



CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

VOL. XXVI.

MONTREAL, FRIDAY, JULY 28, 1876.

NO. 50.

JUST RECEIVED,

A MOST BEAUTIFUL BOOK. Glories of the Sacred Heart, by Cardinal Manning, 12 mo., 300 pages. \$1.00

AGENTS FOR THE DOMINION.

CATHOLIC PERIODICALS.

Table listing various Catholic periodicals such as 'New York Tablet', 'Freeman's Journal', 'Catholic Review', etc., with their respective frequencies and prices.

JUST RECEIVED,

SERMONS BY THE LATE

REVEREND J. J. MURPHY,

who lost his life at the fire at Back River on the night of December 4th, 1875. We have just received from our Agents in England a consignment of SERMONS on VARIOUS SUBJECTS, given by THE LATE REV. J. J. MURPHY, IN 1871.

TO THE HOLY CATHOLIC CHURCH.

By the Rev. FREDERICK OAKLEY, M. A. MISSIONARY Rector of St. John's Catholic Church, and Canon of the Diocese of Westminster.

Mother of Saints! how beautiful thou art! In speech how gracious, how august in mien! Guide of the conscience, Mistress of the heart,

There are who deem thy comely pomp a show, Thy ceremonies gauds for children meet; Vainly they prate to me, for well I know

Kings have their marshals, palaces their state, E'en Christian homes their daily courtesies; For reverence doth on Love obsequious wait,

And shall thy Home, O King of kings, alone No tokens of thy Majesty display? Shall no glad courtiers muster near Thy throne,

Forbid it, Lord? nor let the world intrude Her lawless maxims on Thy virgin code; Nor sullen Heresy with whisp'ring crude

Each symbol of Thy Presence, Lord, is dear: Thy holy vessel, and the costly vest; The Altar where Thy Spirit come so near;

But chiefly dear, because to Thee most nigh, Thy Priest's and Levites, princes of Thy choice, And they who at Thy Board their service ply,

By reverent gesture or by staid salute Their faith they witness, or their fealty prove; And yield, in measured forms and notes minute,

And thou, whose wakeful eye doth count the sand, And track the sparrow as it falls to earth, Shalt note, and recompense with bounteous hand,

ON THE BRINK.

At an early age Arthur Gravelly was left an orphan, and received most of his education under the care of an uncle. When he was one and twenty he was admitted to the employ of a banker named Vanderlain, and very soon took a position of trust and responsibility in the house.

From early youth Arthur Gravelly had found the wine-cup among the symbols of life's social phase. He had kept wine in his own house; he had used it upon his sideboard and upon his table; and he had partaken freely abroad.

come an undue flush upon Arthur's cheek, and there were blotches in the eye which ought not to have been there. He now took brandy before breakfast, and through the day he was forced to supply fuel to feed a fire which else might have consumed all bodily comfort.

At length Mr. Vanderlain called Arthur into his private closet and told him that he was going to suspend business.

"I have money enough," said Mr. Vanderlain, "and I know that my close application to business is wearing upon me. I am growing in years, and need rest. I think of going abroad."

"But, sir, there is no need of that. If you will trust your bank under the guidance of some capable and responsible agent, with your name at its head, it might go prosperously on, and you could go away upon your trip at will."

A cloud came upon the banker's face, and he shook his head.

Shortly after this, in process of closing up his business, Mr. Vanderlain sent Arthur to a distant city to make some important settlements.

Not many words were spoken. This was not the time for such a heart-moving theme, and as they eat the meal Arthur told of his trip to the distant city.

After dinner Arthur went to carry a budget to a neighbor, and when left alone, Fanny sat down and cried again for joy.

"Mrs. Gravelly! What has happened? What is wrong?" she repeated looking up.

"Wrong?" she repeated looking up. "Oh, sir, it is for joy I am crying."

Mr. Vanderlain listened, and after a deal of thought he slowly said, with his hand upon Fanny's fair head:

"Dear child, you may rejoice without fear. If Arthur has pledged his honor to this new life, he sure he will keep faith."

Most of the afternoon Arthur spent at the bank; and as he sat at the table in the private office waiting for the banker, a feeling of sadness and regret came upon him.

"I have kept you waiting, Arthur, but I have been busy. I have made a most important change in my programme."

"Ah? And you are not going away?" "Yes—I shall go to Europe; but I shall not give up my banking business. I have found a new man—

"Let it alone," he said, solemnly. "I tell you, Jack, and you, Will, that you are going down. You can't last much longer at this rate."

"Well," retorted Roberts, with an attempt to laugh, "it appears to me that what is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander."

"If I will try it, will you try it?" he asked. "Will you try it?" demanded Hatton.

"I will if you will join me." "Doxe!"

And they did it. They joined hands, and promised one another that they would be true and steadfast.

A new surprise was in store for Arthur Gravelly. He found upon cutting off his spirituous liquors that his body weakened and that his hand shook as though with palsy.

