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FAITHFUL AND BRAVE.

AN ORIGINAL STORY.

(From the Dublin Weekly Freeman)

CHAPTER VII.—(Continued from Dec. 6.)

"You ridiculous boy," laughed Kate, "you have spoiled my morning's practice." Then, with womanly tact, thinking Harry wished for a tea-tete with Eda, she resumed her seat at the piano, and commenced "Alice, where art thou?"
"Sailing round the Moon," shouted Harry, then turning to Eda he said; "I wonder what keeps our postman so late to-day. 'Ah, William, where art thou?' would be a much more appropriate burden for my lay, as I am anxious about some letters."
"Talk of angels and you will see their wings," laughed Kate as the tardy postman came in sight.
"Well then Katie, as you have soared to the celestial regions, hurry Cupid's Mercury, so that I may dance to the tune of 'Haste to the Wedding' before I leave Oakfield," and Harry bounded through the window to seize the post-bag, "A letter for you, Birdie, from the governor; a jolly big one for me, but nothing for Lady Kate, who must console herself with the papers."
"Any news, Eda?"
"No, Kate; papa is still in dusty Alder-shot. I think he wants me home again, though he will not confess to loneliness. Still, listen to the conclusion of his letter: 'If my little girl wrote a line to me every day, it would not be too often to please her fond father.—RYAN HAMILTON.' Poor papa," sighed Eda, as she replaced the letter in its envelope, "does he think my love for him will vanish in twelve hours that he wants daily accounts of it? If he did not write to me, or see me for twelve years, I would be just as fond of him as ever, provided his silence was unavoidable; for I know how dearly he loves me."
Harry, having finished his letter, went off as he had come, snapping his fingers to the dogs, and whistling merrily.
Kate was still reading, and Eda followed her example. But a deep, ominous silence reigned in that room—a dense, a fearful stillness hung there—the unnatural calm, the harbinger of tempest. On read Kate, on read Eda, but her hand tightened on the carved arm of the sofa until the rough wood dented the delicate flesh. There, rigid as turned to stone, she sat, eagerly reading that morning's newspaper. Why was it that her hand clenched? Why did the blue eyes scan the page so rapidly? What was the terrible fear which made her brain whirl and her heart stand still? What woe could an Irish morning paper bring to her? What was the despairing agony which wrung her very soul to its foundation? "Kate," she gasped, then one long, wailing moan broke from her pallid lips. Her hand relaxed, and the paper which had come from the outer world to bring her such sorrow fluttered to the ground. Kate sprang to her feet. "Good gracious, Eda, what is the matter with you, darling? Look up; do you hear me, Eda?"
She looked up, and Kate was terrified at the sight of the drawn, haggard face. Was it pos-

