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ILLUSTRIOUS SONS OF IRELAND. JUST PUBLISHED.

A New and Beautiful Engraving, "The Illustrious Sons of Ireland," from a Painting by J. Donaghy. This magnificent picture is a work of many years. It comprises the Patriots of Ireland, from Brian Boru to the present time. The grouping of the figures are so arranged and harmoniously blended as to give it that effect which is seldom got by our best artists. It embraces the following well-known portraits:— Brian Boru, Major-General Patrick Sarsfield, Oliver Plunkett, D.D., John Philip Curran, Hugh O'Neil, Thomas Davis, Oliver Goldsmith, Thomas Moore, Archbishop MacHale, Father Mathew, Daniel O'Connell, Wolfe Tone, Edmund Burke, Robert Emmet, Richard Lalor Shiel, Henry Grattan, M.P., William Smith O'Brien, Gerald Griffin, John Mitchell, Rev. T. Burke, O.P.

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THE ROSE OF THE GERALDINES. A LEGEND OF KILDARE.

Bright shone the sun on the noble and ancient city, on the day that fair Aileen Fitzgerald was to pronounce her vows.

The church was crowded with grave matrons and blooming damsels, to witness her profession, for the story of Aileen, and the peculiar circumstances which led to her devoting herself to a religious life were well known.

The solemn rites had commenced, the deep tones of the organ rolled along the vaulted roof, the flowers and the innumerable tapers that graced the high altar were half veiled in fragrant clouds of incense, and Sister Eulalia, the bride Aileen, robed in white and glittering garments, and crowned with roses, was led to the altar's foot by the superioress and the novice-mistress, preceded by twelve fair damsels strewing flowers. The strains of the organ were hushed, and Aileen, kneeling before the Bishop, was about to answer to his solemn abjurations, when lo! a profane and unseemly tumult was heard in the church porch; the next moment the doors were violently thrown open, and loud, wild voices, the clash of swords, the tramp of mailed feet, smote the appalled ears of the faithful, as a troop of soldiers led by Grey, the Lord Deputy, rushed into the Church.

The Deputy, sword in hand, strode up to the altar, his kinsman Eustace at his side.

"Enough! enough!" he cried, in a loud, furious voice, and stamping his mailed heel upon the pavement; "enough of these popish mummeries, these idolatrous rites! In the name of King Henry I bid ye desist. Begone, ye whining priests, your vocation is no more, and nunneries are at an end! Gather your flock about you, Madam Abbess, and go spin, go spin! for this fair damsel, this Aileen Fitzgerald, she is the heiress of many a goodly acre, and her hand and fortunes are therefore doubly at the disposal of our lord the king, and he wills that instead of adding to the swollen revenues of St. Bridget, they should go to reward a valourous knight, even mine own kinsman, Eustace Grey. Why art thou lag-gard, boy? come, seize thy bride!"

It must not be supposed that the Deputy had been permitted uninterruptedly to utter this outrageous language; his words were almost overwhelmed in the tumult that filled the church, the clash of arms, the shrieks of women, the fierce voices of men struggling to drive back the soldiers, who had already commenced to tear down the silver lamps, and were pressing after their leader to the chancel. No available opposition could, however, be offered to the brutal soldiery; the persons who filled the church were mostly women and children, and the few men who were present—burghers and residents of Kildare—were in their ordinary attire, and though not without the weapons which all classes were accustomed to wear in those days, they were in no way prepared for a contest with a body of well-appointed English soldiers. The guilty and miserable Sir Eustace, who had, in fact, suggested this outrage to his kinsman, rushed forward, at his command, to seize Aileen. What could the white-stoled priests, the trembling acolytes do to defend the kneeling maiden? But she was not left without a protector; as

with a brow flushed both shame and joy at his own base triumph, Eustace Grey sprung forward to seize the damsel, he encountered a glance as fierce and more determined than his own. With a sword already dripping with the blood of the English soldiers, who had opposed him as he fought his way towards the chancel, the indignant De Burgh threw himself before Aileen, and attacked Sir Eustace with such impetuosity, that the latter had barely time to ward off with his own sword the desperate lunge of Sir Redmond.

