. Edmond Sorel was to espouse Mlle Bertha Garin at the end of the season. This news did not fail to reach the ears of the Captain. He was a man of good sense and strict integrity, with all his simplicity. —Wishing to know the truth, he set himself to observe Edmond, and soon discovered the state of his inclinations. The discovery saddened him. He strongly desired the fulfilment of the plan which himself and his deceased sister had formed, and the union of two fortunes acquired in common; but he loved his nephew disinterestedly. Besides, the preference of the young man for Mlle. Garin was natural, and the alliance honorable; he therefore sacrificed his own wishes to Edmond's happiness.

Thus at liberty, Sorel no longer attempted to conceal his preference for Bertha. Happiness even rendered him ungrateful. He began to notice with more readiness the absurdities of his uncle and his cousin, sure that he would not at a future day have to suffer mortification through them. His two friends jested freely upon them in his presence. At first he resented their raillery, but ended by being amused by it. Besides, he no longer saw his relatives, save by accident. His days were spent in promenading with the artist and his sister; his evenings in reading aloud to Bertha, or hearing her sing.—The old Captain felt this desertion deeply, but made no complaint; age had made him indulgent. As for Rose, disconcerted from the first by the disdainful politeness of the Parisians, and pained by the coldness of Edmond, she dared not address to him a remark or reproach.

One day Edmond was returning from a long drive by the seaside in company with several bathers; all had descended from the carriage, and were dispersed on the beach in search of shells, or gathering marine plants. Bertha and her brother walked beside the carriage, which Sorel was driving slowly. The young painter, suddenly raising his eyes, perceived the roof of La Chèrière sparkling in the setting sun.

'Well thought of,' said he, turning to his sister, 'we owe the Captain a visit. It is a fortnight since we have seen his melon beds; he must have made at least two or three gatherings since.'

'We shall have a great storm,' objected Bertha.

'Perhaps so,' said her brother. 'The Captain promised me last time that his daughter, Rose, should give us a receipt for making cheese.'

'She is an accomplished young lady. Her father has already told me that she knows how to knit and to make sweetmeats.'

'Not to speak of her dresses, which she herself cuts.'

'Say invents! I have never seen such on anybody.'

'Spare my relations,' interrupted Sorel, smiling.

'Your cousin is very well,' said Bertha; a form straight as a reed, a rosy face, and great blue eyes, which she raises only to her soup.—One could not be more modest. I hope M. Dubois will marry her to an attorney.'

'And that he will entertain the wedding-guests with fruit.'

'She can sing over the desert.'

'And the Captain can relate the story of the great storm of 1806.'

They both laughed loudly, and the painter flourished his cane. The horses, already uneasy from the intense heat, were frightened by this, and started wildly. Edmond, taken by surprise, attempted to draw the reins, but too hastily.—The horses balked and plunged madly.

'Whip them, Sorel,' exclaimed Garin.

Edmond followed this advice; but the now excited horses sprang forward. Sorel attempted to restrain them, but the reins broke in his hands. The bathers, alarmed by the cries of Garin and Bertha, hastened to the spot. The horses, which were running at full speed, suddenly turned towards them. At this, all dispersed in wild alarm, and the carriage was borne towards the edge of the cliff. The road was so narrow that the wheels occasionally touched the brow of the precipice. The animals had almost reached the brow of the hill, when a man appeared on the opposite declivity.

'My uncle,' cried Edmond, with an involuntary gesture.

terror, during which he remained hanging to the reins and leaning over the abyss; finally the horses made a backward movement, the carriage recoiled, and one of the wheels, striking a rock, broke. Edmond, thrown out by the shock, lay upon the ground senseless. They raised him.—The blow had been so violent that for an instant he was thought to be dead. He was conveyed to his uncle's, where a fever, accompanied with delirium, seized him, and he was for several weeks in a dangerous condition. At last the fever ceased; reason returned.

At the moment of recovering consciousness, he arose with an effort from his pillow, seeking to understand his confused recollections of what had occurred. The sun had just risen, and was shedding a cheerful light through the closed curtains. Rose was sleeping in an arm chair at the foot of the bed. Her countenance appeared to her cousin much paler than when he had last seen it, and her eyes were sunken with fatigue. He then vaguely remembered having seen, amid his delirium, a gentle face always at his bedside. A movement which he made awoke the sleeper. 'Do you wish for anything, Edmond?' she asked, in a caressing tone.

CHAPTER V.—NOBILITY OF SOUL TRIUMPHANT OVER 'POLISH' WITHOUT HEART.

Scarcely recovered from his delirium, and lulled by the music of the sweet voice, the young man did not reply. Rose thought he had not understood her; for she looked at him with an expression of sadness, tears came into her eyes, and she laid her trembling little hand on his forehead. He took the hand affectionately in his own.

