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JUBILEE BOOK,

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THE PAST. " Let the dead past bury its dead"! Ah no, for he who thus has said Forgot that Mem'ry's first, best power Is to revive a pleasant hour.

And live it o'er again. When silvery hairs bedeck the brow. Of him, who lives Life's spring time now How oft will Mem'ry's hand retrace Of childhood many a cherished face Now burled in the tomb.

And by its power that poor bent frame, Its childhood's years will fondly claim, And with loved sisters, brothers roam A boy, once more, in the dear old home A vision of long ago.

And the age dimmed eyes, again will glov The raven locks replace those of snow And the long long years of toil and pain Are all, all gone, He's a child again Sporting in joyous glee.

Then who will bid us bury the past What though with clouds, it's oft o'er cast And thorns we've sometimes met Those clouds with silvery hues are lined The thorns, with roses often twined The past, then, don't forget.

(From the Dublin Irishman.)

RAPPAREES OF THE WOOD.

A. TRADITION IN IRELAND IN THE REIGN OF HENRY VIII.

By Dr. J. T. Campion.

CHAPTER XIX .- THE SAXONS AND THE CELTS.

As the pelting showers knock unceasingly upon the surface of the earth until the flowers appear, so the urgent exigencies of a people clamouring for relief and defence, appeal to the men in the gap, until a leading spirit of the day appears and takes the vacant position in the van. Thus, Dermod O'Kelly, sen., appeared at the head of the assembled burghers, and having barricaded and fortified his own especial dwelling, and left it and its inmates, including Mother Lina and Angela, to the protection of his son, led the way to the Market Cross, situated near the tholsel, surrounded by flights of steps, and surmounted by figures of the tutelar saints of the town. Here he drew up with a long skean in one hand, and a formidable axe in the other, and leaning against the marble abutments was about to give his opinion and advice of what should be done under the pressing emergencies when the great bell of the Black Abbey pealed out upon the air in the beautiful hymnal song of " The Angelus." Then the gathering multitude about him flung their arms on the ground, and falling upon their knees, hailed the holy salutation in loud vocal prayer, and, in anthem and response, made the High-street of the city echo to the sonorous strains of their devotion.

The bell ceased, and the burghers arose, and gathered around their representative man.

O'Kelly explained their situation, and the necessity there was of a perfect union amongst themselves to repel the fury and fanaticism of the English colony imposed upon them. For, whoever murdered this bishop, they should not submit to be plundered first and murdered after, and their homesteads given to the flames.

And all this on the mere suspicion of a crime that their souls abhorred, a cold-blooded murder. They should march to the civil power, declare their de-testation of the horrid deed, and offer their services

for the discovery of the guilty party.

So spake O'Kelly to his fellow-burghers in the spirit of manly truth and independence, with veracity in his heart, fearless devotion in his soul, and arms in his hands, the proper way for men to argue with their enemies.

They went, but the dominant body of Reformers, instead of receiving them in a fit and proper spirit, looked upon their presence and their explanations as merely proofs of their conscious guiltness, and would then and there have exterminated them, but for the shining steel in their hands, and the resolution apparent both in their words and attitude.

As it was they declared war upon the Irish Celts. denounced them as a group of murderers and sav-ages (bless the mark!), and finished the conference by a flourish of drums and trumpets, which, so far from striking terror, only caused derision and laughter, and sent the burghers away, to garrison every house, to arm every man, to shelter every woman, and to defy all England and her myrmidons.

The settlers sought for assistance from the Government creatures of all the surrounding towns, determined to immolate all the followers of the Pope in Kilkenny; and the burghers not behind-hand, dispatched trusty messengers, who scaled the city walls, and made their way to the open country, where they were commissioned to look for the aid of the Lapparees of Glory's Wood,

By a strange coincidence the military Seneschal or Mayor of the city conceived the very same notion of endeavouring to secure the services of the Rapparees; and two accredited agents were deputed to repair to the stronghold of those bold parishs, to offer rewards, promise immunities, and perfect terms, for the use of their reckless daring against the followers of the Pope in Leinster.