sible that Eda, in all the glory of her bright beauty, could look thus? "Kate, it is all there," and her voice seemed to choke her as she pointed to the paper.
Kate seated herself on the sofa, and drawing Eda to her said, "I do not understand you. Be calm, my darling, and explain what you mean. What did you see in the paper? Tell me, or show it to me, and I will read it." She lifted the paper from the carpet, and read the following article, to which Eda mechanically pointed:—
"It has long been evident to the thoughtful that we tremble on the eve of some seditious outburst. But no one, we will venture to say, has ever imagined others besides insane patriots or foreign agents, as destitute of principle as of funds, would become involved in the baneful vortex of Fenianism. It is, therefore, with the deepest regret we state the following facts upon unquestionable authority:—A gentleman, whose name is well known amongst the literati of Dublin, and whose reputation has penetrated far beyond the limits of the sister kingdom, has for some time past been suspected of entertaining views calculated to undermine English rule in Ireland. His articles for the at first attracted attention by their nerve and power, but latterly it has been painfully apparent to his well-wishers, that the genius, which once shed lustre on our time-honored university, has been lamentably perverted. It will bring sorrow to many warm-hearted admirers of his journalistic abilities, when they learn that the once gifted pen is now infected with the subtle poison of treason. We did not at first wish to give credence to the charge brought against a gentleman richly endowed with brilliant talents, and belonging to a family of high social position in one of our western counties. However, the wish to spare the feelings of private individuals cannot interfere with the demands of public justice, and it will soon be a sad, but imperative necessity that the gentleman's name with full particulars be given to our readers. If the charge brought against him be substantiated, he will be consigned, for no doubt a lengthened period, to languish in an English dungeon. From rumor it is inferred the gentleman has made his escape, and probably now seeks refuge among the mountain fastnesses of Wicklow. But of course such an attempt at escape is utterly futile, as our active and incomparable constabulary have, it is believed, an undoubted clue to his whereabouts."
"Well, Eda, what on earth are you thinking of? Is this the article you wished me to read? You have made some mistake; this is only about a person suspected of Fenianism. Show me where you meant, dear?"
"That is the place, you are not wrong.—Only a person suspected of Fenianism, and that person is Aylmer Courtenay. Oh Aylmer, my love, my love, they are chasing you about like some poor hunted animal."
"You love Aylmer Courtenay!" ejaculated Kate in utter amazement.
"Ahl! yes, I see you are astonished at me loving him," and rising excitedly from her seat, she confronted her cousin. "Yes, you wonder at me. You did not know it before, but I tell it to you now, I love him with a love time cannot kill. They may hide him from me in an English prison, they may send him to the uttermost parts of the earth, but my spirit would pierce the distance and tell him I love him still. My love, Kate, is utterly hopeless. I knew when he was here, circumstances forbade Aylmer Courtenay ever calling me wife, but I told him I would always remember him, and I say now, as I said then, I never forget. Kate, you are a woman who loves. You need not bridle up; I know it, and you, who must have traced the growth of love, can tell how, day by day, the influence strengthens, until the very heart seems to cleave, and grow towards the one for whom you would risk all earthly happiness. Your love will be crowned with joy, while mine lies in the dust. Pity me if you like, but never blame me. The heart will have its own way, and I have given mine, stored with a wealth of love I never dreamed was hidden within me, to Aylmer Courtenay, and to him I cling with an unquenchable heart yearning. Kate, you are a brave loving woman, with a brain which can devise help for those in trouble. Have pity on me and listen. Aylmer Courtenay is in a sore strait; flying from pursuit, friendless, homeless, most likely penniless. How can I help him? How could I send him money to enable him to escape? I have plenty, but how can I send him some? Speak to me; my brain is on fire when I think of Aylmer, my darling, in jail, like a common felon."
Eda's agitation became uncontrollable, and kneeling at Kate's feet, she clung to her dress in passionate despair. "I will give you everything I possess. Night and day I will implore Heaven for your happiness. I will spend my life to repay you, if you save my love from prison."

"Be quiet, Eda. If you wish me to do any thing for you, you must be calm, and listen to reason. You have no proof that it is really Aylmer Courtenay who is alluded to in that article, for he is no Fenian, and appearances must have been wilfully twisted to make him implicated in so desperate a cause. There is no name given."
"Name? the name Kate, does not matter to me. My heart told me who was meant as staring print would tell it to you."
"If it is, as you think, we can arrange accordingly; meanwhile, act like a brave girl, Eda, if a woman loves she would dare anything. I do not ask you to do anything but hide your feelings, for we must think before we can act."
"Hide my feelings? I have hidden them so well, it seems, that you did not even guess my secret. But no matter; I too can be brave, as you were on the night of the ball. I heard you when you put the diamonds in your hair, and I thought you were a brave woman when you crushed your sorrow, and shone the gayest of us all. That night was the first time I met my lost love. Oh Aylmer, I would brave time, distance, separation, everything, except my father's anger, for the chance of being eventually yours."
Eda had only been just to Kate when she said her brain could devise a way out of the darkness. The shock of trial had now come to rouse her slumbering energy, to quicken the unsuspected qualities, and to show out in bold, strong relief her will, power, and capability to do and dare. She was a woman to stand by her friends in their trouble, faithful and brave to the end. Her little cousin's cry, "save him, save him," rang in her ears, and she inwardly vowed, come what would, to save Courtenay. One regretful thought was given to poor Harry's hopeless love, and then, with firm determination, she deliberately considered the ways and the means to extricate her friend from his trouble. She believed Mr. Courtenay was too true-hearted a patriot to hold any opinions which could be termed disloyal. But the mistake was serious enough to place him in prison for many a long day. Without awakening suspicion, she must ascertain beyond doubt, and that immediately, if Courtenay was still at his chambers. If not in Dublin, the conviction flashed across her, that he must have taken refuge in the cottage of nurse Kavanagh on Bray beach.
"Eda you must act with decision if you wish me to save Mr. Courtenay, for one blunder now, and all is lost. You have Schiller's Thirty Years War" with you—take it to Mark and say, "You said at breakfast you were at—Town to-day. I promised to lend this book to Mr. Courtenay, and I would like him to have it at once. I will not ask Mark to grant me favours," continued Kate, "much less to see Aylmer Courtenay. Go up stairs, darling, bathe your face, and bring the book down with you."
The sun was sinking to rest that September evening, as Mark, Kate, Harry and Eda played croquet on the lawn.
"I wonder," said Mark, with a puzzled look, "where Courtenay is visiting, and why his ancient Abigail looked so scared. It seems he has not been home for days."
"Of course he has gone grouse shooting," suggested Harry. "Now, Kate, hit the stick and be off." "I had every intention of doing so," she replied, "it is going to rain and I have no fancy for getting wet. We shall have bad weather I fear." "Bad weather," echoed Harry, as he glanced at the sky, "there is a frightful storm brewing."
CHAPTER VIII.
Slowly and solemnly, one by one, the belfry clock in the village of—, tolled the midnight hour. Few heard it; the simple villagers were sunk in slumber, and no foot woke the echoes in the deserted "High Street." Over the meadows the sound was borne, over the Oakfield Woods, the lawn and the dewy pasture where the cattle lay. Kate alone in her room heard it. "Twelve o'clock," she murmured, "and I must be out of this by three. I wonder if the night is fine." She walked over to the window and drew the blind aside. "A bad night; Henry was not far wrong when he said we should have a fearful storm. Yet perhaps it is better so; less chance of people being about: few care to loiter in the rain. What an awful risk I run, but I must not think of that now—I have little enough time to get my things ready. The villagers will be stirring at four, and it would not do to run the gauntlet so early in the day."
Half-past twelve, and without a sound Eda entered, her long, golden hair streaming over her white dressing gown. Pale, very pale, dazzlingly fair she looked, as she glided into the room.
Never before had the spirituelle character of her beauty struck Kate, who seemed almost startled when Eda noiselessly approached her.

