



CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

VOL. XXVI. MONTREAL, FRIDAY, DECEMBER 17, 1875. NO. 18.

JUBILEE BOOK, CONTAINING INSTRUCTION ON THE JUBILEE, AND PRAYERS RECOMMENDED TO BE SAID IN THE STATION CHURCHES; To which is prefixed the Encyclical of His Holiness POPE PIUS IX. For the ARCHDIOCESE of TORONTO, containing the PASTORAL of HIS GRACE ARCHBISHOP LYNCH. For the DIOCESE of LONDON, containing the PASTORAL of HIS LORDSHIP BISHOP WALSH. For the DIOCESE of HAMILTON, containing the PASTORAL of HIS LORDSHIP BISHOP CRINNON. For the DIOCESE of OTTAWA, containing the PASTORAL of HIS LORDSHIP BISHOP DUEAMEL. For the DIOCESE of ST. JOHN, New Brunswick, containing the PASTORAL of HIS LORDSHIP BISHOP SWEENEY. For the DIOCESE of ARICHAT, containing the PASTORAL of HIS LORDSHIP BISHOP McKINNON. For the DIOCESE of MONTREAL, containing the PASTORAL of HIS LORDSHIP BISHOP BOURGET. EACH DIOCESE has its Separate JUBILEE BOOK. Per Copy, 10c. | Per Dozen 80c. | Per 100 85 D. & J. SADLER & CO., 275 Notre Dame Street, Montreal.

PARTED ONCE. So we two clasp hands once more Jamie, Though our youth long since has passed; And none are left to sever us now— Do you mind when we parted last? Do you mind the tears we shed, Jamie, The tender embrace that clung? We can look back now with a pity strange On the grief when we were young. But the burnie that trickled then, Jamie, Has grown to a river deep, And none can bridge o'er the dark wide gulf Where the hopes of childhood sleep, The pale ghosts stand on the shore, Jamie, And wait o'er what might have been, But the world and its waves of greed and care Too long have rolled between. They said we were idle bairns, Jamie— Too young to meet toil and pain; Do you think in the City of Heaven, we two Shall be children once again? And should we have been worse off, Jamie, Had we risked that toil and care, And learned high lessons of love and faith, And helped each other to bear? There is gold on this withered breast, Jamie, And gems in this thin, grey hair; But, oh! for the gowns you plucked me then, In my tangled locks to wear! You have lands in the far-off East, Jamie, And ships on the treacherous sea; Ah! who can restore the treasures of youth, And love to you—or to me?

REPARATION, A Story of the Reign of Louis XIV. BY LADY GEORGINA FULLERTON. [The incident which forms the subject of the following pages is related in M. de la Placé's "Pièces Intéressantes et peu connues pour servir à l'Histoire et à la Littérature." The letter of the Maréchal de Villars is textually reproduced, and the description given of M. de P.'s character, sentiments and conduct is in strict accordance with the particulars contained in the above-mentioned narrative.]

In one of the largest and most aristocratic-looking houses of the town of Calais, a few friends were assembled round the dinner-table in the month of September of the year 1709. Madame de St. Lo, the mistress of the house, was doing the honors with that liveliness of manner and agreeable flow of conversation peculiar to the French nation. Her guests were for the most part military men, belonging to the garrison of Calais. Some of them had been the friends of her late husband, a brave young officer, who had died a few years before, in the flower of his age, at the battle of Blenheim. Many striking anecdotes were related that day of the campaigns in which these gentlemen had been engaged, under Turenne and Boufflers, Villars and Vendôme. The expressive and keenly intelligent face of the young hostess evinced the deep interest which she took in these warlike reminiscences. Her eyes, which had the brilliancy, the softness, and the power which only belong to a dark eye in woman, alternately flashed with fire, or melted into tenderness, as the terrible and touching scenes to which war-gives rise were described by men who had fought by the side of the husband whom she had mourned with the brave sorrow of a soldier's wife. When the death of her young hero was announced to her, like the widow of one who, in our days, fell as the Crusaders of old, fighting for the holiest of causes, she snatched her infant son to her bosom, and, whilst bathing his cheeks with her tears, exclaimed, "And you, too, shall be a soldier!" She had been brought up in the love of military glory; every pulsation of her heart, every fibre in her frame responded to the theme. Her father and her brothers, as well as her husband, had been in the army; and her uncle, the gallant Comte de P., was one of the most distinguished officers in Mare-

