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JUBILEE BOOK,

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A NEW-YEAR'S WELCOME.

Welcome is pealing from tower and steeple, Welcome to all, from our friends far and near; Welcome resounding from kindred and people, Welcome, first day of the glad some New Year!

Bring to our hearts the lost touch of affection; Bring to our hands the warm grasp of a friend; Bring to our souls the long-absent reflection, That, life, like the year past, too quickly must end.

Hand joined in hand, let us welcome with gladness The promise of youth, shadowed forth in the day, Which, dawning around us, will banish our sadness, While hope in its presence shall brighten our way.

Let the dead past with sad memories perish; Welcome the present, for that is our own; Heart joined with heart, let us thankfully cherish The friendship and love that around us have grown.

Poor little heart, that will sadly remember The bright hour when love with its happiest ray Shone o'er thee, take courage; in frosty December The sun is most near, though so cheerless the day.

Even if our hearts have been shaded by sorrow, We know that the hour, the darkest of night, Is that before dawn; and a glorious morrow Will break o'er our souls with its roscate light.

The old year has passed us; and Time's silent writing Will blazon our hearts in bright letters of gold, If faithful we prove, nor dispise the inviting Of Him who is "mighty to save" as of old.

Then welcome the chimes as they peal up to heaven, Announcing to men that while sojourning here, As we pass to our Home, 'tis to all of us given To render for each one a happy New Year!

(From the Dublin Irishman.)

THE RAPPAREES OF THE WOOD.

A TRADITION IN IRELAND IN THE REIGN OF HENRY VIII.

By Dr. J. T. Cumpion.

CHAPTER I.—"ARMA VIRUM QUE CENO."

Sometime about a generation and a-half ago, the Marble City and its environs, and its beautiful county, were very dear to me indeed—as dear as a happy home, youth, ample leisure, congenial companions, and a passionate love of nature could make them. With what delight would I make my preparations for a fishing excursion to Mount Eagle, that charming spot on the Freshford-road, where the River Nore, full of ponds and shallows, flats and reaches; wound its willful way from its cradle in Slieve Bloom, on towards the churches, cathedrals, abbeys, and castles of historic Kilkenny; whilst, down in the deep valley, its majestic sweep mirrored the summits of hills and mountains, and the varied foliage of nodding groves, stately forest-trees, and the gloom of hanging woods and thickets.

Yonder was the bill and the rath where the fairies were known to revel at moonlight. There, the deep pool under the willow, where the young bather was drowned in the lonely morn. Weeds, and rushes, and water-plants veiled the cold grave from the world—but the otter dived into its scenery and the brilliant-plumed kingfisher gleamed over it in the sunlight; the gorse-bird twittered hard-by, and from the meadow along the green banks the "wet-weather" of the quail was heard without ceasing.

The great broad water flung waved their yellow pennons, and golden-eyed forget-me-nots looked down, in their sweet garbs of peace, into the restless, moody tomb of the dead boy. Water, wood, and mountain, meadow, moor, and streamlet, wild-wood, flower, and fountain, song-birds, sun, and zephyrs

formed such a scene of beauty, that nature, enraptured with her rare handiwork, covered all in with a dazzling blue garment, as if with a grand tinted glass, to preserve all its rare perfections for her own particular delectation.

Nor was the landscape composed of only still and sombre charms, for the wild dove eddied through the air, in her swift flight, mocking, as it were, the plodding rooks, that in a broken line labored on through the evening sky, with an occasional trawling croak, as they sought their old-style-wattled roost-trees in the gloomy recesses of the wood of Mount Eagle. The high-shouldered heron stood on the river's edge—the picture of age and avarice—with yellow watery eye, watching for his prey, and seeking for no companionship in his greedy speculation.