The Irish desperadoes, therefore, who had hither-to be banned, denounced, and threatened with wholesale extermination, by one party, were now appealed to both by burghers and English settlers for their invaluable a sistance and favourable recognition.

Any Irishmen should easily enticipate to whom the woodsmen would lean in the coming strife—but the low English clan then transplanted into the country looked upon the Irish people as creatures greedy as themselves for gain, and reckless of all principle in the face of their own interests and gratification. They never dreamed of their ambassadors being sent back to them in disgrace, or their beads forwarded minus their bodies, after the English fashion, or of their being cajoled, or poisoned, or murdered, or flogged, or pitch-capped, or hanged —no, no—the mere Irish were supposed to be always ready to lick the fingers presented to them, and to be supremely tame and obedient at the sight of one of Harry's freshly minted golden sovereigns, or a grant of another man's few acres, or a fat place amongst the prosperous Reformers of the day. Therefore, was it that the patronising chief magis trate or Saxon Mandarin of Kilkenny had no hesitation in offering bribes, patronage, rewards and protection to the desperate Irish outlaws to cut the

throats of their fellow-countrymen.

In the meantime, Bishop Whammond lay waking—or rather cold, stark, stiff, and coffined—in the state chamber of the episcopal palace. The royal crown was over his bier, and the keys and crozier were beneath it, like a true son of the new church, who had transferred his spiritual allegiance to the best his guidance rather than the Sovereign Pontiff of Rome. Wolsey did the same and fared very little better—in fact King Henry VIII. made a very bad representative Pope, indeed—his true role being

Herod, or Dives, or Julian. The illustrious Whammond was not buried in Irish soil-no, his precious remains were conveyed to Winchester, which had the honour of his birth, and was his lordship's native place. Happy Winchester! to possess within your glowing bosom the long cylindrical bone of the proto-martyr of the Reformation! No doubt, a Will-o'-the-Wisp hovers around the precious spot, throwing that sort of radiance over its circumference, evanescent, fitful, false, and fanciful, which so particularly lit the tortuous path that the martyr had chosen to follow during his transparent career upon earth

CHAPTER XX .- ON GUARD.

When young Dermod O'Kelly found himself the accredited protector of his mother, and his meditated mother-in-law, in the barricaded house in Green-street, he thought that he was the right man in the right place, and that his father was a Solomon and a Solon for making him a David against the Philistines; so he strutted about the premises, looked to his locks and holts, looked to his pinned windows and took stock of the world abroad from the turretted breast-wall on the ponderous old roof of his fortalice. Thus he fulfilled his duty as a son and a free burgess; but when he tramped down stairs, and found the little fascinating Angela waiting for him in quiet moon-like beauty, pensive from the absence of her father, and the necessity of seeking shelter under another roof, agitated and concerned that the danger now apprehended must emanate from her own countrymen; and deeply and grievously aware that her presence in the house of her benefactors must add to the vengeance of the English besiegers, should their attack prevail and prove a victory.

Poor Angela trembled as her lover approached her—her spirit was gone—her joyousness vanished -new claims and old claims-new memories and old memories held combat in her heart. Would her father attack the house of her Irish friend and advocate? and how was he to know that she and her mother were under the roof and protection of the friendly and generous O'Kelly.

Dermod looked at the sweet, blue-eyed, blonde,

and graceful creature before him; innocence beautified the gentle expression of her countenance, and although care and anxiety rested on her brow, they only added to the effect of a loveliness that looked rarest in the shadow, as the intercepted sunlight mixes gleam and gloom, until like two happy spirits

they go hand and hand deliciously together.

Dermod thought it was something to be constituted protector of such a charming little creature as Angela, and, therefore, he felt his heart swell, and his figure dilate, and the strength of a Hercules and an Ajax instantly incorporated in his arms.

Duty, too, chivalrously took precedence of love he was Angela's champion as well as her lover; he was now called upon to show her how he could shield her from all harm, and to win her further admiration and confidence by the disinterestedness of his present action.

