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JUBILEE BOOK, CONTAINING INSTRUCTION ON THE JUBILEE, AND PRAYERS RECOMMENDED TO BE SAID IN THE STATION CHURCHES; To which is prefixed the Encyclical of His Holiness POPE PIUS IX. For the ARCHDIOCESE OF TORONTO, containing the PASTORAL OF HIS GRACE ARCHBISHOP LYNCH. For the DIOCESE OF LONDON, containing the PASTORAL OF HIS LORDSHIP BISHOP WALSH. For the DIOCESE OF HAMILTON, containing the PASTORAL OF HIS LORDSHIP BISHOP GRINNON. For the DIOCESE OF OTTAWA, containing the PASTORAL OF HIS LORDSHIP BISHOP DUHAMEL. For the DIOCESE OF ST. JOHN, New Brunswick, containing the PASTORAL OF HIS LORDSHIP BISHOP SWEENEY. For the DIOCESE OF ARICHAT, containing the PASTORAL OF HIS LORDSHIP BISHOP MCKINNON. For the DIOCESE OF MONTREAL, containing the PASTORAL OF HIS LORDSHIP BISHOP BOURGET. EACH DIOCESE has its Separate JUBILEE BOOK. Per Copy, 10c. | Per Dozen 80c. | Per 100 \$5 D. & J. SADLER & CO., 275 Notre Dame Street, Montreal.

BRING ME BACK TO MY ERIN. Bring me back, bring me back to my Erin— To the fair Emerald Isle of the west; Bring me back to my own mother Ireland, Till I sink on her bosom to rest, I know that my days are near numbered, For my arms thro' the lapse of long years Have lost all their proud strength and vigor My pale cheeks are furrowed with tears, Mine eyes, once so bright as the osprey's, Are dimmed and fast fading away; Ah! this heart will soon cease its wild throbbing, And sink to its home in the clay. But not in the land of the stranger— No! not 'neath the cold alien loam; But the turf on my bones shall rest lightly, When laid in my own Island home; When laid in the green, well-known churchyard, Beside the old Abbey's grey wall, Where the sun-beams at eventide linger, And the dew drops so lovingly fall; Where my own loving friends may kneel o'er me, And breathe a fond prayer for my rest; And the land I have loved from my boyhood, May clasp my cold form to her breast. Oh! then bring me back to my Erin; Away o'er the deep, seething sea; The dark, sweeping tempests of ocean, Can wake no wild terrors in me, Oh! bear me away from this city— Away from its bustle and glare; I long for repose, calm and tranquil, In Erin, green Erin the fair. I long for the deep, peaceful quiet— Sweet rest with the angels on high; But oh! let me see my own Erin, And bless her again ere I die! JOHN LOCKE.

THE RAPPAREES OF THE WOOD. A TRADITION IN IRELAND IN THE REIGN OF HENRY VIII. By Dr. J. T. Campion.

CHAPTER XXII.—ESCAPED.—(Continued.) Dullard slung up the passage now called Lee's lane, keeping on the gloomy side of the way, and girding up his loins for an anticipated struggle and a race for life. Not a sound fell on his ear—not a single stray wanderer crossed his furtive path, until he arrived almost within reach of the half-open ponderous iron gate dividing the town from the country. Now he heard the tramp of the yeoman on guard, and an occasional rollicking laugh from the guard-house, where the civil force, on duty, was assembled. It must be very near nine of the clock, and at that hour and at the first peal of the bell the gates would be slammed to, and locked, and barred, and bolted, and all chance of exit effectually prevented for the night. "Hallo!" (from the guard-house), "fellow out there in the dark; come here and swallow your night cap." The sentinel thus addressed leaned his halbert against the wall, and drawing his sleeve across his mouth, proceeded at once to answer in person the very welcome challenge. Now was the time for the adventurous Pariah to make good his escape from the military, civil, and ecclesiastical powers. He made a rush—that usual buffalo, blind rush of his—stumbled, and fell. The noise attracted the swigging sentinel, who rushed down from the guard-house to seize his halbert with a cry of— "Who goes there?" "I goes here, and you goes there!" growled Dullard fiercely, as he seized the coveted spear, and with a tremendous blow of its staff sent the mitching yeoman headlong again into the apartment which he had only just vacated. There were noises, and voices, and rushing, and