"Eda, my poor child, you could have slept longer. I have yet a couple of hours before I can quit the house."
"Do you think, Kate, I could have slept, and Aylmer in trouble, and you starting on an enterprise, the most courageous might well shrink from? I tell you, anxiety has overpowered me, and were it possible, I would go with you, but my presence would ruin all. I have brought the money," and she laid a little package in Kate's lap. "Thirty pounds, all in gold. Was it not fortunate I got gold, instead of notes for papa's cheque? Will that be sufficient to bring him to France and keep him, until he can write to his friends?"
"I am glad the money is in gold, the changing of notes might lead to his detection and yours. Thirty pounds, darling, would bring him to France. Besides, I am sure he has money of his own. In my opinion there is something else he wants far more than money."
"What, what, anything I can give?" Eda eagerly inquired, as her eyes followed Kate, who was walking towards the bed.
"No, Eda, nothing you can give, besides I have it already. Come, see what it is Aylmer Courtenay must have, if he ever wishes to leave Ireland in safety."
The two girls stood beside the bed, with its snowy draperies, odorous with the faint perfume of lavender, which the old housekeeper always laid in the linen press. The wax tapers at the further end of the room did not shed much light on the bed. Something large and dark was lying there, half concealed by Kate's evening dress, which, though rich with its costly lace and delicate trimming, was thrown in a heap.
"What, what have you got here?" and Eda brought to light Harry's naval cap, while Kate, with a triumphant smile, held up coat, cap, trousers, all complete.
A strange service, truly, was Harry's undress uniform destined for.
"Oh, Kate, how did you get them? I knew you could manage everything," broke hurriedly from Eda, as she looked with wondering eyes upon her cousin. "But how did you get the uniform?"
"You know, I came upstairs before Harry, and as I passed his open door, something made me think of the absolute necessity of a disguise for Mr. Courtenay. In fact, I knew money would be useless, unless I could bring clothes also. I ran into Harry's room; as I suspected, his drawer was unlocked, and knowing Aylmer to be the same height as himself, I walked off with the uniform. But I was very nearly discovered, for just as I reached my door, Harry was at the top of the stairs."
"Oh, dear, what will be done, if Harry takes it into his head to look in his drawer and finds his uniform gone?"
"Whom on earth should he want with it now? In three days more, at the furthest, I trust it will be replaced, without anyone being a bit the wiser. As I told you before, I am convinced Mr. Courtenay is with nurse Kavanagh. You heard how he spoke of her that day in Bray, when he pointed to her little cottage.—Eda, I know unflinching fidelity to the children they have nursed is the most remarkable trait in the character of an Irish Foster-mother. I have not the slightest doubt Aylmer's nurse would go through fire and water to serve him, and would regard it as a personal misfortune, if any evil happened to him. There is a strong clanish feeling among the Irish, and I would not wonder in the least if they passed him along from one to the other, and thereby temporarily eluded detection. Still, for all that, it would be madness for him to remain in Ireland, even among the faithful, but ignorant friends, who, in these troublesome times, look with absolute veneration upon a real gentleman born, the champion of the people's rights. All my dread is, lest Aylmer should have left Bray. Then I would be powerless to assist him, but if he is, as I imagine, still there, he must leave by the Kingstown mail boat at seven to-night. To-morrow he can get clothes in London, and send the uniform back by parcel delivery."
"That's all very well," impatiently cried Eda, but I cannot imagine how you are to carry that great bundle. I tremble when I think of your hardihood. Is there any fear of your being known? One glance at your face, and people must know you are a lady. How will you evade suspicion? Your glossy braided hair, your violet eyes, your curved red lips, your stately figure, and the haughty way you hold your head, all stamp you as the lady. Kate, wait, consider, if it is not possible to aid Aylmer in some other way. My heart is torn between everything. If you were suspected and—
"If a policeman collared me and asked me who I was?" finished Kate, and her eyes flashed as she spoke, "I would say, 'I am Miss Vere, of Oakfield, Sir Stuart Bindon's niece, and in a freak I made a foolish bet of going in disguise to Bray. Who would dare