"Dear Angela," he said, looking into her eyes, tion one many the sufficient (all resets) in the second of the second of

your place now is between our two mothers. Darling Angela! good Angela! father has put me on guard over you all, and I must think of nothing else at present."

"Dermod! Dermod! I am miserable," sobbed Angela, "about father-about-about-about you and everybody."

And she leant her burning head against his shoulder, and sobbed away convulsively through a feeling of mixed anxiety which she could not well define, but which was really made up of fear for her father, and love and admiration of her chivalric lover

Indeed, it would have been hard for her girl's heart to refuse admiration to the gallant young Irishman who had won her affection from the first. Look at him! with his fine, frank, handsome face, and beaming eyes; his long-flowing auburn hair; his lithe, tall, and graceful figure, set off with tight-fitting tunic; his silver-buckled brogues, and jauntily-tassled barrad, not to speak at all of the polished ashen bow he held in his hand, and the quiver, full of arrows, that hung from his broad shoulders; the short, sharp skene that ornamented his broad belt about his waist, nor the little bit of green silk ribbon woven into a true lover's knot, that garnished the simple tie about his manly, sunburnt neck, and which certain pretty nimble finger's had fashioned and formed not for him at allas it were-but only to be snatched from her willing grasp, after being purposely exhibited as a mock-ery, a delusion, and a snare.

A short arquebus would have been a better class of arms for our young hero, but the spring-lock was only just invented, and the new arm was in use with the king's soldiers alone, and even with them not much trusted as a weapon either of certainty or effect.

Angela admired her young soldier and protector with secret joy and delight, and as he strode away to take his dutiful position at the parapet on the house-top she followed him with her eyes and her affections, and then with her ears and beating heart until his steps died away in the distance, and the sound of the trap-door high above her told her that her young knight had mounted guard, and was looking out from the parapet wall for the approach of a threatening enemy or of an encouraging friend. But the day passed away, and although groups of soldiers, armed with arquebus and matchlock, shield and spear, or the terrible arablast, condemned by the Pope for the cruelty of the wounds it inflicted; some helmeted and greaved, some mount-ed as hobbelers, after the Irish fashion, as well as the civic guards, with halbert and sword, backbut and bonnet. All was quiet, the burgers kept close quarters, their policy being to act on the defensive, to rush into no precipitate action, but to be on the crouch and ready for the onset when the ruthless enemy struck the first blow or offered the first insult.

This solemn, silent, resolute mode of proceeding seemed to be quite understood and appreciated by the prowling English enemy.

Both parties felt that the outburst must be one of the leaders on nitter extermination, and both sides seemed to be resolved to let the matter mature to the utmost before the gage was thrown down and the red flood-gates of war flung open.

Little did those self-sufficient men-at-arms, who paraded the streets by the order of their superiors, imagine that instead of striking terror and creating intimidation that they only made the Irish fingers tingle to send a shaft into them as they passed, but were restrained by the rigid orders enjoined on them by the iron hands and cool heads of those who knew how to manage the Saxon enemy, and to cool their presumption at a fit and proper moment,

This stupid idea of striking terror always pervaded the policy of the English governors of Iteland. Striking terror by treachery, bribery, brute-force and tyranny, from the days of Owen Roe to the monsterblunder of the execution at Manchester; striking terror as if the Celt was to be stamped out by herse hoofs, obliterated by drugged goblets, affrighted and not exasperated by the spiked gory heads of their brethren and swept off the face of the earth, or blown over it, or into it, by the inflated cheeks of a remorseless enemy. Ireland has survived the days of trial and persecution, her faith more steadfast, her spirit more aspiring, her nationality more alive; she is weighing down the balance, and in God's good time will achieve her position and inde-

CHAPTER XXI.—SABBATH FROLICS.