trampling, for a few minutes or more, within the fugitive's hearing, as he swiftly left all his enemies behind, and then he heard no more until he reached the very top of the perpendicular steps leading to the old cathedral of St. Canice. Here he paused; he thought he might do so safely, for there were now several roads of escape free and open to him, and he had no fear of being overtaken in pursuit by any of the folk he left behind him. The great elms of the churchyard were over his head, and the rooks rustled and croaked in the boughs at the sound of his hurrying footsteps. He heard the rush of groups of rats and reptiles, and the bounce of the weasel, and the sharp cry of its victim as it carried away its foul supper for the night. But he heard, too, very soon, indeed, what indemnified him for all the horrid sounds around him—the toll of the welcome curfew-bell, and the banging of the big gates of the silent "Marble City." He seated himself on the top stone step, and peering down through the growing gloom, chuckled to himself for the first time since his pressing troubles began. "Ho, ho!" he muttered, "I'm better since I floored that fellow below there; before that I felt as if the world was making a rush at me. I wonder would there be any use in trying Whammond any more? I might ring at the gate, maybe, and send up a message. Blowed! but I'll try it anyhow." He jumped up at once, and proceeded to put his design into execution. "I know, if we meet, we'll fight, for he won't listen to reason; but he shan't make an aim cock of me this time, for if he has a pistol, I happen to have a knife, and I'd take a paring of him before he'd say 'wink'."

With this consolatory assurance Mr. Dullard pursued his way to the gate of the palace of the Right Reverend the Lord Spiritual Whammond, at which he was about, unhesitatingly, to knock and ring, for it was his wont always to act, however wanting in decorum, when once his mind was made up on any course of procedure. But, just as he was about to assail the gate, he saw that the doer on the opposite side of the way, leading to the Cathedral of St. Canice, was ajar, and the keys protruding from the lock. This discovery altered matters altogether. "Who was in the church at that hour?" Service was long over; the scanty congregation that burrowed for the time in an angle of the deserted building, had long since dispersed. No light appeared in the tinted windows, and the side entrance, at the end of the covered passage, was closed. He could see the prominent carved angel heads on either side, and a glare of light should pour out between them if the place was lit up within. No, the entrance was closed. He turned into the open door, and scarcely walked a dozen of paces, when he encountered, face to face in the now open moonlight, the foremost object of all his thoughts, plans and meditations, the Right Reverend Doctor Ebenezer Whammond in propria persona!

CHAPTER XXIII.—WHEN GREEK MEETS GREEK THEN COXES THE TWO OF WAR. We left James Dullard and his bishop in the graveyard of St. Canice's Cathedral late in the gloaming, with tombs and sepulchres at every side of them, and the red harvest moon just arched above the scene, with that dramatic glare which precedes, on the stage, some approaching phenomenon. "What! you here, after all!" exclaimed the astounded prelate. "How dare you pass the guarded town gates, and why do you dare to appear in my presence before the proper time—in my court, tomorrow?"

"The way I passed the gate was by knocking down the gatekeeper," said Dullard, sulkily, "and the reason I appear before the proper time is more by chance than good luck, for, in good sooth, I was just going to leave the town without your lordship's blessing." "Get out of my sight, sirrah!" "See here, Bishop Whammond, you had better not drive me into a corner, or I'll bite." "I'll soon draw your teeth, dog! Leave my way." "No, I won't! You made an idler and a vagabond of me; you took me from my home and my trade for your own swindle; send me back again where you found me—me and mine. Will you, will you?" "Hure the divine endeavoured to sweep past his obstreperous follower, but Dullard planted himself straight in front, and resolutely disputed the intended invasion. "Nay! nay! by—(a horrid oath) you and I will settle matters, one way or the other this same lucky night, in the presence of the Irish ghosts and hobgoblins, or—"

