



CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

VOL. XXIII.

MONTREAL, FRIDAY, NOV. 29, 1872.

NO. 16

BOOKS FOR NOVEMBER.

- THE CATHOLIC WORLD. Contents:—Centres of Thought in the Past—II.; Fleurbaey; The Poor Ploughman; A Dark Chapter in English History; The Progressionists; The Virgin; The Homeless Poor of New York City; The House that Jack Built; Where are You Going? Number Thirteen; Use and Abuse of the Novel; Review of Vaughan's Life of St. Thomas; To S. Mary Magdalen; God's Acre; Personal Recollections of the Late President Jaurez of Mexico; New Publications, etc. Price 45 cts. MAURESA; or, The Spiritual Exercises of St. Ignatius. For General Use. New edition. Cloth. 1 50 THE COMMANDMENTS and Sacraments Explained in Fifty-two Discourses. By the Right Rev. Dr. Hornihold. 1 vol. Cloth. 2 00 LIFE AND SPEECHES OF DANIEL O'CONNELL, M.P. Illustrated. One vol. Green and Gold. 2 00 THE COUNCIL OF THE VATICAN, and the Events of the Time. By Thomas Canon Pope, Priest of the Archdiocese of Dublin. One vol. Cloth. 2 00 WAS ST. PETER EVER AT ROME? Authentic Report of the Discussion held in Rome on the evenings of the 9th and 10th of February, 1872, between Catholic Priests and Evangelical Ministers, on the Coming of St. Peter to Rome. Paper. 0 25

NOW READY,

Our New and Complete Catalogue. Will be mailed free to any address, on application.

D. & J. SAILLER & CO., Montreal.

FAITHFUL AND BRAVE.

AN ORIGINAL STORY.

(From the Dublin Weekly Freeman)

CHAPTER VI.

It was a sultry July morning, the last Aylmer Courtenay was to spend at Oakfield. The hot sun poured waves of heat upon the earth, stealing from the fresh flowers their pride of growth. Not a sound broke the stillness but the hum of insects in the grass, and nothing moved except the long, bright dragon fly, gleaming in the sun like golden filigree. The sheep even had sheltered beneath the spreading chestnut trees. Not a breath rustled the leaves; the air was heavy with perfume, and the very ground seemed throbbing with the heat.

Kate and Eda had taken work, or, as Harry called it, "the mullin to torture," to their favorite haunt—the cool little shaded summer house.—There Mark Bindon and Aylmer Courtenay followed them, the latter to say farewell; for the last time to steal blissful moments of forgetfulness from the stern realities of life; for the last time to gaze on the pure childish face so beautiful to him.

Sadly Aylmer was coming down the shrubbery walk to say "Good-bye," for the lonely student knew that in the dreary moments when thought cannot be banished Eda Hamilton's image would rise up before him. He dreaded those moments, which must inevitably come, when the broad light fades and shadows steal with gentle step to shroud the day's hard worldly thoughts. Well he knew that the twilight hour is consecrated to the absent one, or else rendered as a sweet sad sacrifice to the dead. As the evening yields its perfumed incense heavenwards, so would his affection turn to the font from which it sprung, and conjure up the form of little Eda, with all her witcheries of artless grace, to make his home more desolate than ever by the very contrast. Yes, Aylmer Courtenay dreaded the hour when his heart must cry out in a maddening uncontrollable longing for the presence of Eda Hamilton.

As the gentlemen approached the summer-house they heard Eda saying, "It was a strange dream, and so poetical; but it requires thinking over to understand its meaning."

"Talking of dreams, ladies," interrupted Aylmer, as he bent his head to enter the low doorway; "may I hear it also? I am too often a dreamer myself not to feel interest in the dreams of others."

"You shall hear it," replied Eda. "Now, Katie, begin without any circumlocution."