When James Dullard turned away from the last city gate, where he had been peremptorily refused exit, as we have already stated, he retraced his steps to the tavern. It was morning—Sunday morning—what matter. Why was he worried of a Sunday morning? Was he a murderer, a robber, or a Papist? Wasn't be a pillar of the Reformation? No. to be sure, he was not a minister of it; he didn't wont to be a minister; but he brought a lot of sheep to the fold for all that, and he didn't see, dang it, not he, why he shouldn't be made much of as well as another, and not to be balaragged before the

public on account of one of his own flock. Impressed with these fine feelings and sophisms Master Jam asought ones more the society of his associates, resolving " to make a day of it."

His fellow-potateurs, however, being well aware of the cause of his particular dilemma, made the day very uncomfortable to him; they knew the trouble into which he was dipped, and he became a regular butt for the jeers, uncouth wit, and merciless raillery of all comers. These men were his own English associates and friends, and, as such, understood perfectly well the relations between the henchman and his master; of their squabbles about monetary matters, and of the perpetual blister that the former kept applied to the latter, but which, latter ly, did not prove stimulant enough for the feeble circulation of the purse of that indulgent patron. The woman, too, about whom Dullard was so much worried (as he complained) was an imbecile, and anything but a beauty, which fact afforded a still greater open and zest for ridicule and buffconery, giving bitter point to every shalt on the occasion, and making the rude, crude nature of the bated

the first slip, 'said one.
"But Jem oughter not to pick out the flower of

"And what aggravates the matter morer, her being the wife of the pious 'tinker, Giles Jenkins."
"It's all a blasted lie," roared Dullnrd, lifting a large pewter-pot of foaming home-brewed ale. " It's a fluke of the tinker's to rise the wind because he knows that Whammond and myself ain't pullin' together kindly."

the flock, and timpt the wenus of the reformation,

retorted another.

"Ho, ho, ho," laughed a little tailor in the corner, who was discussing a small measure of usquebaugh. Won't we hear another story in the court to-morrow—won't we?"

'Story or no story," fumed Dullard, "I'm not the chap to stand no badgerin' from no man, an' I'll turn ugly on any customer that goes it ahead on me to his likin'."

This curt announcement was made in so truculent a tone and with so dangerous an expression of countenance that the henchman's banterers thought it prudent to alter their mode of attack, and affect to chime in with the beat and humour of their ferocious companion and neighbor.

"Jenkins was always a skulker after the bishop," said the first speaker, but now in quite a different

"Yes," chimed in another, "he has a long sallow face and kite's claws and a thundering voice, and makes a great clerk at the new service.

"And he carries all the gossip," added a third, and tells all the scandals and gimracks and news of the town at the big house on the hill. Jenkins

is a bad un, I tell ye."
"And, by gemini! here comes Giles himself up the street with a a big book under his arm and a white choker about his neck, and his face washed and his claws bleached and his hair cropped, with a neck like a crane, and a pair of feet like two powder horns," exclaimed the tailor, who commanded a full view of that part of the town from an open lattice window before him.

"Here he comes, here he comes!" cried several voices together, "You'd never think he handled a sawderin' iron in all the days of his life.'

"He's going to early church," chimed in the tailor-" drag him in here until we have a lark out of him."

Upon the word they pounced upon the tinker, and paraded him at the tap, despite of his manly and

strenuous opposition Dullard glared at him with the grin of a hyens. But Giles was a tinker every inch of him, and needed no more the menacing look of his adversary

than a wessel would a rat. "Dem this foul play," cried Giles ; "and although I am a Christian man, my mother was a gipsy, and my father a Cornish man—so, drop me, or I'll mark

some of ye before we're for parting." Here the heroic tinker dragged of his choker, flung his book into the bar, denuded himself of his outer jerkin, and baring a pair of long, lank, gam-

boge-tinted arms, invited any one of his cowardly assailants to "come on!" "Pitch iuto him. Dullard! You thief! now you

"Go in and win, Jem," shouted the whole de-

lighted assembly.

"Any man but that villain," objected Giles Jen-kins; "he'll drop into other hands, by-and-bye."
"Villian, from you." cried Dullard, throwing his lriving at him head-foremost like the charge of a buffalo.