A tremendous blow in the neck from the representative of the disciple of the church militant was the only and instant response, and Dullard went down, as if he had been in the ring, and his antagonist a fully recognised and scientific bruiser, but he was on his feet again in an instant, with fury in his eyes and vengeance in his heart, and all his collected wrongs in full blow within his memory, and, with a ringing yell, and his head like a battering ram, he plunged at his assailant. The soldier reformer never moved, but drawing his bright pistol from his breast, levelled, and fired. The bent bison head barely escaped the ball, but it struck its mark, nevertheless, not the bone, but it burrowed the scalp from the forehead to the vertex, tearing it off like a ploughshare, and producing a torrent of spouting blood. It did no more, it did not stay the impetus of the wild attack, and only elicited a roar of rage and anguish from the wounded savage. Whammond, therefore, met the shock and tumbled over, overwhelmed by the brute force of the unchecked assault, but, as he fell, he seized his assailant by the throat and easily turned him under; then planting his knee upon his chest, the power of his sinewy grasp, and the weight of his heavy bony body must soon have ended the shoemaker's earthly career, had the gasp and the incubus continued only for a very few fleeting moments of time; but instead of which the deadly grasp gradually relaxed, the heavy weight wavered on the prostrate body, and the gaunt frame of the tall athletic ecclesiastic strangely succumbed, swayed to either side for an instant, and then fairly rolled over on the lank grass, leaving the half-strangled wretch beneath,

panting and quivering, but yet breathing freely once more.

Bishop Whammond was dead, and James Dullard's sharp, thin, murderous blade was red with his heart's blood. The lank dead body, garbed in a black suture, lay at its full length upon the earth, the head resting upon a horizontal tombstone, and the gaunt limbs upon a nameless grave. The murderer gasped a gulping gasp several times before he recovered from the effects of the terrible throttling he had endured, and then drew up his legs, turned on his side, and rolled over and over, drawing heavy breaths, and with heaving chest and labouring heart, essaying with the greatest apparent exertion, to renew the lost function of his lungs, and to calm the throbbing of his brain and the burning pain of his lacerated scalp. It was some time before he succeeded in coaxing back anything like circulation through his battered carcass, but when he did he sat up and leaned his back against a rugged tombstone. Then he put his two hands over his wounded head, looked at them—they were covered with blood. He rubbed them in the rank grass, and feeling it wet with the night dew, he plucked handful after handful, and patted it down on his scalding skull. It was very refreshing, and cooling, and soothing. His reason returned, and he looked about him, and began to realize the events of the night. At first he blundered and was unmanned by the misery of his mind and body, but his coarse nature could not sustain any amount of feeling, even for himself, for any length of time; it must be action, and not meditation. What was next to be done? He scrambled up on his feet; looked up inquiringly at the broad, meaning moon, and then down at the stark, dead form, black and still and motionless on the ground. "It was a fair fight," grumbled Dullard, "and he went down, that's all. But who well believe me? Nobody, by—! Well, there's no use in savilling. What am I to do?"

The blood from his wounded head came dripping into his eyes. He wiped it away with his sleeve, and pulling more of the wet grass, applied it to the ailing part, instead of that already soddened there; then taking an old kerchief from an inner pouch, he tied the cold mass over all his crown with a smart knot under his chin. "That's better, he muttered, "but it won't well stand the daylight. However, the sooner I toddle off out of this, I trow, the safer for myself, altho' I bayn't clear where I'm to steer to. It's dommed hard for a chap to stretch a course when he's in trouble, s'nat it? He'll put his foot in it two offers out of three: but I'm no gossin, that I a'wint, and I can see that there's but one road open to me." The battering and bleeding of Mr. Dullard's skull seemed to have cleared his intellect and afforded him coolness and foresight in endeavoring to extricate himself from the terrible dilemma. The first thing he did was to lock the open door that had given him entrance about an hour before, and put the key in his pocket. "It is a maxum wid shoemakers," soliloquised Mr. Dullard, "that there's nothing like leather—that's not all true—money is more liker! A man without money is like a bee without honey. But, see here, Whammond, I know I'm a bad un', an ugly man and a bad christian, as the saying is, but blaster me! I'll turn a fellow's pouches inside out, on'y in a case where there's a nothing else for it. Where I'm going" continued the philosophical ghoul apologetically. "I can't go empty handed, they wouldn't have it no way, I must have lish, and lishin's of it, or make a head stroke into the pavin' stones, like yourself, Bishop Whammond."