Alas! at that moment Aileen started from her kneeling attitude, the weapon of the recreant Sir Eustace, as it struck aside that of her defender, passed through her bosom, and the innocent victim fell at the altar's foot, with her white garments dyed in blood!

Long weary years have rolled away, many a winter have the rains beat, and the pitiless winds raved through the cloistered halls and dismantled chambers of the nunnery at Kildare; but amid all afflictions, the children of Erin still clung to the broken altars of their faith.

Those were the days in which the atrocious penal laws were first enacted; but though loyalty to the Church was then declared treason to the king, there were two Catholics who were known to abide in a poor hut on the outskirts of the city of Kildare, and who alike in storm and sunshine, by night and day, were in the habit of wandering unmolested about the precincts of the ruined convent.

These persons were adherents of the ancient faith, but neither let nor hindrance did they receive, even from the English governors, who were the fiercest exponents of the new religion. A strangely assorted pair seemed; one of them a grave, melancholy man, scarce past the season of youth, the other bearing the appearance of extreme old age—the bowed and wasted form, the attenuated features, the silvered hair.

In their visits to the decaying convent, the steps of this person were wont to be feeble and slow, and he would lean heavily on the arm of his companion. They had two places of especial resort among the ruins; one was to a plain stone cross erected over a grave in what had once been the cemetery of the convent, the other was to a particular spot in the chancel, where the pavement had a grisly stain of blood, a stain which it was said neither time nor water could efface.

On entering the ruined church, or on approaching the lowly grave, the white-haired man had been sometimes seen to be fearfully excited, to throw off all appearance of age, to abandon the supporting arm of his companion, and cast away the staff on which he was wont to lean.

Then would the wretched creature cast himself on the ensanguined pavement, and wash it with his tears, or, prostrate on the grave, kiss the cold soil, and passionately clamor for pardon from the dead! Ever after these paroxysms, his feebleness would be more depressing than before, so that his companion was oftentimes compelled to obtain assistance to convey him to their house, a poor hut, not far from the convent, where they both led the lives of ascetics.

This white-haired man was mad; he had been smitten with madness amid his remorse for a terrible crime: but his companion, who never abandoned him, who soothed his frenzy and cheered him when his disease took the form of a despairing melancholy, was reported to be a most devout and holy man.

How sorely must his Christian patience and charity have been tried by that weary, that seemingly endless duty which he had undertaken; his own dark locks were almost bleached to silver, and still the maniac lived, lived to be each day a greater trial to his companion, who, on his part, never murmured at his task; the only fear he expressed was lest his own summons should precede that of his wretched charge. "For what would become of my poor brother," he said, "should it please our Lord to call me hence? Who knoweth his sufferings as I do? who will tend or care for him when I am gone?"

This affliction was spared to that generous and compassionate soul. The maniac, who was no other than Sir Eustace Grey, expired somewhat suddenly on one of his visits to the mortal remains of sweet Aileen Fitzgerald.

Then Redmond de Burgh, who had so faithfully kept the promise he had made to Aileen on the night before her profession, and had tended, in his misery and remorse, his greatest enemy, the slayer of that innocent damsel, was free to put in practice the cherished purpose of his soul; and hopeless to heal the wounds of his unhappy country, he took shipping for Italy, and died some years afterwards, in the Franciscan monastery of Paria, greatly noted for his sanctity.

As to the unhappy Sir Eustace, from the day that Aileen died, the light of reason never

visited his brain, not even in the hour of his own death; but in the distraction of that erring soul was an infinity of horror and remorse.

Truly this was a great sinner—but who shall set bounds to that mercy which is boundless? the daily prayer of the man whom he had so cruelly wronged was that he might be forgiven.