chal Villars' regiment. She had sat on his knee in her childhood, and listened for hours together to his stories of Bayard and Duguesclin; and she was always promising her little son, that when peace was made, and his great-uncle returned to Calais, he too should hear the same tales from his lips, and learn what a French soldier can do for his king and his country. "There was a knock at the door, mother," whispered the child, who was sitting next her at table. She did not attend to him, for at that moment one of the elderly officers by her side was given an animated description of an engagement in which he had taken part under the walls of Namur. In a moment, however, a servant came in, and said to her in a low voice, "Madame, will you be good enough to come for an instant into the parlor?" She looked up with some astonishment, and saw by his face that it was for a matter of importance he had thus summoned her; and, making a hasty apology to her guests, she rose and went into the drawing-room. The candles had not yet been brought in, and it was only by the light of the blazing logs in the fireplace that she saw a man sitting on one of the couches, with his face buried in his hands. She turned to the servant who had opened the door for her, and said, "Who is it?" but before he had time to answer, the stranger raised his head. "Good heavens!" she exclaimed. "Is it possible! Can it be you, dearest uncle?" She came nearer, and when she did so, the person she addressed stood up; but when she wished to throw herself into his arms, he folded them across his breast, and said, in a low and feeble voice: "Yes, I am that uncle you love, and have not seen for so many years. I am the man who, forty years ago, was an ensign in one of the first regiments in France, and after many glorious exploits and arduous labors, reached the rank of colonel in that same regiment; who was esteemed by his comrades, and honored with the confidence of his generals. I am that man."

There was something so cold, so unnatural in the manner of speaking, something so livid in the face, and so bagged in the expression of the Count, that his niece felt unable to utter a word, but kept gazing upon him with a silent, breathless anxiety. "I have come," he said at last, "to ask you for a bed to-night in your house, and, above all things, that you will not let any one know of my arrival." "But, for God's sake," cried Madame de St. Lo, in a painful state of agitation, "what has happened to you, my dear, dear uncle? Why do you look so strangely at me? Are you ill?" "I am very tired." These words, simple as they were, had been uttered in a manner which deeply affected Madame de St. Lo. She burst into tears. "Try to be calm, Eugénie. I cannot talk to you now," said M. de P.—"To-morrow you will know all. In the meantime, let your servants show me to a room in some obscure corner of your house, and do you return to your guests and entertain them as well as you can." Madame de St. Lo felt constrained to obey him; and with control over her own feelings which she derived from her natural strength of character, and the instinctive consciousness that something of more than common importance was at stake on this occasion, she disguised her emotion, and behaved during the rest of the evening as if nothing had happened to agitate and disturb her. Some of the more observant of her guests perceived a change in her countenance when she returned to the dining-room, and though she joined in conversation much in the same way as usual, that the smile which was wont to illuminate at times her pensive face was not seen there again that evening.

It was an inexpressible relief to her when all the company took their departure, and she could withdraw to her own room. She felt the need of collecting her bewildered thoughts, and going over again in her own mind the details of that brief and painful interview. But it was in vain she tried to form some conjecture as to the cause of her uncle's strange words and manner; and when she fell asleep, her rest was disturbed by continual dreams, in which she still beheld his dejected and haggard face. The next morning she awoke early, and on being told that M. de P.— had been up some time, she hastened to the drawing-room, and sent to beg that he would come and speak to her. When M. de P.— came into the room, she thought him looking just as pale and ill as the preceding day; but the expression of his face was less rigid, and his manner more natural, though still cold and formal. Feeling it impossible to endure any longer this suspense, and clasping her hands together, she said, "My dear uncle, for God's sake, tell me at once what has brought you here, and why your coming is to be kept a secret." "Eugénie, I will tell you the truth, though it will make you despise, and perhaps hate, me. But henceforward it is not for such a one as I to shrink from shame; the days are gone by for that; I must inure myself to bear it." "Shame!" murmured Madame de St. Lo, with an incredulous but nervous smile. "Do not smile," said M. de P.—, covering his eyes with his hand; "but listen to me as calmly as you can. What I said just now is true. I have believed the whole of my past life. I have become that thing which for more than forty years I had looked upon with unutterable scorn; I have proved myself coward."