"Mr. Courtenay, I dreamt it was a beautiful autumn day, and I sat beside a babbling brook, which wound its way through an uncultivated garden. The flowers were all tangled in wild confusion, the rich blossoms mingled their gorgeous hues with delicate fragile ferns, like some wondrous piece of ancient tapestry. A soft, velvet mossy bank sloped to the water's edge, and there I sat, leaning my head upon my hand, watching in the distance a field of ripe corn waving in the September wind. For a long time I pondered upon God's glorious works, then I drifted off into thoughts of fate and destiny. My fancy wove a net of dreams, waiting me far above the present life of care.

While thus I mused, to a branch close by there flew a bird, a plain brown bird, such as one sees on a snowy day, but one from whose throat no melody has ever gushed to charm the list'ners ear. Yet that bird was a gentle thing, with a soft, wistful eye and a pleading look that made it lovable. It hopped close to my hand, and as I did not stir, with a twittering cry it fluttered to my arms, and, nestling there, seemed to claim a refuge. I was so surprised that for a time I let it rest, but then I quickly exclaimed, "You ugly bird, without even a note of music, to win pity or protection, why do you come to me? I don't want you," and saying those pitiless words, I flung it hard upon the ground. There was no spark of mercy in my soul. I was deaf to the kindly voice of nature, which always prompts to charitable deeds. There are times, I think, when we all prove false to noble instincts. For a minute the poor bird lay stunned, then dragged, for it could never fly again, its way to a bush and crept underneath it to die. I could not forget it. One reproachful look took possession of my mind, to haunt me wherever I turned. When I awoke this morning, tears were on my cheek."

For a moment or so there was silence in the little summer-house, and when Kate looked up Mark's dark eyes were fixed mournfully upon her. "Kate, I will interpret your dream," he said. "Poised on a peak of pride, so high above this earth in which you should revolve, you sometimes lose yourself in altitude, letting the real good pass by. Many a friend would be yours whose inner worth would far surpass in value all that superficial gloss which gains a passing friend, did you not too often judge by outward appearances."

"I am positive you wrong Miss Vere, Mark," hastily interposed Courtenay. "She is the last person I could ever fancy lacking discernment. I should fancy her, at all risks, standing by her friends, Faithful and Brave to the end."

Kate rose, and, extending her hand to Mr. Courtenay, "You do me justice, and should you ever need a friend, you will find that I am not swayed by outward appearances. Now, good-bye," and with that she quitted the summer-house.

Mark lingered, uncertain how to act, whether to follow Kate and atone for his sarcastic speech, or let matters take their course. He ended in leisurely sauntering towards the house being "in no humor to assist Courtenay in mounting his political hobby horse."

For a few minutes there was an embarrassing silence before Aylmer told Eda he had come to bid her good-bye, and in doing so tried to steel his voice, not to let it falter. He tried hard to assume a careless manner before the girl he loved. His Irish pride whispered "Be a man." His common sense reminded him of his poverty, and the heavy mortgages upon what Lady Bindon had termed "his father's place in Galway." His advantages and disadvantages grouped themselves in review before him. He knew that he had brains in plenty, but finances at the ebb, and dearly-bought wisdom told him a brainless pauper is quite as much esteemed as an intellectual pauper. How dare he tell Colonel Hamilton's daughter and heiress of his undying love. What would that gullant colonel say to a pauper suing for his daughter's hand, and that pauper a papist. As well dare he covet the Koochi-noor, so rare and priceless. Sitting there, he knew she loved him. The ingenuous simplicity of that childish nature made acting an impossibility. Innocence rendered her secret transparent.—Honor, then, must govern the impulse of the man, that impulse which would have made him gather her into his arms, and call her "his darling, his own."

"I did not know you were going so soon," said Eda, with a ring of sadness in her voice. "I did not think you would go for another week, at least. Will I not see you before I leave Ireland? Papa has given me leave to stay until the beginning of October. Harry will return to his ship then, and he is to bring me home. You will surely come out to Oakfield soon to see Mark?"

"I must return to town to-day, Miss Hamilton, I cannot afford to be idle, I am one of the hewers of wood and drawers of water," he added, with a hollow semblance of mirth in his voice. "The shadow of success lies before me, and I must strive to convert it into a reality. Dreaming day dreams will not accomplish anything for me."