During these affecting and extenuating explanations, the unwilling victim of urgent necessity and compulsory prudence, was busily engaged in rifling the dead man's person. "This pistol may stay where it is—it was near giving me my gruel, and I don't like it; besides it will puzzle the people who fuds the body. Ay, ay, this is more to my mind—as he drew forth a heavy purse, and held it up in the moonlight—"this is honest, solid gold, for his lordship didn't deal in jackstones, I'm thinkin'." And he bowed if here be'n't a pound box of the self same metal. Pistol bullets! I don't want them; but here is a bully ring, big enough for a bull's nose—this is worth summat. The rest may stay where it is, for when the gold is got the dress is left; and so, by, by, my old friend and bitter enemy, you loved your own sole, and waxed your own thread; but you finished off the wrong man."

Whatever plan the midnight marauder had marked out for his future, it seemed at least, satisfactory to himself; for, after another long look at the dead man, to ascertain to a certainty that no flickering ray of life hovered about him, he coolly unlocked the passage door, stepped out on the caseway abroad, turned the key in the lock, and then flung it high and clear over the broad churchyard wall.

CHAPTER XXIV.—JUSTICE TO ALL MEN, BUT FRIENDSHIP TO A FEW.

It was a busy day at Glory Wood, on the Freshford road, or rather a busy morning. Something important was evidently on foot in that famous locality. The Rapparee captain's voice was heard in command without intermission, and the men were all busy, and in confusion, and preparation. An entire change of garments seemed to be the prevailing object, and the tumbling out of the contents of several receptacles, long intended and used as wardrobes for the melo-dramatic necessity of the band, was the work of several hours, while the captain's surveillance of the selections made by the several enrobing parties, constituted his present care and supervision. The Rapparees were evidently on the move—a permanent move, too, it would appear—for the missionary priest was in their midst giving directions and receiving promises, and conferring benedictions for good resolves for the future, altogether plainly intimating that the interesting banditti were about to quit their predatory mode of life, and seek in a foreign land that honest and honorable occupation of which, with their rights and property, and freedom, they were basely plundered in their own. And so from that day to this men have left Ireland smarting under the penalties of the in-

fiction of British sway, and bearing nothing of their own with them but an undying hatred to their cruel conquerors and plunderers, the only personal property inheritable by their posterity, and which must be duly and truly existent as long as Irish life exists in foreign lands, and as long as Babylon is Babylon, no longer.

However, those poor plundered exiles were not fated to be expatriated without a further interruption of the common enemy; for, after the priest had bade them a last farewell, and given them his final blessing; and advice, there was an uproar in the silent wood, of noises, vociferations, and disturbance, which put an effectual stop to any immediate departure of the captain and his men. A spy had been captured at the outposts, a creature of the enemy—in fact, he admitted as much himself—and instead of exhibiting any fear or apprehension on the occasion, was very boisterous and unruly; railing at his captors in rather unmeasured language, and refusing to give any satisfaction of any kind until he should be conducted into the presence of the great Rapparee chief himself.

That eminent outlaw leader was in very bad humor indeed to receive a visitor from England—no matter in what capacity or for what purpose such a representative appeared—but the moment the captive appeared before him a flush of anger and excitement suffused his whole countenance. He recognized the man instantaneously.

"Above all Saxon bores what brings you here, sirrah?" "What brings me here, sirrah?" repeated the prisoner, with a leer that was intended to excite curiosity and promise a satisfactory explanation. "I suppose a fellow may come as a friend as well as an enemy?"

The men in their different travelling garbs, gathered round the two speakers, to hear the growing colloquy. There was danger and determination in their captain's eye, and that ominous frown upon his brow, which it never lost since the myrmidons of the English King plundered his happy homestead and confiscated his land.

"You come as a friend! do you?" "I might," grinned Dullard (for he was a captive) with an increasing assurance.

"With a threat or a scheme from the new fangled bishop? If so you came on a dangerous embassy?" "Ho! ho! ho! haw!" laughed Dullard, grotesquely. "You're out! Captain, you're as green as a caterpillar after all! Give me your hand! By Pharaoh I'm your friend! See that now!"