Jenkins was game, and as cool as a cucumber he had sinew and bone, too, and as to hardihood you might as well be battering at a clothes horse. At least this was the estimate of Giles's attributes as assented to by the English congregation to which he belonged. Giles, moreover, had judgment and tact, and that amount of self-confidence and self possession which his craft possess to this day, so that instead of waiting to resist and rebut the charge of the infuriated son of Crispin, he suddenly sprang aside and let his opponent expend his strength, his energy, and his skull upon the jamb of the tavern door. The shock was tremendous, so much so that any skull less thick or less petrous must have gone smash like an egg-shell, but Dullard's head was real Saxon, such as poor Mac-Helleran would have snatched at, as a type; and it only sounded and resounded and was still, but the scalp gave way on all sides, and the blood followed the concussion like lightning after thunder, and the body of the incantious assailant lay senseless and stretched at full length upon the saw-dust floor, as inglorious a heap as anybody might dislike

to see upon a merry Sabbath summer morning. "Devil's cure to you, quarrelsome bully," cried out one of the fallen man's former friends.

"Bravo, Giles, my man," echoed another. "Hurrah for the guild of tinkers," echoed a third. "Take a pull out of this flagon," invited a fourth. "Hurrah for Whammond's bull-pup," screamed the little tailor.

This last compliment seemed to have taken the taste of the victor tinker, for he nodded at his eulogi-er and said-" Thank ve."

Here the bleeding prostrate wretch snorted, plunged, and showed other symptoms of vitality, upon which the forgiving tinker threw water upon his head, and turned him over with his foot until he lay on his back, at the same time considerately remarking:

"Although he injured me and mine, I don't care to cheat the gallows of him, or maybe let him leave the country without having a shy of a rotten egg at him in the stocks, or a grin at him through the jail bars. So put him sitting, landlord, and give him a tot, he'll be wanted in the bishop's court tc-morrow morning."

A loud laugh rewarded the tinker's peculiar humor, whilst the hero of the hour took the tankard again offered to him-ordered a "round for his new adherents, and looked on curiously and (so to say, as if) benevolently, as Boniface insinuated between the lips of the stupified Dallard the "tot" prescribed for him by his disinterested conqueror.

The converted tinker then wiped his bronzy brow, and his greasy face, replaced and readjusted boor wince at every sally.

his rejected choker, smoothened, flattened, and divided his elfin locks, and having dexterously captured his copy of the "converted" Scriptures,

he struggled into his trailing overcoat, buttoned it up to his throat, and incontinently prepared to de-

"Swop the summons in the morning," charitably suggested the softened heart of the imbibling little

"I'm blowed if I do," retorted the tinker. "Although I have no 'whet' against Jim there; but my voman is an idiot. She took to the 'blue ruin' in the old country, and turned stag, but the usquebagh in Ireland finished her off, and so I'll get rid of her, and Jim can have her as soon as he likes,

and my curse along with her into the bargain." An uproarous gustaw followed this characteristic philosophy of this amiable brazier, and the little tailor was so delighted with his wit, sense, and vivacity, that he lovingly offered him the remaining heel-tap of his measure of usquebagh. Giles made a playful lunge at him, by way of a friendly refusal, and the facetious stitchy "putting the left" as a jolly rejoinder in kind, the converted tinker departed to wait upon his reverend patron in St. Canice's, and to fulfil the nasal duties in his office with all the unction which a heart like his must feel, where merit and reward tread on each other's

hee's, and embrace each other on the threshold. The hapless sot, Dullard, who lay that Sabbath day on the floor of a recking tavern, was not always the abject wretch he then appeared to be. He was, once, a very decent tradesman, in England, holding a neat little shop, as buskin, sandal, shoe, and bootmaker, and morcover, was looked upon as such a proficient in his business as to secure patronage and orders from several persons of rank and posi-

His wife and daughter, too, turned out very spicily in those days, and accompanied the present degraded man to all the places of amusement and recreation when business permitted.