dispute my word—the word of a Vere?" and as she spoke, she drew herself up with the old imperious posture. "I won't be suspected; I am thoroughly familiar with the ways and sayings of the peasantry; I understand their character; I can imitate the brogue, as I have repeatedly in private theatricals. Above all, I have complete confidence in my own power. My memory and self-possession never fail me."
"Time is passing, Eda, so listen and remember what I say: go to aunt's dressing-room before she goes down stairs, and give her this message. Kate took a fancy to walk over to breakfast with Mrs. Hastings, and she will not return till after tea." I have often done it before, so it is nothing strange, and aunt will announce my departure to them all; the onus will then be off your shoulders. Another thing, don't forget to leave the schoolroom door unbolted; then when dusk falls I shall come in, as I go out, unnoticed. Last, but not least, do your best to be lively and gay. Keep them all together as much as possible, and in the evening get Mark to the piano, to try over these duets. As for Harry, poor fellow! wherever you are he will not be far off. Now, darling, my injunctions are exhausted; so you must run away, as I could not dress if you were here, standing before me with your white face and tearful eyes. Try not to think, keep up your heart, and with a higher help than that of earth, we will succeed. Once in Bray I trust to the chapter of accidents to pull me through."
(To be Continued.)

AN AMERICAN IN DEFENCE OF IRELAND.

FROUDE REVIEWED BY WENDELL PHILLIPS.

A SPLENDID LECTURE IN WHICH THE GREAT ORATOR SHOWS FROUDE AS A HISTORIAN TO BE A FRAUD.

The announcement that Wendell Phillips would lecture in Boston, on the 3rd of December, on "Some Inferences from Froude," supplemented the regular audience of the Lyceum to an extent that completely filled Tremont Temple. Wm. Lloyd Garrison, Signor A. Bartol, J. T. Sargent, and others accompanied Mr. Phillips on the platform.
Mr. Phillips spoke as follows:—
LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—I am in offer to you one or two suggestions touching Mr. Froude's lecture on the relations of Great Britain and Ireland. He said he came here to argue his case before the American people as a jury, and in my narrow way I wish to use the hour you lend to me to-night in rendering a verdict. It was a great privilege to hear an English scholar's view of these critical relations between England and Ireland; it was a theme deeply interesting to every student of English literature and politics, and the interest was deepened into gratitude when with generous purpose he gave the receipts of these lectures to the sufferers of our great conflagration. I was gratified, also, at the channel which he chose for his address to the American people—the lyceum. It was a marked recognition of this new form for the public discussion of great national questions, it was a compliment, well deserved, to the impartiality and intelligence of the audiences which made up the great American lyceum. Of course, being Froude, it was brilliant and picturesque in narrative, graphic, instructive, and if he did not bring us many new facts, at least in the manner in which he told old ones he revealed the mood, the temper of mind with which England looks at the question to-day, and that of itself is a great revelation. Horne Tooke said once, when Gibbon wrote his autobiography, that a man who had anything to conceal ought to do anything rather than write his own life, that he should beg his worst enemy to write it before he trusted the unconscious betrayal of what he would have been but too willing to conceal. So I think in the mode, in the standpoint, in the whole inspiration of these fine testimonies to the relation of Great Britain and Ireland we have the latest, and the most authentic, and the most trustworthy declaration of the mode in which the leading Englishmen of to-day regard the Irish question. We all had reason to expect

A SCHOLAR'S TREATMENT, to expect that he would bring order out of chaos, that the tangled web of this Irish history which had confused all students and puzzled the most patient inquirer, would be straightened out and cleared up. For one, I never expected the exact statement, the close narrative, the logical sequence or the instinct of the historian, for I think it cannot be said that Mr. Froude has ever written anything that deserves the name of history. Fairly judged, he is a fervent, brilliant and earnest writer of party pamphlets, and grouping to-