"This is painful jesting," exclaimed Madame de St. Lo, with a heightened color, and in an agitated tone of voice. "It is no jest," said M. de P.—. "Thank God that you cannot hear without emotion what nevertheless, must be told. Thank God for what you will suffer when you know the whole truth. Eugénie, I was born in this old city, which our ancestors have so many times valiantly defended. I belong to a family whose honor has never known a stain. I have gone through ten campaigns, and fought thirteen battles. I led the forlorn hope at Lillo; was wounded at Steinkirk; and left for dead at Ramillies. For forty years I never knew what fear was. O my God! I called that courage! I treated with withering contempt the least sign of weakness in others. Heaven forgive me! They are avenged now. Three days ago I received the order to defend with a hundred men an important post near the village of Malplaquet. Never had the sight of danger caused

my heart to beat faster; never had I felt the slightest emotion on the field of battle; but that day for the first time the strange, dreadful faintness which men call fear came upon me. It was new; it took me by surprise. God only knows if at that moment I was mad or only bewildered. It matters not; I fled. The old soldier with the Croix de St. Louis on his breast, and the marks of glorious wounds on his forehead, turned his back on the enemy, deserted his post, fled like a dastard from the field, and did not recover his senses till three hours afterwards, when he stood alone, far from his comrades, far from his post, for ever removed from the past, alone with a blight on his soul and a stain on his name. Yes, you may well weep, poor child; but tears can never wash away that blot."

"O God! O God!" cried Madame de St. Lo, wringing her hands, "what can have brought this dreadful trial upon you, my poor uncle?" The old man took his hand off his eyes, and looking steadfastly at her, he said, in a voice so low that she could hardly catch the sound, but which, nevertheless, seemed to thrill through her soul, "Pride." "Who would ever have thought it!" she ejaculated, almost suffocated by her sobs. "Not you," he said in the same way. "Not men, God only. And now let me finish what I had to say. I came here last night with the intention of asking you to give me one night's lodging, and then to assist me in going over to England, where, under a feigned name, I could hide my shame and live in obscurity. But during the calm hours of the night, a change came over me. Why should I shrink from the penalty due to my crime? How can I expiate the offence I have committed so well as by surrendering myself to be tried as a deserter, and submitting to the sentence of death which I justly deserve? I have sent a letter this morning to the Maréchal de Villars, informing him that I await the appointment of a court-martial, and will appear before it whenever he sends me his orders to that effect."

"You have not yet despatched that letter!" cried Madame de St. Lo, greatly agitated. "For Heaven's sake, revert to your first intention, and go over to England." A flush passed over the bronzed face of the old soldier. "Eugénie," he said, "do not make me feel my crime too deeply. Do not give me reason to think that my baseness has lowered in your mind the standard of duty and of honor. Do you not see that the only way, not to efface, for that can never be, but in some measure to expiate my guilt, is to abide my sentence, and suffer death at the hands of my brave comrades? Do not weep so bitterly, my dear child. Last night you would have done well to weep over the fate of the degraded being before you; but since that letter has gone, I feel better able to look you in the face, and the weight on my breast is somewhat lightened; but it will only be removed when I stand in front of the guns on the day of my execution. Then and there for the first time I shall breathe freely since the hour in which I fell. Tell me, my child, that you feel this as I do."

Madame de St. Lo threw her arms round her uncle's neck and murmured, "I do feel it; but it breaks my heart." "God bless you for those kind words, Eugénie. And now you will help me to prepare for death. I have not had much time to attend to my religious duties of late; but you will lend me a prayer-book, and the old Cure of St. Jacques—is he yet alive?—will come and see me if you ask him. I did not think to have felt so much peace again on earth as I do now."

