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FAITHFUL AND BRAVE. AN ORIGINAL STORY. (From the Dublin Weekly Freeman) CHAPTER VIII.—(Continued.)

"Then you will not forget to come to me; you will not deceive me." Then suddenly sleeping both Kate's hands in her own, she continued, "Tell me, once more, just once more, that, come what may, you will never hate me for bringing such danger upon you." "Hate you, my poor child! I would incur any risk to make you happy; and remember, my darling, if any accident were to befall me I would never blame you, for I go of my own free will. Give me one kiss, then run away, for time is flying fast, and I have a great deal to do. God bless you, Eda," Kate fervently whispered, as the child-like figure clung lovingly, tearfully around her neck. Eda threw herself on her bed. One; half-past one; two. "When will she come? It will soon be daylight." The ornate clock on the mantelpiece chimed the half-hour. "Half-past two; Kate has gone, she has forgotten me," and springing up she cast herself beside her bed and sobbed aloud in her bitter trouble. "Heaven send ye comfort. What ails ye, avillish?" A tall, stout woman stood beside the drooping, golden-haired child, who started for fear at the sound of the strange voice; "Kate, is it you?" she exclaimed so loudly that the seeming beggar laid a heavy hand on her arm. "Whisht, whisht, mavourneen; if your voice is heard, it will be the bad job for Biddy Kelch. Shure they might think I'd have come to take the grand silver spoons that are lying in the pantry drawer. Whisht, whisht," she repeated; "no name is Biddy Kelch, want I was Kate Vero, but now I'm a lone widdy, that can toss the tay cup and lay the cards for those who can give me a bite and a sup in return. I'm an allin' crathure, too," she continued, as she limped across the room, "and the sight iv me eye gone. I'm almost fit for nothing now." Even in that hour of racking anxiety the comic side of the adventure was predominant with Kate as she pursued her rambling remarks, given with the richest brogue imaginable. "I bethought myself that you'd like a taste iv my account afore I went to Bray, and shure is'nt it the right place for an ould donkey like myself to be goin' to?" "Oh! Kate," gasped Eda in utter bewilderment. "Be aisy, asthore, its Biddy you mana," interrupted Kate. "Oh! Kate, Biddy, or whatever you like, you talk exactly like the ould women in the village. I won't be half as anxious now, for no one could possibly know you. How on earth did you pick up the brogue and those odd sayings?" "In the cottages I had about." Kate did not tell her from the time she was a child, she had gone into the cabins of the poor with wine, food and kindly words.— She did not tell how her name was never mentioned but with blessing. No, she never

mentioned that to Eda, but beneath her disguise her cheeks burned when she thought, with just pride, that her name was loved by those humble cotters, whose greatest wealth lay in their grateful hearts. Not in vain had the young lady from "the big house" come beneath their lowly roofs, for her imitative talent was always wonderful, and now her extraordinary mimic genius was to stand her in good stead. Eda had spoken of Kate's haughty head and glossy hair. Both were now well concealed by an old poke bonnet and projecting frilled cap, which had done good service before in the private theatricals at Castle —, where "Miss Vero's acting had brought down the house." On the first occasion a professional from town had taught her how to disguise the lines of her full red lips, and how to tone down her fair complexion. Over one eye hung a tattered green shade, and the pearly teeth were effectually discolored. Who could possibly recognise the *distingue* Miss Vero in the broad, square-figured woman, from whose shoulders limply hung a shabby black shawl? Who could realise that Kate's arched feet were hidden beneath the untidy, uncouth boots which appeared from under the soiled black and white check dress? It would be a brave "Bobby" who would dare to apprehend her on the charge of being Miss Vero of Oakfield. Three, the hour had come for Kate to leave the house. "Eda," she whispered, "good bye; when evening comes don't forget the glass door." One fond kiss, and Kate had left on her perilous task. Through the silent hall she passed into the pleasant school-room. How incongruous Biddy Kelch seemed in Kate Vero's luxurious sanctum. For a moment she looked lingeringly, almost despairingly, round the room in which so many happy hours had been spent. It seemed as if Mark's voice filled the place, and in fancy she saw Harry lolling in the easy chair, his hat on the back of his head, and his blue eyes twinkling with fun. But, last scene of all, she saw Eda's clinging form, heard her passionate wail, "Save him, save him," and this endowed her with fresh courage. The canary twittered in his cage, roused by the unfastening of the door. One more look round, and the door closed behind her. She was standing alone on the damp grass. A gust of wind whirled round the corner of the house, and dashed withered leaves into her face—"a dreary, dreary omen," she thought, while, with nervous fingers, she drew her thin shawl round her. The wind in the cedar trees gave a mournful sigh, the firs waved their stately heads like funeral plumes, and the rustling pampas grass in the shrubbery seemed like a company of ghosts. It was not yet light. The sky was lowering, and splashes of rain pattered with dull heavy sound upon the ground. "If I should never come back," Kate moaned, as she reached the avenue. "If Mark knew," and she shivered bitterly. How distinctly the gravel crunched beneath her feet; then, as if pursued, she diverged from the avenue, and through the fields took a short cut to the village. In speed lay safety, so on the panting girl fled, through the briers, through the muddy ditches, and over the loosely-built fences. At last she reached the village, and to her excited fancy, her shuffling footsteps sounded as loud as the tramp of armed men. No cabin door was open, nothing stirred in the