'I am better, my cousin,' said he smiling faintly.

'He recognises me,' exclaimed Rose, joyfully.

The young girl clasped her hands and ran to the door, 'Father,' she cried, 'Edward understands—Edward speaks; he is no longer delirious. Come, and you, also, my good Marguerite, can see. He is saved!'

'Yes, thanks to you all,' replied the patient affected by an interest of which he felt himself unworthy. 'Thanks to my uncle, first, who exposed himself to death for my sake; thanks to you, my cousin, who have watched beside me like an angel. Ah! I did not deserve so much devotion.'

'Peace, peace,' said the young girl; 'the doctor will not allow you talk—he enjoined silence and quiet. Leave him to rest, father. Marguerite will remain to let us know if he wants anything. Come.'

At these words she went towards the door then returned to assure herself that nothing was wanting, and softly retired with her father. Edmond did not seek to detain them. He felt the need of communing with himself, of collecting his thoughts, and making a severe reckoning with himself. He sought to recall all the circumstances of the accident which had nearly cost him his life, and suddenly remembered the young artist and his sister.

'Where is Mr. Garin?' he asked of Marguerite.

'The Paris gentleman?' asked the old woman; 'he went away the morning after your accident to draw some views along the coast.'

'And Mademoiselle Bertha?'

'It was she who first proposed to go, because she was afraid she should see you die, and that would cause her, she said, too much suffering.'

'My cousin had none of these fears,' said Sorel, in a low voice.

'Ah! when those she loves are suffering, Zozo has courage like a lion,' replied the old servant. 'She has passed every night in this chair, watching you like a Sister of Charity.'

Edmond was touched to the heart. Then a feeling of bitterness and shame sprang up within him. Forsaken in the days of his suffering by those whom he had foolishly preferred, he owed his life to this family so ungenerously ridiculed. He was ashamed of not having dined the nobleness and worth of his country relatives, and felt a sort of ambition to prove to himself his injustice and his error, and to atone for them by his deportment in the future. During the long days of his convalescence, he had conversations with Rose which showed him how erroneous had been his first impression. Encouraged by his kindness, she lost the air of constraint that had previously made her awkward in his presence; and he found that under her modest diffidence she concealed much intelligence, and accomplishments he had not dreamed of her possessing.

One evening as Sorel was reading aloud, Marguerite announced M. and Mlle. Garin, Edmond felt a sort of vexation as they entered and hastened to him with exclamations of joy.

'So you are up again,' cried Paul. 'My dear Edmond, what happiness to find you recovering from your illness.'

'We have thought of nothing else for the past six weeks,' interrupted his sister, with a plaintive

accent. 'What a pity you had not been able to accompany us,' resumed Garin. 'Your country is finer than Scotland, my dear fellow.'

'And the inhabitants, whom you represented to us as savages, have everywhere received us as friends,' said Bertha.

All this was said so rapidly, that Sorel had not been able to interpose a word. But it seemed to him that if she had thought of nothing but himself, Mlle. Garin had at last reasonably tried to be amused; but, after all, she believed him to be dead or dying, and must have regarded him as a very uncertain aspirant for her hand.—When they had at length finished describing their journey, he congratulated them on having brought away from Brittany such pleasant memories.

'And meanwhile poor Mr. Sorel was in bed,' said Bertha compassionately.

'Too happy to be in the land of the living,' continued her brother.

'Ah! I shall never forget that scene,' said the young lady with a shudder; 'I can still seem to see the carriage on the edge of the cliff—it was horrible.'

'It would make a good picture,' said the artist pensively.

'Would you like to have me sit for it?' asked Edmond in a tone of sarcasm he could not restrain. 'I am still pale enough for that.'

'Ah! here are our Parisians,' exclaimed the Captain, entering at this moment, and extending his hand to Garin, while he greeted Bertha with hearty good nature. 'Well; our boy has almost recovered, and will soon be able to put to sea again; I come in search of him to show him my harvest of pearls.'

'Has Mademoiselle Rose also a receipt for making pear preserves?' asked the artist, turning to her with great seriousness.

The young girl blushed, and Edmond bit his lips.

'My cousin at least knows one for solacing the suffering,' said he warmly, 'and it is one of which many are ignorant.'

'I have never doubted the eminent qualities of the young lady,' retorted the painter, bowing ironically; 'you have often heard my ideas on the subject, and it seems to me we then thought alike.'

'I did not know her as well then as I do now,' replied Edmond, coloring with shame and anger.

'He is right,' exclaimed the Captain with his good humored laugh. 'Zozo masks her batteries, but she is in reality a fine sailor, and can stand a storm. Like her mother she is a good child and deserves to be happy.'