To be forgiven of our sins let us all ever humbly pray.

THE HISTORY OF A WALKING-CANE.

BY T. C. LEWIS.

One Christmas eve I looked in as usual on my friends, the Mortons, who then lived in a comfortable old red brick house in the suburbs, with its little lawn and those aged elms guarding each gable, where a few crows occupied nests in complete security, as much domesticated as any other members of the family. The lads, I found, had sole possession of the back parlor; Jack stretched on the hearth-rug, smoking a briar-root up the chimney (for papa had dined in town and would not be home until late), and Tom in an equestrian attitude astride a chair, looking like Baron Munchausen after the hinder extremity of his horse had been cut off by the portculis, and who, leaning over its back, was carving on the head of a blackthorn stick a profile strongly resembling a rhinoceros, but which he asserted was a striking likeness of his elder brother.

Presently the door opened, and in came the girls, Laura and Eliza, who had been superintending the toilet of their younger sister Lucy, who was going out to an evening party at a neighboring friend's house. The elder girls did not care to go—their lovers were not to be there—but looked as amiable as if they were present; while Lucy, the youngest, was as perfectly charming as pretty sixteen in a new and tasteful costume could possibly be. I had just communicated this impression, when Lucy cried, glancing at her white robe and cherry-colored sash, "Who has a pin—dear Laura, find me one, and settle this bow, which has annoyingly got loose. Both girls instantly glanced at and ran their fingers over their corsets in search of such articles, which are frequently found in such parts of ladies' domestic costume. Eliza even tried the back of her dress for one, but it hooked and eyed—not a pin to be had.

"Well," said Laura, "I wonder what on earth can become of all the pins we buy?—Robert, have you one?" she added, addressing her brother, who had just entered (he was the studious, stay-at-home brother, with the pimply face and straight hair, shoes, etc., etc.)—"Forthwith Robert took occasion to go into the statistics of the subject; he stated the number of tons of pins annually manufactured in the British Isles—a number so great that if placed horizontally end to end they would form a circle equal to the boundary of the county of Middlesex, and if placed end on end would constitute with the earth one side of a right-angled triangle, which"—

"Hold your tongue," cried Lucy, "we don't want a lecture on such nonsense; try in the back of your dress, Eliza." But that young lady replied confidently, "Don't you see it's my blue muslin, which hook-and-eyes?"

On this Tom, hearing the last reference, was complimentary enough to say, "that the visual organs of some girls he had met were both hooks and eyes; adding as an after-thought—"By Jove! if I could only whip the river yonder with such tackle, what a bag I should make, to be sure!"

Here Mary, the large confidential girl or housekeeper, who had helped to nurse most of those present, who had meanwhile been rung for, entering, produced the required article, arranged the crimson bow, stood back a step admiringly and smilingly to survey her young mistress, whom she proceeded to cloak and escort to the friend's house, near hand, where the party was given, and where a line of cabs were drawn up opposite the illuminated drawing room.

When they were gone, Tom said: "You asked a while ago where all the pins go to. I wonder, apropos of this I am carrying, where all our canes and walking sticks disappear. I am always losing or having one stolen. People think even less of appropriating a stick than an umbrella." "A fruitful subject of speculation," said Robert, running his fingers through his straight hair. "None more interesting, indeed, than that which offers to our consideration the influence which opinion has exercised on the moral sense of mankind."

"Just so," said Tom, "and we will permit you to evolve your reflections on this matter in a monologue of any length you choose in your private room. Nay, if you stop talking like a school exercise, you may stay, while some of us relate the history of our various walking-canes—without entering into the philosophy of those articles."

"How many sticks have you possessed?" "Several," I said.

"Give us a history of one of them—I mean of the associations connected with some bamboo or blackthorn—will you?"

I reflected a few moments—we had gathered about the fire by this time—and while Miss Eliza was preparing tea, said:

"Well, I'll give you the history of the first walking stick with which any permanent recollections of mine are connected."