High-street, and the only sound that broke the stillness was the lowing of cattle in the village pound. Kate Vero was free. She could breathe again as she stood on the high road to Dublin. She knew now she need not hurry along at the rapid pace which made her breath come so heavily. She paused, and, as she leaned against an old tree, watched the inky black clouds ascend from the horizon. "No use wasting my strength; if it gave out all would be lost. It is only four o'clock now, and I am in as great a dilemma as ever. It is not too early to leave Oakfield, but it is a great deal too early to go to Bray. Courtenay cannot possibly get off by this morning's mail-boat; he must wait until the evening. It would be running a risk to give him the clothes early in the day. Suspicion may already be attached to nurse Kavanaugh; therefore the police will probably search her house, and if they found the uniform concealed, it would not only be a tacit admission of Courtenay's guilt, but its ownership might possibly be traced to Harry. No, I must contrive to let him know that a friend is near, but that he must not stir. As for me, I must loiter about one way or the other until it is safe to give him the uniform." So Kate pondered, as she rested by the roadside to let the time pass by. Again she hobbled along, again she rested. Whoever called Time winged, leaden-heeled rather should it be termed. It was weary watching. The hours since she had quitted Oakfield seemed as days, aye weeks, yet the town clocks were only

clanging eight as she turned the corner of Cabra-road. She, Biddy Kelch, was almost in the city now; she must be very careful, poor old soul; she had a terrible halt; she was truly very lame; so would any one be if they had two boots on one foot and only one on the other. However, considering the circumstances, Biddy made her way very successfully past Phibsborough, through Stephen's green, into Harcourt-street, where the railway station is. Poor Biddy had been on foot for hours, and was right glad to reach the terminus; so up the steps she went, then in at the door, with the intention of taking her ticket to Bray; but very quickly that intention was abandoned when she perceived whose company she might have on that journey. There were too many of the "Peelers" leaving Dublin by that train for Biddy's fancy; they might be very inconvenient fellow-passengers. All she could do now was to walk out by Ranelagh to Milltown, which is the first country station on that line. It was revolting to Kate's feelings to loiter in a city terminus among those whose manner of speech was far from being agreeable to the high-bred girl. It would be better then to walk along the pretty suburban roads with her own thoughts for company. As she turned to leave the station she had to pass the spot where two newspaper vendors, a man and a woman, were standing, and like all the lower class of Irish making their remarks upon the passers by—those remarks, either partaking of the broadest fun, or seasoned by the most pungent satire. "It's thimselves is out early this morning," said the woman, with a knowing wink at her companion, as she looked after the retreating figures of some fine young constabulary men. "Fair, Mike jewel, there's something in the wind, and what are they after, agra?" she whispered, as she leaned confidentially towards Mike. "Iv course, they're after game," he replied with a shrewd nod and a broad grin—"Like the gentleman, they're going to have a taste iv September shooting, and bedad the coverts in the Wicklow mountains." "Ye don't say so, Mike, and who is it honey?" "Och, the devil a know I know," he responded with a wink, as much as to say—"I know, but I won't tell;" not that the fellow really knew anything, but the Irish will never, if possible, admit that they are ignorant of any subject whatsoever. "Faith, Mike, its yerself that can keep a saycrit," scornfully observed his companion. "You might tell a thing to many a worse than Sally Flannagan, but no matter. Och, my bud that's a fine young man; look at him, Mike, isn't it a cryin' shame to have such an illigit, straight man a Peeler. Faith it's himself that's like my poor Jim that went to Amerikay, whin Lawson of Tipperary turned us all out on the road side to die, but we didn't go dead to the church yard, it's alive we went, and shure we sheltered for tin days under the church-yard wall, and it's there two of the obidre' died wid the fever, and whin I berried them, me and the wan that was left, we went as tramps through the country, and poor Jim he says, 'Mother,' says he, 'I'll go to Amerikay,' and so Mike, jewel, Jim worked his way to Amerikay, but died on the passage out, and now that I've nobody to care for, in troth I'd like to be sodded myself." "Arrah, thin, will you whist, Sally Flannagan," roughly growled the attentive Mike, though he slyly drew his coat sleeve across his eyes. "Shure its yerself is the lucky woman this blessed day to have all yer childre' in Heaven afore ye, and its down on yer two headed knees you should be, to think they are beyant trouble intirely. Never you mind, Sally, the doins of such men as Lawson, they've had their day and we'll have ours yet." On passed Kate, the conversation ringing in her ears, its purport overpowering her. This delicately nurtured girl was no skilled politician, but plainly she reasoned down to the point. Was it fair that landlords should have such absolute right over their tenants? Was it just, that at the caprice of a single individual, whole families at a moment's notice should be turned out on the road-side to starve and die? So she thought as she wearily treaded the pretty suburban roads leading to Milltown, which she entered at about half-past nine o'clock. A busy thrifty village did it appear to Kate, as jaded and footsore she hobbled through its single street. The smith was at his forge, the wheelwright at his work, the children at their lessons in the wayside school, and the women in their cabins busy at their daily work, many of them lightening their labours with snatches of quaint, sweet songs. (To be Continued.)