'And will be so,' cried Edmond hastily. The brother and sister exchanged a look.

'Pardon us,' said the former in a tone of constraint; 'we did not intend to disturb your domestic tranquillity. Only as we are about to depart from Pornie, we came to learn whether M. Sorel still intended to accompany us.'

Edmond looked at Rose, then at the Captain, and seemed embarrassed.

'I fear,' said Bertha with some bitterness, though she strove to speak banteringly, 'I fear that M. Sorel has acquired a taste for gardening, and wishes to complete his education before he goes.'

'In fact I have changed my opinions and plans,' said Edmond.

'What say you?' exclaimed the captain, with eager solicitude, 'will you then remain with us?'

'Always, my dear uncle, if you please.'

M. Dubois uttered an exclamation of joy, looked at his nephew now smiling and unembarrassed; then at his blushing daughter. 'So,' stammered he, 'you will take our old joke seriously.'

'If my cousin consents,' said Edmond, tenderly, and holding out his hand to the young girl whom he felt proud of claiming in the presence of the discomfited Parisians.

Ten years later M. Sorel, while travelling with his wife, met Bertha, now Madame La Countess D—; still an elegant, fashionable woman, and, by the aid of the toilette's magic secrets, as handsome as ever; but her self-possession had degenerated into unbecoming hardness, and she had the air of one sated with all earthly enjoyments, and ignorant of nobler aims.

WILLIAM SMITH O'BRIEN.

NATIONAL LITERATURE.

The following important document will be read with the interest and attention which every production of the illustrious author is sure to command at the hands of an Irish public.

TO THE VENERABLE ARCHDEACON O'BRIEN, D.D. P. P., PRESIDENT OF THE CATHOLIC YOUNG MEN'S SOCIETY.

Cahirnoyle, Newcastle West, Dec. 23.

Very Rev. Dear Sir—I am induced, by perusal of a volume of poems called "Innisfail," which has been recently published by my friend Aubrey de Vere, to submit for your consideration the following observations respecting the National Literature of Ireland.

The writer of these poems appear to have been desirous to present the most salient events and personages of Irish history in a series of bardic lays, and thus to restore the ancient custom which long existed in Ireland, as well as in Spain, of commemorating in verse all that is interesting in the memorials of our race. Mr. de Vere has executed his task with much spirit, and I hope that this little volume will form a part of every collection of national works; but this effort is only a beginning. He has left untold many a romantic incident which would excite the sensibilities of the imagination and of the heart; and there are to be found in our annals the achievements of many a personage, such as Red Hugh O'Donnell, the mere description of whose life would form an Epic that might rival the most renowned poems of ancient or of modern times. The great merit, however, of these poems lies in the peculiarity, that the author endeavours to present to his readers the pictures which he draws from Irish history under the rays of truth, as seen from an Irish point of view, rather than through the colouring and distortion of anti-Irish prejudice with which they have been habitually surrounded in the writings of English or of Anglo-Irish authors.

During seven centuries, two opposite principles have been operating in antagonism to each other on the soil of Ireland, and this strife is, perhaps, more keen to-day than it was at the time of the Norman invasion of Ireland in 1169.

The anti-Irish view of our country results in the following conclusions—namely, that the Irish are an inferior race, unworthy to inhabit the fine island which lies contiguous to Great Britain—that, therefore, it is desirable to extirpate them, and to substitute for them what is called "an Anglo-Saxon colonisation"—that those of the Irish who cannot be exterminated may be found useful as laborers and shepherds, or even as mercenary soldiers, but that all places of trust, honor and emolument ought to be reserved for the superior race—that the inhabitants of Ireland ought not to be encouraged to vie with the manufacturers of England, but ought to consume English fabrics—that the end which every true Englishman ought to aspire to attain in the management of Irish affairs is that which has been so often promulgated by the present Lord Lieutenant of Ireland in the *dictum* which he has repeated *usque ad nauseam*, at the meetings of the Royal Agricultural Society of Ireland, to the effect that the proper function and inevitable destiny of Irishmen is to provide cattle, and sheep, and pork, and butter, and fish, and game, which may be eaten by the people of England, whilst the great mass of the producers of this food ought to be contented to live upon Indian meal and upon diseased potatoes.

This theory has been worked out by a system which may truly be called diabolical, in such measures as the Statute of Kilkenny, and in the confiscations which took place in the reigns of Elizabeth, of James I., of Charles I., of Cromwell, of William III., and of Anne. In our own days, a subtler, but more effective policy has been brought to aid the work of confiscation and of depopulation. The loss of one of the many products of our soil was made the occasion of what were called "famine measures," under the operation of which a large amount of property changed hands, whilst several hundred thousand persons were allowed to die of actual starvation. Simultaneously with the operation of these "famine measures," the landlords of Ireland have been stimulated by the leading members of the government to exterminate their tenants, so that, upon the whole, we have lost, during the last seventeen years, more than one third of our population.