The dog barked at the miser in vain; he was either too lazy or too nervous to take to sudden flight, or to balance his gaunt body on his broad wings. He watched his tormentor with his eyes, without moving a muscle, until he came within striking distance—then there was an agonising yell, a closely reverted tail, and a retreat so precipitate and so headlong, that it promised never to terminate, whilst the gaunt bird, with a hoarse roar, popped-hopped-popped on the green bank, and then, with a will and a way, got cleverly aloft, and soared along through the air with the consciousness of having vented an injury and avenged a wrong.

Such scenery and such sights were delightful to my senses that generation and a half ago—when I went fishing to Mount Eagle. I then knew the deadly effect and the living necromancy of the proper flies on the finny tribe; the brown hackle, "light olive," hare's ear," "peacock-body," "wren's tail" &c., &c.

I knew the winds as well as Æolus, and held on, steadfastly, in the belief of the truth, if not the beauty of the old Fisherman's Song:—

"When the wind is from the North The fishes never will come forth; When the wind is from the South The fishes open out their mouth; When the wind is from the East The fishes bite the very least; But when the wind is from the West The fishes jump and bite the best."

Cobbett said that the best poem in the English tongue was:

"Thirty days hath September, April, June, and November," &c., &c.

I cared nothing for days, in those times, except the days of vacation, and I heartily wished every one of said days to be as long as those at the Poles. And when the west wind blew, how I marked the feeding side of the river where the flies were blown, and picked them up and matched them in my fly-book, and then prepared in earnest for the days sport and glory. The foot-line was put into a tiny sand-pond and kept down with a stone to make it limber; the rod was spliced and tied, the wheel and line loosened to run freely, and then the steel butt was struck into the earth, and the rod allowed to stand perpendicular, its long graceful streamer meandering upon the breeze. That preparation was a paradise in itself; but when the flies and foot-line were appended, and the feet denuded of shoes and stockings, the trousers tucked up above the knees, the landing-net seized in one hand, and the rod, fully garbished, in the other, and the first step was timidly and cautiously made into the current immediately below the living pearls of the weir, just at the margin where their seething began to cease, and the line sent spinning across the foam, and allowed to float away in a graceful semicircle, ending in myself, but only as a semicolon, to start from the same premises once more and repeat itself like history, or as Uncle Sam's revolver. Yes! that was a life worth living for!—that was the acme of juvenile felicity!

Let no man think the gentle craft is stupid or moody, or unimaginative. Poor dead Banim used to say that the moment he came within earshot of the song of the river, his cares and troubles were sensibly away, and a delicious calm pervaded his whole mind; his fishing days were the happiest of his life.

How many things combine to win the fisherman's affections—the deep meadows, the distant blue hills, the songs of the birds, the soothing falling of waters, the influence of the untainted air, the grand foliage of the woodlands, the sweet breathings of the wavy river, the gurgling rivulets, and all the living creatures that perpetually busy themselves in making our breathing world more beautiful, more interesting, more captivating.

The fisherman hears music in the rustling of the reeds, the crackling of the gorse blossoms, the swaying of the trees, the humming of the honey-bee, and the evening tramp of the errant beetle.—He is curious in loving islands, silent sandy reaches, otter haunts amongst the great dock-leaves and river-caves, and loves to watch the big birds making their morning ablutions, and splashing the sparkling waters about their preened breasts and elevated feathers. He smiles at the spitting of the humped weasel, rampant at the base of the great clu-tree, or stealing upon the prowling rat and its progeny creeping through the edges and marshes.

Here he nets the long golden dragon fly as a bait for the kingly salmon; there he hunts away the ravenous hawk from the callow brood of the young farm-wife. His meals are taken amid the aroma of the meadow sweet, and the harmony of the missel-thrush gives zest to his frugal banquet. He rests upon the yellow mosses, and the aromatic wild mint returns his warm pressure with a gust of essential odours. The robin is his sombre and trim attendant, and at last pecks from his open palm the wages of his assiduity. The tiny field mouse nibbles at the crumbs from this rich man's table, and the never-tiring bronzy insect—the ant—adds from his bounty to her swelling winter store. The sun rises to receive him in the morning, and retires with him in the evening to his repose.

