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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 CRINNON. 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 85 D. & J. SADDLER & CO., 275 Notre Dame Street, Montreal.

DESPAIR. This vague sense of loneliness, this feeling apart, this strange restless yearning, the wild beating heart; The sad wistful gaze at a pitiless throng, The never ending sound of a never ending song, Afar in the distance the weird echoes roll With a low, solemn cadence, that thrills to the soul; A song that re-echoes one sad monotone, One weary, sad whisper,—"alone! alone!" Still comes the mad whisper again and again, With the same mocking tone, the same mad refrain! All alone! O, my God! while the hopes of the past In raiment dishevelled, stand mute and aghast! Down, down on my heart falls the bright fairy gold, Like the dead leaves of Autumn, it falls in the mold Of a life, whose bright sunshine forever has fled, Of a life that was life; of a life that is dead! All mute and aghast, all cheerless and dread, Those hopes loom again in the chill of despair: Despair for the flowers once glowing and bright; Despair for the sunshine, now shadow'd by night; Despair for the promise now crushed to the earth; Despair for the gladness that perished at birth; Despair for the darkness that shuts out the glow Of all that once brightened our pathway below. Despair! dark despair!—'tis a pitiless guest, A fiend of darkness to enter the breast Of some way-worn mortal, some stranger to rest!

(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 XV.—FASTING FOR THE NONCE. The abbey lands of Ireland were, as we have already written, confiscated by Henry as a part of his patent system in endeavouring to reform Holy Mother Erin. The churches and tithes were bestowed wholesale upon the newly-manufactured bishops and clergy whilst the rich lands, domains, and pasturages were as freely and more politically divided amongst the ranks and representatives of the more influential laity. This plan absorbed many a country chapel as well as many an ancient family, who were obstacles in the way of the new reformation, for the mushroom-lords of the land must not tolerate Papal edifices, and, of course, officiating priests must not exist, except by the extreme toleration under the new dispensation—Henry VIII. being Pope! The active reformatory system did more than all this. It drove many a brave man landless and homeless, to shelter by the hillside, or in groups to bivouac in the solitary valley, gorges, caverns, or gloomy woods, under the name of outlaws, refugees, rapparees, or robbers, whilst the true and real plunderers occupied their homesteads, and invented stratagems for their final destruction, like the gentle Spencer, and the soldier Raleigh, to whom England, however, evinced, her usual gratitude for the interest taken in her service; for the one died of starvation in a Saxon garret, whilst the soldier was beheaded after half a lifetime of imprisonment. Amongst the men driven to the woods and forests, were those into whose society we must again introduce our readers—"The Rapparees of Glory's Wood. It was a gala-day with those poor Pariahs and proscribed ones. They had a feast after their recent victory, and as their larder was well stocked and their spirits high and elated, they had determined to wrangle old time out of one day's enjoyment, at least, and to entertain themselves and their adherents to their full bent—to their hearts' content—and despite devil, and Dane, and Saxon, and every other enemy, spiritual or temporal, of the sacred soil of Saint Patrick. And so, as evening fell, guards were set, and fires were lit, and boards were spread, and casks were broached, and oxen roasted, and general joviality established.