"Don't begin too early," said Tom, who for some time had discarded the juvenile's jacket for the frock coat of adolescence. "Let the first chapter open after you left school, at any rate."

"Just the period I am about to begin with," I said, and went on. "I was just sixteen when I finally quitted boyhood and Dr. Hammond's school, where I had been preparing for entrance examination, and arrived at home for the last time, resolved to be a man from that forward. It was midsummer, and my uncle Podgers had come over from London to visit his relatives and make a tour through this country. As he was sixty, a bachelor, and tolerably rich, we all paid him marked attentions; in short, so comfortable had he been made that he deferred his departure from day to day, and his vacation was nearly up.

One evening, several hours after dinner, and when the third bottle of port, produced for the occasion, was decanted, my father whose talk had become intermittent, and whose eyes often closed from weariness and wine, presently fell fast asleep in his great chair, and it was not without elation I found that the duty of acting the host devolved on me. Accordingly I pushed the decanter about the while I narrated some of my school experiences to Uncle Podgers, who was a large, heavy sort of man, always attired in black, with big bilious eyes, in which a hazel light of good humor occasionally sparkled; dewlaps and two patches of whisker, which, extending in promonotories under his cheek-bones, suddenly sloped off, disappearing in a point at the lobes of each ear. His shirt-front was of immense capacity, nor did the memory of the human race extend back to the period where more than the three under buttons of his waistcoat inclosed his portly chest in that garment.

"During the first couple of glasses I confined myself to an account of my studies, modestly alluding to the prizes I had taken, during which his only remark was, 'Ah, yes! Good; very well, indeed;' and merely took an occasional sip of the old port. With the fifth and sixth glasses, however, I diverged wholly from such subjects; gave him a dashing account of our escapades to the orchard walls for some miles around our classic abode, and also of the famous barring out, in which I had taken a leading part at which during the previous summer; a narrative I was hardly less surprised to find myself roaring with laughter than to see the old fellow's fat sides shaking with restrained emotion. He was delighted, for I had recalled his youth, and he began to drink two glasses to my one. Our noise awoke my father, but he soon relapsed, and I continued my adventures in a lower tone, until the wine had vanished. For some time before that I had seen Uncle Podgers fumbling at his note-book under the leaf of the table, then replace it in his pocket; with eyebrows raised, glanced furtively at something in his hand which closed firmly, he stretched out on the mahogany, and laughed, as I went on, more exuberantly than before, while he asked short, chatty questions, such as, 'Well, lad, and what did the doctor say to that, eh?' etc. The contents of our last glass had disappeared, when glancing at my father, he arose and seized my hand, into which he thrust something crisp merely saying:— 'This for books, my lad; shuffled into the hall, seized a candle, and with the help of the banister, made his way to his room, chuckling all the way. When I unfolded the bit of paper I found it was a ten-pound note.

"It is hardly necessary to say that I hadn't attained my sixteenth year without having been in love. Long before I went to school I had felt an attraction for little Lizzie Walters, aged eight, for whom I exhausted my pocket money in taffy and tarts, and who once reciprocated by making over to me two of her brother's pegging-tops in a corner of their garden. Other affections, manifested through the agency of confectionary, followed, but it was reserved for far Edith Brown, aged fifteen, to intensify the poetry of my being into a state which the daily presentation of a nosegay could only satisfy. This, you see, was a decided advance—tulips instead of taffy, and roses instead of raspberry jam. She was indeed very pretty; large dark azure eyes, abundant fair hair, and one of those slight and graceful figures which, for some reason still unknown to me, poets are accustomed to compare to that of the antelope. But at the time I allude to I should certainly never have thought of comparing that divine girl to a quadruped. We had long been neigh-