"Can you give me something to steady my nerves and restore my appetite?" Arthur asked, after he had frankly stated his case.

"This shows you, my dear sir," said the physician, "into what a dangerous state you had fallen, I can give you something to steady your nerves, but it would not help you in the end. If you will be brave and true you will come out all right in a few days."

Arthur said he should not go back. He wanted no stimulant—no more of that.

The trial was a severe one, and it may have been a blessed thing for Arthur Gravelly that it was so. He felt more heroism in the conquest, and he also saw how deeply the evil habit had become fixed upon him.

On the fifth day the business which had brought Gravelly from home was concluded, and he set out on his return. And the last struggle had passed. His nerves had become steady; his appetite had started up as if by magic; his cheek had grown fair; and the white of his eye had grown clear and pearly again.

He reached his own city in the morning, and went first to the bank and gave in a return of his business. Mr. Vanderlain had glanced quickly and eagerly into his face when he first entered, and a wondrous change came upon the banker's manner as the business proceeded.

Arthur did not reach his home, until, time for dinner; but he had sent a boy from the bank with word that he should be there.

"Fanny!" he called, as he entered the door. "Dinner is on the table, and I'm so glad to see you back."

As they entered the dining-room Arthur saw the decanter of wine near his plate.

"Take it away, Fanny," he said, smiling. "If you want it hereafter for a medicine, keep it. For myself I shall not want it."

"Not want it?—Arthur?" "I have done with it forever!"

He spoke solemnly, with a manliness that was strong and reliant.

And the wife saw whence had come the great warmth to her heart—saw it in the pure cheek, and in the clear eye, as she had caught it in the sweet breath.

"Arthur—my husband," as though hardly daring to trust her own senses, "is it true? Do you mean—forever?"

"While I live, darling, God giving me strength and reason."

Fanny was upon the opposite side of the table. She turned white—then she pressed her hand upon her heart, and then, as the crimson flood once more bounded on its course, she covered her face, and sank down weeping like a child, and said:—

"O Arthur! I could die for joy if I did not feel that I could find more happiness in living now for you!"

Here was a new revelation. Arthur Gravelly now learned how his wife had suffered without daring to complain—how the worm had gnawed at her heart—saw it all the more clearly because he saw in the present time her surpassing joy and ecstasy.

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HOME RULE.

THE HISTORY AND PERSONNEL OF THE MOVEMENT.

(Continued from our last.)

The Tory party had come into power in the course of the Fenian prosecutions, and had carried on the work in a spirit which Cromwell himself would approve. They really held office, not because they had an effective majority in the House of Commons, but because the Liberals were broken up and divided, unable to agree on a policy.

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tain men of the front rank at the bar would cost thousands of pounds; to retain men of inferior position would be worse than useless. Could there be found amongst the leaders of the Irish Bar even one bold enough and generous enough to undertake the desperate task and protracted labor of defending these men, leaving the question of fee or remuneration to the chance of funds being forthcoming? What of the great advocates of the State Trials of 1843 and 1848? Holmes—*carum te venerabile nomen*—dead! Shiel—gone, too; Whiteside—on the bench; O'Hagan—also a judge; Sir Colman O'Loughlin—a Crown prosecutor; Butt—yes, Butt, even then in the front rank, the most skillful, the boldest, the most eloquent, and the most generous of them all—he is just the man! Where is Butt?

Where, indeed? He had to be searched and sought for, so utterly and sadly had a great figure silently disappeared from the forum. Thirty years before Isaac Butt was the young hope of Protestant Conservatism, the idol of its salons. He had barely passed his majority when he was elected to the professorship of Political Economy in Trinity College; and, at an age when such honors were unprecedented, was elevated to a "silk gown," as Queen's Counsellor at the Bar. Yet there was always about young Butt an intense Irishism; it was a high spirited Protestant, a chivalrous Conservative; but even in that early time the eagle eye of O'Connell detected in him an Irish heart and a love of the principles of liberty that would yet, so he prophesied, lead Butt into the ranks of the Irish people.

The English Tory leaders enticed him over to London, and sent him into Parliament for one of their boroughs—Herwich. They made much of him—and were his ruin. In the whirl of parliamentary life, in the fascination of London society, he abandoned his professional business and fell into debt, difficulty, and dissipation. Had he been less independent and less self-willed, he would be no doubt have been richly placed by his ministerial friends. Somehow or another he and they drew apart as he went sullenly and recklessly downward. In 1864 he had almost dropped out of sight, having just previously ceased to sit in Parliament.

To the solicitation to undertake the defence of the Fenian prisoners he responded by giving them, it may be said, three whole years of his professional life. He flung himself into that fight for the men in the dock with the devotion, the enthusiasm, the desperate energy of a man striving for life itself. His genius and ability, conspicuous before, shone out more than ever. He was admittedly the first lawyer of his day; and now not only the Crown counsel, but the Judges on the Bench, felt they were dealing with their master. Of money he took no thought. Indeed, in the best and worst days of his fortunes he gave it little heed. He has been known to the depth of his difficulties to hand back a special fee of a hundred guineas which he knew a poor client could not spare, and the same day pay his hotel bill with a check doomed never to be cashed. The incident is unfortunately only too typical of one phase of his nature.