Brave words, Aylmer, brave words, while your heart is aching so sorely. The honor of a braver man than Aylmer Courtenay would have wavered upon looking at the little pale face before him. Eda Hamilton was no strong-minded woman to trample down her emotions; or to hide them away from sight; the very effort to control her agitation made it the more apparent.

Again he looked at her, then rose, and for a moment leaned against the doorway, his hand

clutching fiercely at the fragile honeysuckle boughs. For the first time in his life he proved himself to be a coward. He thought of those heavy mortgages, and that incumbered place in Galway, and stifled down the words surging to his lips.

He turned to her, and eye to eye, soul to soul, they stood. "Miss Hamilton," and his voice came huskily, "I must go now. I dare not stay. Were I to remain longer in Oakfield I would dream, a bright unattainable dream, which could never be realised. It is better that I do not return. Now, Eda, for once Eda, bid me God speed."

Poor child, poor motherless child! she looked in his face and saw the intense love glowing there, and though words trembled on her white lips no sound came from them. She put out her little slender hands, and he took them in his, but shivered at their coldness on that broiling summer day.

He bent his head towards her; "Once more, good-bye Eda. Eda, say good-bye, Aylmer."

Slowly she repeated it after him, like one stunned, "Good-bye, Aylmer." She was barely conscious of his passionate "God bless you, my darling," when she heard his footsteps die away in the distance, as he hastily left the little summer-house.

(To be Continued.)

FATHER BURKE'S LECTURE

ON THE

"Norman Invasion of Ireland."

THE FIRST LECTURE IN ANSWER TO MR. FROUDE.

IRISH GOVERNMENT AND IRISH LAWS IN THE DAYS OF OLD.—THE ENGLISH FALSIFIERS REPUTED FROM ENGLISH AUTHORITIES.—GRAND VINDICATION OF THE IRISH PEOPLE.—SERFDOM UNKNOWN IN IRELAND.—MORALITY AMONG THE NORMANS.—CONDITION OF THE SAXONS UNDER THEIR CONQUERORS.—IRISH HISTORY FROM AN IRISH STANDPOINT.

(From the N. Y. Metropolitan Record.)

The first of the Very Rev. Father Burke's lectures in answer to Mr. Froude, was delivered in the Academy of Music on last Tuesday evening, November 12. The subject of the lecture was "The Norman Invasion," the Reverend lecturer having decided to take the same periods of history, as divided under the same heads by Mr. Froude. The full report which we give below is a masterly and crushing reply to the distorted historical assertions made by Mr. Froude in dealing with the same period, and will well repay perusal by every lover of the truth.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN.—It is a strange fact that the old battle that has been raging for seven hundred years should continue so far away from the old land. The question on which I am come to speak to you this evening has been disputed in many a Parliament—one that has been disputed on many a well-fought field, and is not yet decided—the question between England and Ireland. (Applause.) Amongst the visitors to America who came over this year, there was one gentleman distinguished in Europe for his style of writing and for his historical knowledge—the author of several works which have created a profound sensation, at least for their originality. Mr. Froude has frankly stated that he came over to this country to deal with England and with the Irish question, viewing it from an English standpoint; that, like a true man, he came to America to make the best case that he could for his own country; that he came to state that case to an American public, as to a grand jury, and to demand a verdict from them—the most extraordinary that was ever yet demanded from any people—namely: the declaration that England was right in the manner in which she has treated my native land for seven hundred years! (Applause.) It seems, according to this learned gentleman, that we Irish have been badly treated—that he confesses; but he puts in, as a plea, that we only got what we deserved.—(Laughter and applause.) "It is true," he says, "that we have governed them badly. The reason is: because it was impossible to govern them rightly. It is true that we have robbed them. The reason is: because it was a pity to leave them their own they made such a bad use of it; it is true we have persecuted them; the reason is: persecution was a fashion of the time and the order of the day. On these pleas there is not a criminal in prison to-day in the United States that should not instantly get his freedom by acknowledging his crime and pleading some extenuating circumstance. Our ideas about Ireland have been all wrong it seems. Seven hundred years ago the exigencies of the time demanded the foundation of a strong British Empire; in order to do this, Ireland had to be conquered, and Ireland was conquered. Since that time the one ruling idea in the English mind has been to do all the good that they could for the Irish. Their legislation and their action has not always been