bors, but it was only after that ball in which she appeared in blue gauze, and where I danced with her five times, that she absorbed all my thoughts. After that event I of course walked frequently, up to unseasonable hours at night, past her residence, on the chance of seeing, no—not her charming face, but even the light of her bed-chamber candle through the blind; returning in a pleasing yet unsatisfactory phase of mind home, where the servant, blinking and irritated at being kept up so late, was accustomed to declare her conviction in the hall that I must be learning to smoke, and was so on the brink of ruin. I laughed at the kind woman's simplicity. Tobacco, indeed! I indulge in a practice abhorrent to a syphilitic nature, by whom the new-born violet alone was worthy of being inhaled? Well, you understand my condition, I see. The window was unfortunately invisible from mine, but happily the chimney of the house in which she lived was a distinct object on moonlight nights, and one of passionate attraction; though separated by dark destiny, it was near her—I could see it; we were still in rapport. Nay, from no other similar piece of architecture, I aver, did the smoke rise in such fair and graceful folds. When absent from her I was but half, when present, double myself—that is, when we met daily for a walk on the Mall; and this brings me back to the initial idea of my narrative. But a small part of my uncle's money was expended in classical books, instead of which I purchased, one day I went to town, a gorgeous album, price three guineas, for which she had shown a liking, and a golden-headed bamboo cane for myself—not to speak of the most expensive pot of pomatum which money could purchase. The cane I considered an elegant and indispensable adjunct to our summer promenades. It was not until a year after that I found out-of-door work impossible without an eye-glass.

"In those delightful noontide walks on the Mall with, I may now say, my Edith, and, of course, the gold-headed cane, our conversation was not, perhaps, very brilliant. We, however, talked Byron (whom I now studied instead of the inspired Latin verses associated with classics and canes which have no gold heads), and sighed frequently when we had nothing to say, which was not seldom. When exchanging ideas about the 'Corsair' and 'Bride of Abydos' with this lovely being in a white frock, scarf and broad-leaved Tuscan hat, how contemptible did my boyhood appear. To love and be loved! I smiled at my puerile state a year—ay, a month before, and courteously but firmly dissociated myself from my rude hobnobbing companions. I—I was a man now, and how could such as they enter into feeling. I have heard my father say to my mother, who smiled serenely, 'How manly, my dear, Jack is becoming.' But though he did not, I think, detect the cause, my giggling young sister soon found it out. But I giving a history of a sentiment, not a stick. To return, then.

"At first I thought Edith had no other lover than I. Judge my amazement, my indignation, at finding her walking one day with Mark Robson—who thought it manly to smoke cigars on the sly after nightfall and short pipes in the stable of his father, who was a wealthy corn-merchant—a fellow, too, who was not certainly a month my senior. Yes, there was Mark walking talking to my charmer in a voice hoarse beyond his years.

"I hope, Miss Brown," I overheard him say as I came up, 'that you enjoyed yourself at our ball last night.'

"Oh, very much, indeed. I passed a delightful evening," said Edith.

"I don't care much for balls," said Mark. "but I liked that one—for you were there."

"Oh!" said Edith, looking down.

"At that instant I appeared in the presence of the guilty pair. Edith colored, and Mark, after nodding carelessly to me, took the liberty of re-arranging the light scarf which the summer wind had blown from her fair shoulder.— This was too much.

"Mr. Robson," I said, 'attentions of the character just observed are considered by me as a liberty taken with this young lady, sir, and an impertinence. You understand, sir.— Between men of honor,' I resumed, 'there is but one issue for an affair of this sort.'

"Go to the deuce," said he.

"Hardly were the words uttered when my anger at finding another on terms of familiarity with the angel who had for several weeks been my exclusive company, and at his language in her presence, brought the gold-headed cane into violent contact with his—hat, I believe it was. Then commenced a combat which lasted some minutes; blood flowed on both sides; a crowd gathered, separated us, and bore us away in opposite directions, and a lady friend appearing was just in time to prevent Edith from fainting. And, alas! that was the last occasion on which I saw either her or my gold-headed bamboo, which some one had made off with during the melee; while Edith was next