All day he communes with Nature, all night he dreams of her charms and allurements. The stream still sings in his ears; his eyes still drink at the limpid blue of heaven; the odours of flowers pervade his magisterial senses; and he feels the electric joy of the hooked and struggling fish, tingling at

his sensitive finger-ends, and sending a happy thrill through "the glory of his dream."

Such are some of the fisherman's joys, some of his midday musings and his midnight dreamings—to which, as a fisherman, I can the more readily give testimony. Indeed it was during the course of one of those piscatory excursions that I laid down the foundation, and collected in my mind the varied materials that will form the subject of my present tale.

CHAPTER II.—LOVE AND LUTHER.

In a large room in the lowest storey of one of those ancient houses with the vast gables, in Green street, Kilkenny, whose small doors and windows and very gloomy interiors were the work of the thirteenth century, was assembled a little group of gossipers who seemed to be willing away the summer evening, barely within the door-way, and only just out of the reach of the hot rays of the setting sun. The most prominent of the party was a comely, plump, pale, garrulous little woman, with high-cauled mob-cap, lugged over the ears, and plaited full in front; with small, blue, restless eyes and soft light hair, and a kindliness of expression in all her semi-developed features. Such was the mother of the young girl, barely out of her teens, who sat next to her—a great improvement on her parent—although formed of the same external appearances; her eyes were larger, a deeper blue, and at rest; her light hair hung down in rich thick ringlets on her shoulders, and although her cheek was colorless, it was clear, and fresh, and soft, with an occasional tint, like the base of the leaf of the white rose that loves to blush unseen; her smile was very quiet, almost imperceptible, and uncertain, as the hidden moon tinges the tiny dew-drop with the mere name of light; the figure was graceful, round, and rather full for her years, whilst simple, unaffected good nature was the prevailing impression which both her face and manner was sure to convey to all who came within their daily influence.

The other party completing the select assembly was a jaunty young fellow of the day—a shop or tradesman's son in appearance—but that he was Irish was at once seen in his smart brogue and bright buckle, his tight-fitting jerkin and trowsers, the ornamental barnd which lay by his side, his fine dark, open, earnest eye, curling auburn hair, muscular and elastic form, and that winning, roguish, admiring, frank, honest, and open expression of admiration and respect with which the lady of the green isle most successfully glide into the good graces and confiding affection of the weaker and the gentler sex.

The woman was evidently of German descent, the daughter showed a slight intermingling of the Saxon element, whilst the youth, as we have already decided, was Irish.

It would not or did not take a witch or a wizard to decide that he was a passionate admirer of the Teutonic damsel beside him, nor was the same necromantic wisdom absolutely called upon as indispensable to come to the conclusion that the maiden, with the precious smile and the world of rich and flowing hair, was by no means heedless or careless in the matter of the attentions bestowed upon her, or the honeyed words poured into her ear by the gallant son of Erin.

"The little party was in full chat, in which the elder dame was the principal speaker. 'I knew him very well in Wurtemberg,' observed Mrs. Dullard, the lady in question, 'his true name was Luther,' although now called Luther—he was always a jolly sporting character—hunting, shooting, and divvying himself."

"Was that before he became a monk or friar?" asked the pretty blonde daughter—Angela.

"No, indeed, but long after."

"Oh! yes, to be sure," put in Redmond O'Kelly—the Irish youth—"I remembered they called him the devil in the semblance of a man and the dress of a monk."

"Ah, that was long after that again, when the King attacked him, and wrote the book in vindication of the Seven Sacraments."

"Which induced Pope Leo to call him Defender of the Faith."

"Ha! ha!" laughed O'Kelly, "and just think, Angela, of the King and the Friar being now in the same boat together and the Faith thrown overboard by the bold Defender!"

"I wish heartily they let the Faith alone," put in Angela. "I miss sadly the little nook near the altar in St. Leonard's, and the lights, and incense, and silver bells, and the lovely days of Communion, when heaven seemed to come down nearer to the earth."

"Hush! child—hush! Your father would fume if he heard you talk after that fashion."