Three or four years immersed in such labors—one protracted series of State Trials—dealing in the most painfully realistic way with the problem of Ireland's destiny, could not fail to have a profound effect on a man like Butt. Meantime, he grew into immense popularity. His bold appeals for the prisoners, which soon came to be the sentiments of the man rather than the pleadings of the advocate, were read with avidity in every peasant's cottage and workman's home. The Fenians, broken and defeated as an organization, yet still rallying throughout the country, looked to him with the utmost gratitude and confidence. Under his presidency and guidance a society called the Amnesty Association was established for the purpose of obtaining the royal clemency for at least some of the Fenian convicts. A series of mass meetings under its auspices, were held throughout the island, and were the largest assemblages seen in Ireland since the Repeal meetings of Tara and Mullaghmast. In fine, Mr. Butt found himself a popular leader, at the head of all events the Protestant section of the Irish political elements and daily becoming a power in the country.

The resentful Protestants, just now half-minded to boist the national flag, were many of them Butt's old comrades, college-chums, and political associates. He noted their critical position, and forthwith turned all his exertions, in private as well as in public, to lead them onward to the people, and to prevent them from relapsing into the character of an English garrison. In his public speeches he poured forth to them the most impassioned appeals. In private he sought out man by man of the most important and influential among them. "Banish hesitation and fear," he cried. "Act boldly and promptly now, and you will save Ireland from revolutionary violence on the one side, and from alien misgovernment on the other. You, like myself, have been early trained to mistrust the Catholic multitude, but when you come to know them you will admire them. They are not anarchists, nor would they be revolutionists, if men like you would but do your duty and lead them—that is, honestly and faithfully and capably lead them—in the struggle for constitutional liberty." The Protestants listened, almost persuaded; but some sinister whisper now and again of the terrors of a "Catholic ascendancy" in an Irish Parliament—a reminder that Irish Catholics would vote for a nominee of their clergy, right or wrong, and consequently that if the Irish Protestant minority threw off the yoke of England, they should bear the yoke of Rome—seemed to drive them, scared, from the portals of nationality.

About this time, the beginning of 1870, Mr. Gladstone raised to the peerage Colonel Folke Gravelly Nugent, M.P., for Longford County. He was a respectable and fairly popular "Liberal" in politics, was a good landlord, and, though a Protestant, kindly and generous to the Catholic clergy and people around him. He had held his seat by and from the priests; for Longford County, from the days when it, heretically, won its independence, a generation before, had been, virtually in the gift of the Catholic clergy. This vacancy occurred in the very fever of the amnesty excitement. A few months before Mr. Gladstone had rather harshly refused the appeal for amnesty, and Tipperary, made answer, and commentary thereon, by electing to Parliament one of the Fenian convicts, at the moment a prisoner in Chatham. It was proposed to

When, on Friday evening, the 15th of September, 1865, the British Government seized the leading members of the Fenian Society and flung them into Richmond jail, it became a consideration of some difficulty with the prisoners and their friends how and by whom they should be defended. In one sense they had plenty of counsel to choose from. Such occasions are great opportunities for brilliant advocates to strike in, like ambitious authors of unacted plays who nobly offer them to be performed on Thanksgiving day or for some popular public charity. No doubt the prisoners could have attorneys and lawyers of this stamp easily enough; but it was not every man whom they would trust equally for his ability and his honesty. Besides, there, was the money difficulty. The Crown was about to fight them into a costly law duel; a To re-

THE ABBEY OF SLIGO, IRELAND.—This ancient abbey has long been famous for the beauty of its ruins, which are classed amongst the most remarkable in Ireland. It was founded in 1252, under the invocation of the holy cross, for friars of the order of St. Dominic, by Maurice Fitzgerald, earl of Kildare, and lord-justice of Ireland. In 1270 it was destroyed by fire, but was soon afterward re-erected. It was again destroyed by fire in 1415, but was again speedily rebuilt by Bryan McDermot McDonagh, chief of Tirvhill, now the barony of Tirvhill; and from this time dates the foundation of the present structure. At the dissolution of the monasteries under Henry VIII., it was granted to Sir W. Raife. Its remains attest its former splendor. The steeple of the dome is still nearly entire, supported upon a carved harcor-cupola, the inside of which is also carved. Adjoining this are several beautifully carved arches about four feet in height, which seem to have been originally separated from each other, and probably were used as confessionals. Almost all the little pillars are differently ornamented, and one in particular is very unlike the rest, having a human head cut inside of the arch. There are several vaults throughout the ruins, containing the remains of those buried there. The abbey and yard are still used as a burying-ground of some small extent.

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