The other view of Ireland's position—that which I and many millions at home and abroad still venture to maintain—is, that the Irish are a people who are pre-eminently endowed with all the qualifications which are necessary to secure greatness and glory to a nation—that the island of Ireland belongs of right, to the people of Ireland (applying that term to all who have made Ireland the land of their adoption); whether they be of Gaelic, of Danish, or of Norman, or of Saxon origin—that an export of provisions which

have been produced on our soil cannot be considered as a sign of national prosperity, until such provisions shall be truly a surplus available after that the wants of our own population shall have been satisfied—that all sorts of domestic industry ought to be encouraged, so that the Irish people may be enabled to consume the productions of our own soil—that landlords ought to be exhorted by the great officials of the State to give increased security to their tenantry, rather than to quench fires and pull down homesteads, under the name, which has become so acceptable to English statesmen, of the "consolidation of farms." Finally, although for reasons unknown to us, it has been the will of Providence that during several centuries this nation should have been unable to extricate itself from oppression occasioned by external force acting in unison with intestine dissensions, still we earnestly hope and believe that the time will come when circumstances shall favor the regeneration of our country, and that it will then be seen that Irishmen are qualified to maintain an independent nationality by the possession of all the manly virtues which guard a nation's freedom, and of all the industrial energies which contribute to its prosperity.

There is nothing so conducive to the realisation of these hopes as the agency of impressions upon the mind of the rising generation through the medium of National Literature. Hitherto the Irish nation has been compelled to struggle, not only against superior force, but also against systematic defamation. That system of defamation began with the invasion, and is still continued with increasing malignity by the scribes of the British forces. It characterises the highest as well as the lowest intellects that serve the foreign domination which rules in our land. One of the greatest of modern writers—Macaulay—though himself a Gael by origin—lent to the prejudices of the dominant nation whom he served the force of his eloquence and the beauty of his composition in disparagement of the kindred Gael of Ireland, with scarcely less venom than was discharged against us by General Barry (Giraldus Cambrensis) in the reign of Henry the Second.

Nor is it surprising that literary hirelings should endeavor to earn favor and bread by pandering to the prejudices and animosities of a dominant power. It is, perhaps, rather a subject of wonder that there should still be found men who can resist the temptations which allure, and defy the frowns which threaten those who are faithful to their country. During nearly seven hundred years the leading minds of Ireland have been acted upon, on the one hand, by corruption by cajolery, and by flattery; and, on the other, by intimidation and invective. Is it not a miracle that, under such circumstances, the characteristics of our Irish nature should still have been preserved. The erudite historian, Therry, tells us that in the annals of mankind no parallel to such tenacity can be discovered.

Now, let us trace the features of the Irish character, and ask ourselves whether, with even its imperfections, we ought not rather to endeavor to preserve the true Irish type than allow it to be disfigured in the spurious abortions that are produced by a slavish, yet unsuccessful imitation of the characteristics of another nation.

Here is the portrait of an Irishman who has not been tutored to imitation of foreign models:—

He is in demeanor frank, open, courteous, and affable.

He is hospitable.

He is charitable.

He is brave, yet merciful to a fallen enemy.

He is fond of war—fond of the chase—fond of all manly sports. Yet he is fond, also, of learning—of Poetry, of Music, of Song, and of the Fine Arts.

He is not only impulsive and imaginative—not only eloquent in diction and rich in the fairy gifts of fancy—but he is also capable of pursuing the severest investigations of science, and of elaborating the most most ingenious contrivances of art.

He is zealous for discovery, and willingly becomes a traveller and a pilgrim wherever trophies are to be obtained by patient and persevering research in distant lands.

He loves praise, he loves fame; he is jealous in the maintenance of his reputation, and whilst he preserves his honor stanchly, is ready to chastise those who endeavor to tarnish its lustre by unmerited imputation.

He is devoted to beauty in all its forms. He is especially devoted in chivalrous worship to the fair sex—and is easily captivated through his affections.

He resists the wrong-doer at every hazard to himself. He is the champion of the oppressed, in the senate, in the forum, and in the field, and is every ready to defend the rights by his voice, by his pen, and by his sword.

He respects religion even when he fails to fulfill all the duties which it imposes, and he de-

THE END.

Why is a person of an even temper like Greek fire? Because you can't put him out.

A CONTRADICTION IN TERMS.—The very bluntest observations are often pointed.

You may depend upon it, that no man of the name of Smith likes being joked about it.