During the next few days Madame de St. Lo's friends were struck with her altered appearance.—She made great efforts to appear cheerful when in company, but it was easy to see that some mysterious sorrow was oppressing her. She turned pale if the door-bell rung, and trembled like a leaf whenever the letters were brought in. At last there came one directed to her uncle, on the cover of which was the name of the Maréchal de Villars. She knelt down for a moment to say a short prayer, and then carried it up to the room which M. de P.— had never left since the day of his arrival. "Ah! it is come," he said as he saw her enter with the missive in her hand. He read it slowly through, and then lifting up his eyes to heaven, he said, "My God, not my will, but Thine be done!" He held out the letter to his niece. It was as follows:—

"It is no doubt at once afflicting and humbling to human nature that a man who for forty years never failed in courage should so suddenly have proved untrue to himself and unfaithful to the most sacred of duties. But it is also consoling to see that man, the very moment after his deplorable fall, offer to atone for it by the only means in his power—the voluntary surrender of his life in expiation of his fault, and reparation of the sad example he has had the misfortune to give. "These are my own feelings, my poor friend; they are also those of all our brave officers. We cannot palliate your offence, or absolve you from the disgrace attached to so flagrant a violation of duty; but we pity you with all our hearts, and decline to sit in judgment on one who offers to make every reparation in his power for an act which is sufficiently atoned for by his own bitter remorse.—Accept, therefore, my kind wishes and those of all our old friends. May heaven and the lapse of time assuage your sorrow for a misfortune which has been almost as great to us as it has been to you. (Signed)

"THE MARÉCHAL DE VILLARS. "Du Quésnay, the 28th of September, 1709." "Eugénie," said M. de P.—, when she had finished reading this letter, "give me that box which is standing near you, and some writing paper." He opened the box and took out of it his Croix de St. Louis, and gazed upon it till the strong tide of human passion and grief could no longer be repressed. For an instant he struggled with it, and then the pent-up anguish of a broken heart burst its bonds and found vent in a flood of burning tears. Madame de St. Lo wept herself into his arms; and for a long time both wept together in silence. "Put it up," he said; "fold it in paper, and now help me to unbuckle my sword. Your little hands used to play with its hilt in former days; they can render me this service now. There let me look at

it once more; let me hold it one moment in my hand, as I was wont to do before my fall. Take it away now. Send it with my cross to M. de Villars, and tell him, Eugénie, that I accept the permission to live as the severe but just chastisement of my crime."

From that day forward M. de P.— considered his pardon as his sentence. He condemned himself to a long, patient martyrdom of incessant humiliation. He continued to live in that old town of Calais, where he had been born, which was the scene of so many glorious associations, and where a numerous garrison was also stationed. He shrank not from the eyes of men, for the scornful glance, the jeer and the pitying smile were part of his sentence, part of his expiation. He walked on the rampart when the soldiers were lounging about, and passed before the barracks where the officers were standing, with his uniform on, but no sword at his side, and no cross on his breast. He went into the parish church and sat on the poor benches with the women and the children. When the military Mass was said, and the soldiers at the moment of the elevation presented arms, his grey head was bowed down to the ground in humble prostration.

Madame de St. Lo clung to the solitary old man like Ruth to Naomi. In spite of his remonstrances, she joined him in his walks, and knelt beside him in church. She placed her child on his knee, and taught him to love and honor his kinsman. One day the boy pointed with his little finger to the part of his coat where the cross should have been, and said, "Why is there no cross there?" and as if that idea had suggested another—"and why is there no sword here?" he added, touching his uncle's belt.

There was a momentary struggle in the Count's heart, and a dark shade passed over his face; but he had made a vow never to shrink from shame, and to drink to the dregs the cup of humiliation.—He had braved the scorn of men; he would not falter now before a child's innocent gaze. "My boy," he said, "once I was proud, and I trusted in my own strength and courage; and then there came a day when God took them both away from me: and in that day I ran away from the field of battle, and became a wretched coward, who can never again carry a sword, nor wear the cross of a true soldier."