O'Dwyer folded his arms, drew back a step or two and looked as black as night. "Ho! ho! ho! haw!" laughed the repudiated friend. "I'm thinking we'll shake hands all round bye-and-bye, when you hear a little story I have to tell you, altho' you put up your paws for the present."

More disgusted than ever O'Dwyer exclaimed: "See here, catif, out with it. What brought you here? Speak plainly, and at once, or it will go hard with you!"

"Did you ever here such an unreasonable man?" appealed Dullard to his auditors, but he only met gloomy faces, suspicious looks, and a leaden silence. "Whammond is dead!" growled Dullard, in a fierce and offended tone. "Whammond dead?" repeated all the men at once.

"Ay!" retorted Dullard, swaggeringly, "dead as the devil! Look at that blade! That was in his heart about an hour ago! Now, who's your friend, Mr. Captain?"

O'Dwyer looked incredulous, his followers astounded, and the avowed murderer, believing that he had produced the effect that he had contemplated, surveyed the whole band, with the air of a man who had been doubted and despised, and was now awaiting the recognition of his work and the reward of his services, but seeing that astonishment and incredulity were the prevailing expressions on every face around him, he sulkily broke out— "Dom ye, why do ye look at me loike stuck pigs? Do ye think it is too good to be true? Do ye see that? There's his pincey ring! There's his gold pound-box! and there, ye gogglin' rascals, is his holy power of gold! Come, I'll be second captain. Ho! ho! haw! Let us shake hands all round, and make a day of it, my hearties. No use in coming to your quarters without swag. Ho! ho! haw!"

"Infernal villain!" broke out the captain, in a paroxysm of fury, "do you take us for murderers and robbers? Seize him, men, and bind him!" "Seize him, and bind me! Is that your game? Is that my thanks?" retorted Dullard, darting out of the circle that nearly surrounded him, and brandishing his bloody knife around his head, "What the blazes are ye or, does anybody take ye for, but robbers and murderers? Ye sha'n't try your hands on me though, nor none my swag, and leave me out for the rob."

"Seize him, I say!" cried O'Dwyer, fiercely "Or, stay, stop, he may hurt some of ye; bring me a stout quarter-staff, and I'll soon lay this evil spirit!" The men well knew their leader's prowess with the weapon in question, and the certainty of his conquest, so the cudgel was produced, and O'Dwyer, balancing it a moment in his hand, and without uttering a word, approached the object of his anger and disgust.

"Don't come near me! or I'll skiver you! Mr. Captain," threatened Dullard, truculently, lowering his body and advancing his knife, "let me go my way, and I'm done with ye."

The captain advanced, still without a word, and the men, filling up the background, cut off all retreat. The wretch saw his position at a glance; his only hope was to fell O'Dwyer, with one home and lucky blow, and then fly for his life. And he was right, if he could only carry it out; but his old bull-headed tactics were not, by any means, the method to realise success. Nevertheless that was the very system he adopted, he shot forward, head foremost, with an impetus that must be irresistible, if he encountered the object of his attack full front, but unfortunately for him such was not the case; his antagonist gave him no such chance, for, stepping swiftly aside, with a mere pat, he struck the knife from his hand, and the back blow came sharp and heavily on that hapless skull that had already

undergone such condign punishment within the past four-and-twenty hours. The next moment the self-accused murderer and plunderer lay helpless and prostrate on the earth, bound hand and foot, and completely at the mercy of the "Rapparees of the Wood."

"Now," said the victor, flinging aside his quarter-staff, "what's to be done with this accomplished rascal?"

"As no doubt they have a crowner's quest on old Whammond in the town yonder, I think we ought to try this fellow by judge and jury here," said one of the Rapparees.

"Try him by jury by all means," assented several voices.

"Very well," replied O'Dwyer, "I'll be your judge, and as the rascal is self-accused, and has produced indubitable proofs of his own guilt, I have only to add in addition, that he is the same man who stood at the ditch, arquebus in hand, to shoot the poor boy who fled with the sacred vessels of the altar on the day we rescued the officiating priest from Whammond's myrmidons. Now go! Ye may consider your verdict."