"Not to me mother. I often told him I had my beads still, and that I always prayed to the Blessed Virgin. Poo! that other day; father only says that Popery does not pay."

"Bavo!" cried O'Kelly, and accompanied with such a look of love and admiration, that the young girl blushed to the eyes, and hung down her head in silence.

"As to me," said Mrs. Dullard, smoothing down her apron, carefully and slowly, with her two open hands "I never heeded any faith very much. In Germany, my time was always employed in making soups, and puddings, and sausages, and brewing lager beer; and when I came over to England, they made me marry James Dullard, whilst I was a child; because he was a great saddler and shoemaker. They say that Queen Catherine wore a pair of his handiwork slippers. But, stop; here he comes, and seemingly, in anything but good humour!"

James Dullard was an Englishman of a low caste, low sized, burly, shock-haired, greasy-skinned, with piggyish eyes, snub nose, great wide mouth, retreating chin, and surly expression of countenance. Ponderous shoes, hob nailed to the toes, covered his huge feet, and his hands were big and horny and filthy, and thrust halfway into the waistband of his small-clothes for which purpose he was obliged to drag up, almost under his arms, a dirty, discoloured, and tattered canvas blouse, that partially covered the upper portion of his uncouth body.

"What are ye gossiping at now?" blurted out

the very uncourteous newcomer. "Not worth a damned power button, I'll be bound."

"All about Friar Luther," laughed the wife.

"Luther was an ass," growled Dullard; "the devil was his intimate friend, and he never squeezed a guinea out of him. I say, O'Kelly, lad, when are you and old splice-plank, your father, going to turn into us, Reformers?"

"All in good time, Father Dullard," said Redmond, merrily, "when the new faith comes more in fashion."

"See here, lad, I told Bishop Whammond about ye, and he is to come down strong to me in the matter, so look sharp, I tell ye, for I won't be balked in anything I set my heart on."

This assertion he backed with an infamous oath, which sent Angela out of the room, and brought a flush of indignation into the browned cheeks of her young admirer.

"For shame, James," remonstrated the abashed matron.

"Shame be damned, wench!" roared Dullard; "I tell ye, don't try it on to humbug me, or ye'll rue it—that ye will!"

"Be quiet, man, can't you? You will only set Angela sobbing, and then she'll hold on at it the whole night. You wouldn't like that, would you?"

"No, but the O'K-lys are bawling, lass, or laughing, or tricking, and Whammond is ever badgering about them."

Redmond O'Kelly snatched out of the house before the close of the discourse could attract his attention.

CHAPTER III.—BISHOP BALE AND ONE OF HIS SUCCESSORS.

We must now take a glance at the state of Ireland and the Irish at the time when the events we are about to portray took place in the island of saints and scholars.

After the death of Henry 8th there was a great and very earnest move to establish the reformation in Ireland. There was an order in council for a new liturgy, backed by Sir Edward Bellingham with "six hundred horse and four hundred foot," and the new liturgy and the military missioner were sent over to Ireland to forward the good cause. There was a vast deal of trouble, as well as ingenuity, in getting the new faith into anything like a decent trim. A whole hierarchy of bishops and archbishops had to be enthroned, for these, again, clergy had to be supplied, and lastly, parishioners for the clergy."

The bishops appointed for Ireland thought it safe and more expedient to remain in Dublin, and rule their sees by proxies, and pocket their ill-gotten gains like absentee. But there was one man bolder than the rest, a sturdy and resolute reformer, who had resolved to labor in his own vineyard, to aid his ready-made clergy, to mix with his ready-made flock, and to preach the brand new code of doctrines with a ringing twang that was to reach the heart of the benighted like a sheaf of arrows. This first man was Doctor Bale, and the theatre of his initiatory exploits was the Marble City of Kilkenny. He came, he saw, and he forthwith essayed to conquer. Dr. Bale had no notion of concealing his light under a bushel, and accordingly he at once appeared in public, and addressed the people in the common market-place. He pointed out, in very forcible language, the contemptible place Ireland was—the ignorance and hypocrisy of her priests, the idolatry of her faith, the brutality of her defenders, and her despicable position amongst the nations of the earth. He went over the memory of the dead king—the sweet Eighth Henry—who had struck the first blow in the regeneration of Christendom—meaning Henry the Eighth, the murderer of women, the incarnation of lust, "the blot of blood and grease upon the history of England."