tender, but it has been always beneficent.—They sometimes were severe but they were severe to us for our own good, and the difficulty of England has been that the Irish during these long hundreds of years; never understood their own interests or knew what was for their own good. Now, the American mind is enlightened and henceforth no Irishman must complain of the past in this new light in which Mr. Froude puts it before us. Now, the amiable gentleman tells us what has been our fate in the past he greatly fears we must reconcile ourselves to in the future. He comes to tell us his version of the history of Ireland, and he also comes to solve Ireland's difficulty, and to lead us out of all the miseries that have been our lot for hundreds of years. When he came many persons questioned what was the motive or the reason of his coming? I have heard people speaking all around me, and assigning to the learned gentleman this motive or that. Some people said he was an emissary of the English Government; that they sent him here because they were beginning to be afraid of the rising power of Ireland in this great nation; that they saw here eight millions of Irishmen by birth, and perhaps fourteen millions by descent; and that they knew enough of the Irish to realize that the Almighty God blessed them always with an extraordinary power, not only to preserve themselves, but to spread themselves until in a few years, not fourteen, but fifty millions of descendants of Irish blood and of Irish race will be in this land. (Great applause.) According to those who thus surmise, England wants to check the sympathy of the American people for their Irish fellow-citizens, and it was considered that the best way to effect this was to send a learned man with a plausible story to this country—a man with a singular power of viewing facts in the light in which he wishes himself to view them and put them before others; a man with the extraordinary power of so mixing up these facts that many simple-minded people will look upon them, as he puts them before them, as true, and whose mission it was to alienate the mind of America from Ireland to-day by showing what an impracticable, obstinate, accursed race we are. (Laughter.)

Others, again, surmised that the learned gentleman came for another purpose: they said "England is in the hour of her weakness; she is tottering fast, and visibly to her ruin; the disruption of that old empire is visibly approaching, she is to-day cut off, without an ally in Europe. Her army a cipher, her fleet nothing—according to Mr. Reade, a great authority on this question—nothing to be compared to the rival fleet of the great Russian power now growing up. When France was paralyzed by her late defeat, England lost her best ally. The three Emperors in their meeting the other day, contemptuously ignored her, and they settled the affairs of the world, without as much as mentioning the name of that kingdom, which was once so powerful. Her resources of coal and iron are failing; her people are disheartened, and she is showing every sign of decay." Thus did some people argue that England was anxious for an American alliance, for they said, "What would be more natural than that the old tottering empire should seek to lean on the strong, mighty, vigorous young arm of America?" (Applause.)

I have heard others say that the gentleman came over to this country on the invitation of a little clique of sectarian bigots—(laughter)—in this country. Men, who, feeling that the night of religious bigotry and sectarian bitterness is fast coming to a close before the increasing light of American intelligence and education—(applause)—who would fain prolong the darkness for an hour or two, by whatever help Mr. Froude could lend them.

But I protest to you gentlemen here to-night, that I have heard all these motives assigned to this learned man, without giving them the least attention. I believe Mr. Froude's motives to be simple, straightforward, honorable and patriotic. (Applause.) I am willing to give him credit for the highest motives, and I consider him perfectly incapable of lending himself to any base or sordid proceedings, from a base or sordid motive. (Applause.) But as the learned gentleman's motives have been so freely canvassed and criticised—and I believe, indeed, in many cases, misinterpreted, so my own motives in coming here to-night may be perhaps also misinterpreted and misunderstood unless I state them clearly and plainly. As he has been said to come as an emissary of the English Government, so I may be said perhaps, to appear as an emissary of rebellion and revolution. As he is supposed by some to have the sinister motives of alienating the American mind from the Irish citizenship of the States, so I may be suspected of endeavoring to excite religious or political hatred. Now I protest these are not my motives; I come here to-night simply to vindicate the honor of Ireland in her history. (Enthusiastic cheering.) I

come here to-night lest any man should think that in this our day, or in any day, Ireland is to be left without a son who will speak for the mother that bore him. (Renewed cheering.)