The Rapparees toasted their friends and companions in arms, many of whom had been their tenants and retainers before the Englishman's grasp fastened upon the heart of Ireland. It was a wild and imposing scene that night in Glory's Wood—the moonlight struggling with the watch-fires—the black shadows crouching under the trees—the crackling of the blazing timber—the dark forms of the Rapparees and their guests couched in every imaginable position, their grim and Bacchinalian faces, dashed with the firelights, grotesqued by the restless shadows, and hilarious in the full swing of wit, and wine, and song. But when the fun grew fast and furious, and the revel arrived at its fullest and freest climax, the forest bell gave one long, deep, sonorous peal! another! and another! and the banqueters came to a full stop, sprang to their feet, and instantly seized their every-ready arms. The fires were deserted, the viands rejected, the wine-cups tossed aside, at the command of O'Dwyer every man stood, with a tree before him, and his trusty weapon in his hand ready for every emergency, offensive or defensive, as it might be. A sullen silence followed and continued unbroken for a considerable time, whilst the moon rose brighter in the heavens, and the crackling fires began to spread and lessen upon the forest's floor. Then came the sound of approaching footsteps crashing through the brushwood and coppices, and voices arose upon the night and approached nearer and nearer every moment, until at length the stalwart Rapparees stalked fairly into the area around the blazing faggots with a third party in their midst, evidently a prisoner. "What's in the wind, O'Regan?" "A spy, captain." "Men, hold your places all steadily," and the captain stepped out boldly from his concealment. "Who are you, in the name of thunder?" he demanded of the captive, "and are you tired of your life that you do your errand so carefully?" "I have done my errand passing well, I think," said the man quietly, "I came here unent—not as a spy, but as a missionary." "One of Whammond's gossellers, very probably," observed O'Regan. "You had better explain quickly and satisfactorily, Mr. Missioner," said the captain peremptorily. "We give short shrift to any sort of spy or informer in these parts, and much less to the Puritanical members of that cursed corps." The man smiled. "I say," vociferated the Rapparee chief, "prove, without delay, that you are no spy, and that you are not now employed in endeavouring to divert our attention to our destruction, or, by thunder, you die in your treason!" The two men closed on their intended victim. The captive betrayed no sign of trepidation, but leisurely and coolly undoing the belts of his great coat and loosing the buttons about his throat and breast, dung it suddenly wide open, disclosing the rabbi around his neck, the sultans of his sacred office, and a small shining cross over his heart. "A priest!" exclaimed the captain, involuntarily. The man retired a few paces, and raised their rude hats from their heads. "Yes," said the captive, gently, "I am the priest that the Rapparees lately protected from the cowardly civil force, and I believe you are their leader?" The Rapparee bowed. "Your present mode of life is reckless and not happy?" "It was not of our choosing." "It brings no peace, attains no object, and is sometimes stained with blood?" "Natural consequences from unnatural causes." "But it is better to do better." "How?" "That is what brought me here to-night. The king has turned brute and heretic—he has assumed the jurisdiction of the Sovereign Pontiff, oppressed Ireland, endeavoured to uproot her ancient faith, has despoiled her churches, and desolated her lands." A sullen silence followed the priest's discourse for a few minutes, after which he resumed: "Resistance is vain; it may entail more evil, but can do no good." "What do you mean to say?" broke in the Rapparee. "Peace," said the priest, raising his hand in deprecation—"peace! I do not mean, or advise, or expect you to lay down your arms, and kneel to the reformed military bishop for pity or for mercy, for he does not deal in these virtues, but I have another proposal to make to you which may be more profitable, more expedient, and more acceptable. It is that you leave the country that you can no longer subsist in, except by force, and violence, and bloodshed." "Far easier said than done, father," laughed the captain and his men. "But it is to show you how it may and can be done, I am also here." "Why don't you leave the country yourself, father?" asked the Rapparee O'Regan. "A very natural question," said the priest smiling, "but very easily answered. My mission is with my scattered flock; I cannot leave them to the wolves, nor can I allow my people to live to sickness or to perish without the ministry of Him who sent me?" The captain bent his head in thought for a while, and then said abruptly—"Suppose we consent to leave Ireland, father, have you any plan to propose to enable us to do so with safety?" "I have. Here is a passport, signed for me and a certain number of my people, and directed to the captain of 'The Ogygia,' now lying in Waterford harbour. Take it; make your way, singly, to the harbour, and that vessel will convey you safely to the coast of France, where you will be sure to obtain military service at once, as Irishmen have done before, and will again, as long as their own country is made too hot to hold them. I have now done my duty, by you for the great service received at your hands. It is now for you to do your duty by the men dependent on you, and for whose weal, spiritual and temporal, you have, of your own free will, rendered yourself responsible." "I'll take the passport, father, in God's name and yours. I'll explain it to my followers; and will