And, strange to say to Irish readers, and, surely, stranger still must it have appeared to the great Dr. Bale himself, that no voice from the mass of the people whom he addressed made any note or sign of dissent to any of his new-fangled arguments—to any of his bitter animadversions upon their faith, upon themselves, and upon their country. Emboldened by this passiveness, which he took for the effect of his own lightning logic, the enthroned missioner proceeded to illustrate, by palpable lessons, the beauties of Luther's demonic musings, of Henry's orthodoxy, and of Edward's honor. Dr. Bale ordered the Catholic churches to be invaded, the crucifixes, pictures, statues, and ornaments to be dragged down, the vestments and holy vessels to be destroyed, and, in fact, a thorough uprooting of all Popish symbols and emblems of every kind and of any kind whatsoever.

Now, when Bishop Bale stood in the market-place of Kilkenny and propounded his new, wild, and mushroom doctrines in the face of the faith and nationhood of an Irish assembly, and a Catholic people; when he held forth in the shadow of the market-cross and under the feet of the tutelary saints that crowned it—blaspheming the truth, and ignoring the worth of the land he came to fatten upon—he little dreamed why he was listened to in apparent silence and patience. The truth was, he had been addressing a purely Irish people of one faith, one country, and one language, who understood nothing of his Saxon gibberish, and only contemplated him as an itinerant ranting mountebank, who made the usual speeches and introductory vauntings before he came to perform his practical tricks.

Bishop Bale's practical tricks at once explained his language and his opinions; and the good people, burghers as well as peasants, stood agast, for a moment, at the elucidation of his method and his meaning. But, that neither were to their tastes, nor consonant to their feelings, was very soon evinced in the catastrophe that followed.

When his lordship's servants commenced the work of destruction, crushed the first crucifix and rent the first picture, they were met with a yell of horror and execration that rang through the marble halls of the old Celtic city; the people arose en masse, and immolated five of the sacrilegious burghers and iconoclasts to their instant indignation. Dr. Bale himself very narrowly escaped with his life, and all because, as he innocently relates himself, he "preached the gospel of the knowledge and

right inovation of God, and only sought to destroy idolatries and dissolve the hypocrite's yokes; then followed angers, slanders, conspiracies, and, in the end, the slaughter of men." Innocent Bishop Bale!

After the ungrateful Irish of the south-east had disposed of the good the innocent, and the semi-martyred Mr. Bale, another incumbent very soon made his appearance in the person of the newly, freshly, and perfectly-manufactured Bishop Whammond.

Whammond brought over his own congregation, people of his own peculiar training, people who he intended should be a precious gift of examples to the lost Irish; and amongst those incentives to salvation was the family of Mr. James Dullard, the star of which circle was, indubitably, Mr. James himself. Mr. James had followed his trade of shoemaker pretty well in his fatherland; he was a good tradesman, but not industrious, and his character was indubitably vicious, bad, and immoral. Indeed, the only redeeming spark in his whole composition was a strange but deep affection for his innocent and lovely daughter. His wife had no hold upon his mind; he had no friend, cared for no acquaintance, sought nothing but sin—and Bishop Whammond's mission to Ireland was most acceptable to him, as it promised him money without labor, leisure uncontrolled, and a new field to exercise his generally bad propensities.

For appearance sake, and at his distinguished patron's urgent instance, he sat down in the beginning to make an essay in his trade and calling; but the Irish brogue was a study he could not comprehend, the material was impracticable, the shape unattainable, the buckle and thong objectionable, the whole distasteful. Therefore, he was soon constrained to become entirely a factotum to his lord and patron, and in the capacities of beadle, clerk, and bully to make out the cause as well as he was able. His wife and daughter were first-rate needlewomen and embroiderers, an accomplishment highly prized and very remunerative in those olden days.