The men retired a few paces into a shady copse, and after an absence of about a quarter of an hour returned a verdict of "guilty, both of the murder and the robbery, and of intent to murder in the boy's case."

The captain walked over to where the prostrate wretch lay. "Do you hear, fellow! You are found guilty of murder and robbery! Have you anything to say in your defence why sentence of death and execution should not be passed upon you?"

"To hell with ye all!" muttered the stupefied malefactor. "To hell with ye all!—to hell with ye all! Ho! ho! ho! haw! that's all I have to say. Now, come share the swag, I'll be second captain! Captain James Dullard! By the laws what will Angela and Lina think of that? What are ye all but murderers and robbers? Irish scum in the way of all the world!" and the miserable man whose brain had succumbed under the joint effects of drink, battering, excitement and terror, rolled over and over on the ground swearing, and fuming, and menacing in the most hideous and revolting manner.

His last words had sealed his fate. A long thick rope was speedily produced and noosed about his neck, and the extremity of it being flung over a strong prominent bough of an old oak tree, the raving, ranting, blaspheming vagabond was rapidly strung up, and after a few convulsive struggles his miserable and eventful existence was at an end forever.

A square piece of canvas was then poked up, and on it was traced, in the red blood of the omniscient elderberry, the following significant superscription:—

"EXECUTED BY THE MEN OF THE WOOD, AFTER A FAIR TRIAL AND CONVICTION, FOR THE MURDER AND PLUNDER OF EBENEZER WHAMMOND, FORMER AND REFORMED BISHOP OF KILKENNY."

This label was fastened on the breast of the pendant corpse, and a horrid sight it was in the mid-day light in the depth of that silent wood on the banks of the River Nore.

CHAPTER XXV.—THE DELEGATES.

We left the Marble City in a state of siege, or rather of civil war, the myrmidons of King Henry afire with zeal for the Reformed faith, and ablaze for revenge of the foul murder of the flower of their flock.

We also left the stout Catholic burghers, fully bent upon holding their own and keeping on the defensive, fully confident that whilst they stood shoulder to shoulder and heart to heart, that the Defender's creatures had no power either to affright or harm them, but quite the contrary.

The streets were empty, the market-place vacant for the peasantry were not allowed to enter the town, and when any burgher ventured abroad, he went fully armed and resolved to effect the object of his dangerous quest at the point of his skene or the twang of his bow-string. However, the civil or military power of the day did not care to test the prowess of the Celt or to act against his liberties or privileges, except they had all the advantages of men and arms on their side; and even then they only too often came off second best, usually running away howling to their paternal government to save them from the atrocities of the barbarian Irish.

At present they did not rely at all the general appearance of affairs abroad—those barricaded houses, closed and shuttered shops, the sentineled gables, the deep and ominous stillness, the signals, the flags, the envoys and couriers that were continually flitting noiselessly about, fearlessly exchanging pass-words, answering orders, passing badinages and compliments, and altogether exhibiting an amount of self-reliance, resolution, and display, that told pretty plainly that although the burghers were acting on the defensive, it was merely their adopted tactic, nothing more.

Both parties waited for reinforcements, and were quite contented to take stock of each other until the expected contingents should arrive.

In the meantime the delegates from the two belligerent parties wended their respective ways to "Glory's Wood," each party ignorant of the design of the other, and each intent upon enlisting the services of the famous outlaws in their cause, the burghers for love, the king's men for money.

The latter carried a white flag of truce as they entered the dangerous precincts; but the burghers, having sailed by water, marched boldly into the familiar haunts, with the air of men depending on their fellow-countrymen for both sympathy and support.

The men with the white flag made a very satisfactory progress through the zig-zag pathways of the wood. They were not surprised that their passage was undisputed, for they attributed the fact to the appearance of their peaceful standard. The burghers, on the other hand, who were also making their way to the centre, were very much astonished that no vidette, no sentinel, no warning bell, as usual heralded their approach. No, nothing of the kind. The king's men and the Irishmen both reached the immediate rendezvous of the Rapparees almost at the same time. Three men constituted each deputation.