And, first of all, I hold that Mr. Froude is unfit for the task that he has undertaken, for three great reasons: First, because I find in the writings of this learned gentleman that he has solemnly and emphatically declared that he dispairs of ever finding a remedy for Ireland, and he gives it up as a bad job. (Laughter.) Here are his words, written in one of his essays a few years ago: "The present hope," he says, "is that by assiduous justice, that is to say, by conceding everything that the Irish please to ask, we shall disarm that enmity and convince them of our good will. It may be so; there are persons sanguine enough to hope that the Irish will be so moderate in what they demand, and the English so liberal in what they grant, that at least we shall fling ourselves into each other's arms in tears of mutual forgiveness. (Laughter.) I do not share that expectation. (Renewed laughter.) It is more likely that they will push their importunities until, at last, we turn upon them and refuse to yield further. And there will be a struggle once more, and either emigration to America will increase in volume until it has carried the entire race beyond our reach, or in some shape or other they will again have to be coerced into submission."

Banish them or coerce them! There is the true Englishman speaking. "My only remedy," he emphatically says, "my only hope, my only prospect of a future for Ireland is, let them go to America; have done with the race altogether, and give us an Ireland at least such as we have labored to make it for seven hundred years, a desert and a solitude. (Applause.) Or if they remain at home they will have to be coerced into submission." I hold that that man has no right to come to America to tell the American people and the Irish in America that he can cast the burlesque of Ireland's future. He ought to be ashamed to do it after uttering such words.

The second reason why I say he is unfit for the task of describing Irish history is because of his contempt for the Irish people. "The original sin of the Englishman has ever been his contempt for the Irish. It lies deep, though dormant, in the heart of almost every Englishman. The average Englishman despises the Irishman, and looks down upon him as a being almost inferior in nature. Now, I speak not from prejudice, but from an intercourse of years, for I have lived among them. I have known Englishmen, amiable and generous, charming characters, who would not for the whole world wrong willfully a feeling of contempt in their hearts for any one, much less express it in words, yet I have seen them manifest in a thousand forms that contempt for the Irish which seems to be their very nature. (A voice: "True.") I am sorry to say that I cannot make any exception amongst the Protestants and Catholics of England in this feeling. I mention this not to excite animosity or to create bad blood or bitter feeling; no. I protest this is not my meaning. But I mention this because I am convinced it lies at the very root of this antipathy and of that hatred between the English and Irish, which seems to be incurable, and I verily believe that until that feeling is destroyed, you never can have cordial union between these two countries, and the only way to destroy it is by raising Ireland through justice and by home legislation, that she will attain such a position, that she will enforce and command the respect of her English fellow-subjects. (Applause.) Mr. Froude, himself, who, I am sure, is incapable of any ungenerous sentiment towards any man or any people, is an actual living example of that feeling of contempt of which I speak. In November, 1856, this learned gentleman addressed a Scottish assembly in Edinburgh; the subject of his address was, "The Effect of the Protestant Reformation upon Scottish character." According to him, it made the Scotch the finest people on the face of the earth. Originally fine, they never got their last touch that made them as it were archangels—amongst men, until the holy hand of John Knox touched them. (Laughter and applause.) On that occasion the learned gentleman introduced himself to his Scottish audience in the following words: "I have undertaken," he says, "to speak this evening on the effects of the Reformation in Scotland and I consider myself a very bold person to have come here on any such undertaking; in the first place the subject is one with which it is presumptuous for a stranger to meddle. Great national movements can only be understood properly by the people whose disposition they represent. We see ourselves by our own history that Englishmen only can properly comprehend it. It is the same with every considerable nation that works out their own political and national lives through tempers and humors and passions, peculiar to themselves, and the same disposition which produces the result is required to interpret it after-