On the whole, Mr. James Dullard lived rather to his liking, and would have continued to do so if his some of his imported Saxon propensities had not already begun to develop themselves at the expense of his neighbors, and to the great detriment of the moral exactions of society at large. Petty peccadilloes were not worth committing, and so he concealed something worthy of being called a crime.

But as everything this man did in the earnest acts of his life anticipated his gloomy future here, and hurried him on to the untimely doom in eternity, we will leave him to pause upon the way, whilst we pay due observance and regard to some of the more pretentious characters of our traditional story. Indeed, it is only commonly courteous to dismiss the servant and his shortcomings, even though it should be done rudely and abruptly, whilst we usher upon the stage of Irish life no less a personage than his distinguished master—the far more enterprising than pious Bishop Waddie Whammond.

CHAPTER IV.—THE WRONG MAN IN THE WRONG PLACE.

When the worldly—if not worthy—manufactured Bishop Whammond stole in quietly to Kilkenny one fresh and merry evening in the late spring of the year, his ecclesiastical and flocks (ready-made) being sent before him to represent the Reformation in Leinster, he thought he would take a peep at his church, the splendid Cathedral of St. Canice, and essay to appease the spirit of the great saint by humiliation and prayer, before he settled down in the ecclesiastical palace, and assumed his self-imposed duties over the dangerous burghers and peasantry of the south-east of Ireland. Bishop Whammond was a morose and gloomy man; he was tall, and gaunt, and godly; grateful to the secular hand that raised him, but interiorly satisfied that it must have been the tacit acknowledgment of his own evident merit and pety. And, therefore, Bishop Whammond resolved to support and carry out to the letter his freshly-acquired character of uprightness and justice to be a model bishop, and to subdue the obstinacy and obduracy of the wild Irish by the fixed gaze of his omnivous eyes, and the Solomon rulings of his enchanted tongue. He had no desire to do battle like Bishop Bale, neither would he pat the beast upon the head, but he would be great and grand, and potent.

With those notions in his head, and with a single attendant at his heels, carrying a small portmanteau on his back, the new bishop made his secret visit to the great cathedral on the hill, marked by the perfect round tower as by a note of admiration. The cross was a trouble to him as he approached the front entrance, but he remembered Bale, and stepped down the deep steps, and walked into the grand aisle, an impression of awe and solemnity took possession of his turbid mind. He gazed at the lofty trellised and ornamented roof above him, at the numerous marble tombs strewn everywhere around him, covered with innumerable raised letters and beautiful decorations, and surmounted with full-length and life-like prostrate figures of mitred bishops in full relief, and armoured knights and dames of high degree, representing the faith, the chivalry, the modesty, dignity, and beauty of Ireland. Everywhere, he saw mural tablets, gilt and ornamented with a profusion of the chastest artist's designs, and breathing from the lettered scrolls the true spirit of St. Canice, St. Patrick, St. Bridget, and St. Keyran. The large marble chair of the mentioned saint stood straight before him, and yonder the great altar and sanctuary, and devotional devices of the stricken Church of God, clouded and shadowed, now, indeed, by the wings of many demons, both living and dead, like the sacred tomb in the hallowed rock, guarded by perjured soldiers, before the Lord dissolved the miserable towers that would oppose His omnipotent will.

Bishop Whammond did not dare to sit alone in that chaste and chilly chair—he did not like to look upon that deserted altar—his guardian angel disturbed his wande ring soul, but the devil pointed to the golden sceptre of England, and to the broad, bright road leading grandly and proudly to the honors of the earthly kingdom, and Bishop Whammond pursued his way along the sounding aisle, shaking off the unpleasant suggestions from his mind, like

"Germania, Luther, Scurra est—est Latro Bohemis; Ergo, quid is Luther? Scurra, latro que Simul."

Mitchell.