On such occasions, James Dullard presented a very different appearance to his present exterior man. He wore a good cloth jerkin, belt and buckle, a smart beaver hat, and long pointed shoes, turned up at the toes; carried a handsome, ornamented quarter-staff; wore his dark-brown hair long as a cavalier's; had a pert, Cockney air, and a certain amount of jaunty swagger that made him pass off for a man well-to-do in the world, and with a little cog, too, in the corner for the pretty smiling spinster who ornamented his home with her beauty.

But when the "Defender of the Faith" showed the cloven foot and the goat's horns, and the odious ravening after sin and sensuality, and when premiums were offered for disciples for the new order of things; when a new church was wanted, and a new clergy, and new adherents and followers; when a bounty was to be had for proselytism to the fresh schism, and money, and idleness, and sin were the baits for the human prey, James Dullard, as well as others who loved their case, particularly when garnished with gold, highly approved of the king's notions of things in general, and of his acts of robbery, plunder, and sacrilege in particular, for such sources promised to be permanent, as they did not proceed from the royal treasury, and were have him for the value! roared the mischievous sure to be dispensed and divided with a most liberal hand, and so he became a soldier in the new reformed corps, and "went in" for as many of the good things of this life as could be secured in the general scramble.

The new corps was, indeed, a bad 'un to the backhone, and was composed of as motly a crew of pewter tankard at the challenger first, and then adventurers as ever Lack Falstaff commanded—the scum of the purlieus of England, from London town to the Saxon borders.

Dullard, to be sure, marched in the van, and under the immediate shadow of the brand-new manufactured crozier; but he soon became blood-poisoned by his associates, and by the mother of all vices. Trade was thrown aside, new habits contracted suitable to the new calling; "blue ruin" became the order, not of the day, but of morning, noon, and night. Unpleasant traits of character began to develop themselves freely, and to become so unsanctimonious, so unbecomingly disedifying, that when Bishop Bale was hunted out of Kilkenny, with a bloody comb and a cadaverous aspect, it was thought a good mark of generalship to send the ecclesisastical soldier, Whammond, and his whole "plant" to fill up the undesirable void.

James Dullard went from bad to worse in " The Marble City," until he became a rather exacting draw upon his reverend patron's purse, then a disreputable looking attendant, and lastly a disgusting bully. Those degrees and gradations ebbed and flowed gradually, until, at last, they came to a climax by an increased greed for gold, and the supervention of a new crime which promised the reformed soldier and itinerant prelate a lucky chance of getting rid of his troublesome creature and most exacting neophyte.

CHAPTER XXII.-ESCAPED.

The day had waned away, and the evening far advanced, when Dullard shook off the effect of his long potations, and the concussion of his addled brain, after his contest with Giles Jenkins, the tinker.

It took a little time before he perfectly understood the general state of affairs around him, and the particular fix in which he himself was wilfully involved. His head throbbed (no wonder), his limbs shook, his frame trembled, he blundered a bit, too, through utter nervous prostration; he had been lying on a damp floor, and had not tasted food, of any account, for the last forty-eight hours.-He looked about him in his bewildered depression, and saw that it was the dusk of the evening, and that all his companions were gone. They were not "lovely companions," whether present or absent; neither was James, by any means, a type of "the last rose of summer." At first he thought of pulling out his little, bright, sharp blade, his paring knife, and writing a receipt for his forfeited existence, but his courage failed him; or else the devil reserved fire, and let him off free for the present. Then he looked towards the bar; the landlord sate there grimly enough, and evidently without exhibiting the least interest or sympathy; there was a stare, that was all, it might have been an inquisitive one, for the shivering wretch instinctively plunged his hands into his pockets with an expression of doubt. and alarm, but immediately his countenance reassumed a comparative repose; and, stepping up to chucked to him by the landlord over the beery bar, the bar he deposited a coin thereupon, and shovin to an extension of the free to the control of the second of the control of the co