FATHER BURKE'S LECTURE IN ANSWER TO "Froude's Last Words." (From the N. Y. Metropolitan Record.) On Tuesday evening December 17th, the Brooklyn Academy of Music was again literally jammed to hear Father Burke's final argument in answer to Mr. Froude. The subject was "The Last Words of Froude." The lecture below will show how ably and thoroughly the Reverend Father finished the discussion and the falsifier of Irish history and character. The lecture was given for the benefit of St. Mary's Hospital in Dean street, and must have realized a very large sum, as the immense edifice was filled to its utmost capacity, hundreds being compelled to depart without admission. On the stage were very many prominent clergymen and citizens, among whom we observed the Right Rev. Bishop Lynch, of Charleston; the Rev. Fathers Corcoran, Leueuf, Larkin, Taff, McDonell, Cassidy, McGuire, McGuinness, McShay, Navin and Mc Carthy, and ex-Gov. Lowe, of Maryland, Hon. Wm. E. Robinson, Cornelius Dever, Esq., Judge Pratt, Hugh McLaughlin, Esq., and Robt. A. Furey, Esq. Father Burke spoke as follows: LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: I need not tell you that this world in which we live is a very changeable world. We have seen so many changes ourselves in our own day that we have learned to be astonished at nothing. We have seen but a few years—only four years ago France, reputed the bravest and the most powerful nation in Europe, to-day France is down in the dust and there is not one that is poor enough to do glorious France honor. So in like manner a few years ago, when Lord Pulteney was at the head of the English ministry, England was considered one of the most influential and one of the most powerful nations of Europe; and to-day we see how things are changed. In our own time we remember, whenever England had any argument to state, any theory of a national kind to propound, any cause to defend, she sent her fleets and she sent her armies. Even as late as 1853 she had an argument with the Emperor of Russia, and she sent her fleets and armies to discuss the question at the point of the sword. Later still, a few months I may say ago, she had an argument with the Emperor, as he was called, of Abyssinia, and she sent her army there, to try conclusions and to reason with him. To-day, my friends, she has an argument with Ireland, and instead of debating with Ireland by sending some Cromwell over there at the head of an army to argue with the Irish, with the bible in one hand and the sword in the other, she sends over to America a talking man to talk it over. (Laughter.) She reminds me in this of a man who was once in Galway who had a quarrel with a friend of his, and he went and he tried to settle the quarrel fairly like a man, and he got a good thrashing.—(Laughter.) And when he got up after being knocked down several times, he said: "I see I am not able for you, but I'll tell you what I will do. My wife has the devil's own tongue and I would like to let her at you." (Great laughter.) England has tried issues with my native land for many a long century; for 700 years on the national question, or 300 years on the still more important religious question. On the religious question England has been beaten, and on the national question, although we have not yet triumphed, she has never been able to knock the nationality out of Ireland. (Great applause.) So what does she do my friends? The days are past and gone when she could send her Cromwell or her William of Orange to Ireland, and to-day she has nothing better to fall back upon than to send an Englishman over to America to abuse us—(laughter)—to try and make out that we are the most ungovernable and the most God-abandoned race on the face of the earth. So he comes and he delivers his message. When first he came he told the people of America, if you remember—you all remember it as well as I do—that he intended, as far as he could, to justify England's treatment of Ireland; and consequently, that this was his intention, is clearly manifested by the simple fact that he has gone into the history of the whole relations between England and Ireland. He has gone through them all; he began with the Norman invasion, and he came down to the present year, for the sole and avowed purpose of whitewashing England as far as he could, and make out that she was not so bad as people were inclined to believe she was. And when he was met on this great issue, my friends, Mr. Froude turns around and says: "You are slightly mistaken; I don't want a verdict from the American people to justify England, to put England in the confessional and make her kneel down and get a plenary absolution for all that England did to Ireland. That is not my intention at all.