The child looked up into the old man's face, and his cheeks glowed like fire. "Cowards do not speak the truth," he said. "It is brave of you to say you ran away."

As time went on the aged soldier ceased to be scornful. The words which were whispered in his hearing as he passed along the streets on his way to the church were words of kindness. Compassion first, and then reverence, sprung up in the hearts of men for one who had so bravely and so meekly borne the long anguish of shame. The courage of that long and humble expiation began to be appreciated. In the streets and on the ramparts of Calais, stripped of his cross and of his sword, he was, in the eyes of God, and at last in those of men also, a greater hero than the soldier of Blenheim and of Ramillies, than the leader of the forlorn hope on the battlements of Lillo.

The editor of the "Pièces Intéressantes" mentions in a note affixed to this anecdote, that he remembered having often seen in his youth M. de P.— at Calais, and that his sorrowful and touching aspect had remained deeply impressed on his recollection.

CARDINAL MACCLOSKEY AND THE CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY OF IRELAND.

The following is the address presented by the Rector on behalf of the Catholic University of Ireland to Cardinal MacCloskey, with his Eminence's reply:— "May it please your Eminence.—The dignity of Prince of the Church, to which it has recently pleased the Holy Father to elevate you, would naturally call forth from any institution like ours congratulations full of affectionate respect, to whatever race and whatever land their illustrious object might trace back his origin. But if these feelings would, as a matter of course, be manifested by every such society which your Eminence might honour with your presence, how much more by a University founded by that venerable and beloved hand which has so long been raised to bless the earth, and from which is derived your own exalted rank in the Church of God; how much more by a university which has been planted by Pope Pius IX. in the heart of the Catholic people of Ireland, and which may claim to represent that people, when a Cardinal of Irish descent has come to visit that ancient island where his fathers lived and died, bearing in successive generations their unflinching witness to the faith. But in this recollection, deep as it is, we are far from exhausting the interest we feel on this visit of your Eminence to Ireland.

"In addressing the first American prelate who has been raised to the purple, we cannot yield even to your own fellow-citizens in the just pride and sympathy which belong to the occasion; because to the Catholic people of Ireland, America is, in no metaphorical sense, an extension of their own land; it is a region where almost every family amongst us has kindred, who have there found happier, if not dearer, hearths and homes than Ireland could give them in the days of her mourning, and from which help came to her with a lavish hand in her sorest need. The majority of the hundreds of thousands under the spiritual sway of your Eminence, in the renowned city and state of New York belong to Ireland by birth or descent; many of them, when friendless and homeless, have found in you a protector and father; and all have experienced your pastoral care in the abundant increase of spiritual blessings during your Episcopate. But both your Eminence and they have a peculiar claim to the expression on the part of the Catholic University of Ireland, of a profound sense of gratitude for the generosity and kindness with which you have remembered to assist by your benefactions our institution in the years of its early struggles, and up to the present moment. Our University looks for support, not to inherit wealth, or State favour, not to the zeal and charity of the Catholic people even the humbleness. And this has been largely accorded to it by the Catholics of America, clergy and

laity, millions of whom we rejoice to call our brothers in blood as well as in religion, and to whom, represented so nobly, as they are on this occasion, by the first American Cardinal, we desire to present our grateful acknowledgment and thanks.

"With this tribute of gratitude we conclude our address of congratulation, wishing your Eminence 'God speed' in your voyage homewards to your native land. In the great Republic of which you are a citizen, religion enjoys, now as of old, a large measure of that liberty which is her right, and which, unhappily, is denied her at times, and even in our days, in older countries. The very circumstances of the institution in which we are assembled reminds us that Catholic University education is untrammelled in the United States. May it please Almighty God to grant your Eminence many and prosperous years of usefulness in the high office and dignity to which He has called you by the voice of His Vicar upon earth, that you may guide His Church in America through the paths of liberty to the honour which is her due; may He long continue to give to your own New York in you a pastor according to His own heart; and may He, the Prince of Pastors, grant you an eternal reward hereafter."