My intention is, and the verdict I seek is simply this: There is a movement going on in Ireland now called the Home Rule agitation. "Irishmen," he says, "are beginning at home to say that they have the right to make their own laws. They say it is not right nor fair nor just that the things that could be so well done at home should be so badly done in London by men who know very little about Ireland and who care less. "Now," he says, "I come to America simply to obtain the verdict of an American public opinion to this effect: that the Irish don't know how to govern themselves; that whatever other virtues or talents they may have, they have not the talent nor the virtue of self-government; they are not wise enough, they are not prudent enough, they are not temperate enough, they are not sufficiently civilized nor sufficiently tolerant to govern themselves, and I ask the American people to send over word to the Irish. "Now boys, have sense." (Laughter.) "You don't know what is for your own good—you never did and Mr. Froude has brought it home to us. You may have a great many virtues, and he acknowledges that you have some, but you have no sense at all. We have the sense and the English people have twice as much sense and always had, as you have. They know how to govern you beautifully—sweetly. Leave yourselves entirely in their hands and they will make the finest laws for your own special benefit. They love you like the apple of their eye. They are anxious to see Ireland prosperous, wealthy, rich and powerful; they are very anxious to give you all they have themselves and a great deal more. Mr. Froude says: All you have to do now is to keep yourselves quiet, leave the Parliament where it is and leave the Parliament over there. Let the English members and the Scotch members, who have a sweeping majority—let them make laws for you, and these will be salutary and beautiful laws for Ireland. You don't know anything about your own interests and principles of government; you don't understand your own country." And he expects America, like an ould woman, to send over this advice to Ireland. (Laughter.) It is not with Mr. Froude's facts in detail so much I have to deal as with the spirit of the man. In his reply to my lectures he distinctly states that he does not seek justification for England's past conduct, but that he is here in America to rouse American public opinion against the principle, so dear to Irishmen, that they have and that God has given them the intelligence and capability to make their own laws and to be governed by them. (Applause.) He has traced England's dealings with Ireland, and he has traced them, no doubt in a masterly manner—I wish to God I could do it half as well. (Laughter.) But, my friends, throughout, the leading idea of this historian, clearly manifested and avowed by him, is to bring home to every thinking man in this land the conviction that we Irish did not know how to govern ourselves. He says: "They have had the country in their own hands for centuries, and how did they govern it? The chieftains were harassing the very life out of the people. Ireland was divided into factions; and, indeed," he went on to say, in a manner that does not reflect credit upon the man; "every family in the land had its own independence and governed itself. Ireland was divided into small factions; each faction had its own chieftain, and every chieftain was engaged from Monday morning till Saturday night, including Sunday, in cutting somebody else's throat and getting his people to help it along." According to Mr. Froude, it was a miracle from God that there were a hundred people left in Ireland at the time when there were three, four, and five millions. What would you say, my friends, if I went back to Ireland, or England, after my year's residence in New York, and if I said in a public lecture, "Do you know what life is in New York and Brooklyn? Every family is independent, and every father of a family, with his sons, are engaged every day in cutting their neighbor's throats, and I will give you proof of it in their own newspapers." They tell me that at this moment there are eighteen or twenty men in jail in New York for murder; how in the saloons and drinking places they stab one another, and they shoot one another; they tell us how men are knocked down in the street; how a gentleman from Kentucky walked out of his hotel, and sight not light of him was ever seen again; how the people are barbarians and savages, "worse than the red Indians." Now, I ask you, if I went back to Dublin or London and said these words, how would you feel about it? Would you say I was telling the truth, or would you say, "Oh, Lord I didn't think that Father Tom Burke was such an infernal liar!"—(Laughter.) I assert that there is not a people living more capable of self-government and of making their own laws and living under them than the Irish people to which I belong. (Applause.) And I will prove it from Mr.

A soldier telling his mother of the terrible fire at Chickamanga, was asked by her why did not get behind a tree. "Tree" said he, "there wasn't enough trees for the officers."