The Rector, after reading the address, said his Eminence had specially requested that his reply might be listened to silently and without any demonstration whatever.

His Eminence Cardinal MacCloskey, in replying, said:—My Lords, respected Professors, and Students of the Catholic University of Ireland,—If I rise to perform what I feel to be a duty incumbent on me, to say at least a few words of thanks in response to the address that has just been presented to me, I beg to say in the beginning that I did not come with any intention to make either a set discourse or to enter at length into a discussion of the questions that have been alluded to, and which would occupy more time and more preparation than I am prepared to give to do proper justice to them. I wish just to express my sense of gratitude to his Eminence the Cardinal Archbishop of Dublin, to your respected president, and to your professors, for the great honour they have done me, and for the privilege that I have been allowed to enjoy in being present at the commencements of your academic year. I have come as an interested friend and spectator, and I have had to confess to the most rev. president that although attending commencements and exhibitions of universities and colleges at home many and many a time, yet I have not been accustomed to the sort of demonstration that seems to rise up so spontaneously in Irish hearts either of approval or reprobation—(slight applause and laughter) and it becomes to me only a source of embarrassment whenever it is given, as it has been given here this afternoon, in whatever sense or in whatever spirit. Therefore I am thankful that whatever words I have spoken, or may speak, are listened to with respectful silence. I cannot sufficiently say how grateful I am for the words of cordial sympathy and congratulation that have been addressed to me on this my first visit to the University of Dublin—words that are the more grateful to me when I consider the source from which they came, and when I consider the spirit by which they have been prompted. I know that generally the words that come from the lips of Irishmen are supposed to come from their hearts. The words that have been spoken, while they do honour to me, I must be permitted to say do honour also to yourselves, because they manifest clearly and fully that they come from hearts animated by the spirit of true Catholic faith, and from those who are proud to call themselves devoted and loyal children of our Holy Father Pius IX. (Applause.) Whatever honour has been implied as given to me I consider as truly given to the Head of the Catholic Church. He has been pleased to honour me, all unworthy as I am, and you for that reason have been pleased to do me honour, and if you rejoice with those who are my own flock at home it is because you sympathize with what is the act of the Holy Father to show his love for the Church of America. I will say, not only for the Church of America, but for the whole people of America, to show the honour in which he holds them, and how it consoles his heart in these days of so much sorrow and tribulation for the Church; to turn his eyes to the country at least where that Church is free, and where the people—be they Protestant or be they Catholic—live together in harmony, pursue their various ways, exercise their religion, build up their colleges and their universities with the utmost freedom, and enjoy equal rights, as far especially as regards the higher education. When years ago that glorious Pontiff was pleased to confer upon the Irish people an honour which they had never enjoyed before by giving them a Cardinal according to their own hearts as well as according to his own, every Catholic heart in Ireland overflowed with joy, as also, I may say, every Catholic heart in America sympathized with you to the full. And if now the Holy Father has gone further and raised to that exalted dignity a prelate of the American Church, and rejoiced the hearts of all his Catholic children in that far-off land, you now in turn sympathize with them and unite your rejoicing with theirs, and justly so, for the reason that has been stated—that particularly in the diocese over which it is my honour to preside our Catholic people are by far in largest numbers of your own race and your own kindred. Not only many, but most of them, have been born on this fruitful Catholic Irish soil, and when they went across the sea they carried the faith deep in their hearts, and becoming citizens of that great, young, and flourishing Republic they became citizens with all their hearts also. I can say without contradiction, that no American born upon the soil of America—no American counting back his American ancestry for generations, can claim to be more devotedly attached to the institutions of America than the Irish adopted citizen. But though, as events have proved, they are ready by word and deed, by arm and by every way in their power to sustain those institutions, still, as much as they love their adopted country, they have not lost one jot of their love for the dear old land. They rejoice to see the many useful institutions that are growing up around you, and I am glad to be able to tell you how deeply we sympathize with this great work of the Catholic University in this city of Dublin. Our people proved their sympathy when called upon for their aid; they gave it generously, and they