certainly give first vote to have it adopted and carried out." "Then, God bless you! my errand is done. I wish you all good night, and God speed, and I will remember you always in my offices and prayers." "I suppose I may not ask you, good father, to make longer stay amongst desperate men like us?" said Captain O'Dwyer. "I have no choice—I must go—too many require my ministry elsewhere. May the Almighty grant you the same spiritual aid, you and yours, in your great need." And the priest moved away, followed at a respectful distance by the Captain and the two men who had been his captors, until they saw him safely abroad on the main road leading to his next place of mission and refuge. CHAPTER XVI.—MORE LOVE AND MORE MISCHIEF. Dermot's ecstatic vision was realized—the boat of the O'Kellys was loosed from its moorings on Sunday morning early, with the same happy group aboard of her as we have already described a few chapters back. Mrs. O'Kelly, in the poop-seat, Father Dermot at the bow-oar, and young Dermot and Angela, nicely *à la-tête*, exchanging glowing sentences as the former pulled his pair of oars with his back to the old people. And oh! how fascinating that English girl looked, in her old masquerading pooky bonnet and yellow kerchief—her coarse thread hose and lumpy shoes, with odd buckles. But the gallant oarsman only saw the radiant laughing eyes of blue, the rich blonde curls, the richer lip and glancing teeth of pearl, the magic smile, the busy little hands that he would fain overwhelm with a shower of kisses, and then place above his heart to let her feel how wildly it was beating with a pure and ardent love for her. The dowdy assumed attire of the girl heightened her charms, as the great rich melon looks twofold luxurious in the rude wicker-basket covered with vine-leaves. Dermot rowed slowly and gracefully, lingering by the bordering gardens where the fruit-trees abounded, and raspberry bushes crept to the river's edge and the big bunches of red currants dipped into the water; where the strawberries were within tempting reach and the over-frighted boughs of the tortuous apple-trees challenged the plucking of the fair fingers that grasped them. And then it was so entrancing to sail into a mass of shadows, putting to flight the chick-dabs and water-hens, and again emerge into light and receive a shower of sun rays like a flight of arrows every shaft tipped with brightness and delight. The young people drank their fill of love from their mutual eyes, their communing merriment, and their sweet innocence and tender years, and as the placid sheep contemplate their frisking lambs, so the old people looked silently and serene yon, on, praying blessings on their heads and hopes, and deprecating all the cares, and troubles, and crosses in the long travel before them through the unequal ways of life and the turbulence of a world's warfare. Well, the little barque sailed again under St. John's-bridge, shooting the middle arch in gallant style, and coming forth on the other side in full stare of Ormond Castle, with its battlements afloat in the morning sun. Then they dropped down the deep pool leading to the lands of Lacken, and in a very short time turned into the little sandy tunnel in the river's bank, which Dermot had dug and furnished with block and chain to receive his boat into its protection. Then again there was the precious bustle about landing. The old pair easily made their way to the bank assisting each other in serious earnestness, whilst Dermot kept the craft steady, and made merry with Angela aside, at the petty struggles and mishaps which the old people experienced in endeavouring to do the thing cleverly before the spectators. But now it was Angela's turn to disembark, and Dermot made the boat lurch, to compel her to catch at his arm, but Angela held the seat, and made, as if to call for assistance. Father Dermot looked around, and Angela—taking advantage—stepped the seats demurely, and footing the broad stern, jumped ashore, delightfully. The little party, now, in solemn silence, approached the humble church, and entering its narrow portal, mingled with the crowd who came there to worship in spirit and in truth. We will leave them to their prayers and meditations, and proceed to look after another actor on the stage in the person of Mr. James Dullard. That worthy did not return to his home on Saturday night. He was busy carousing with some of his English cronies, who, upon learning the particulars of his *fracas* with the Bishop, and the little scandal of the summons to his court on Monday, advised him strongly to slip out of the way, for awhile, until the storm blew over. James knew his master well, and therefore he knew just as well that the advice of his friends was sound and good, and ought to be followed with as little delay as possible; and accordingly, on Sunday morning he hastened from the reeking tavern to leave the town, and make his way to his relatives in England. But when he came to the North gate he was denied exit. The South gate followed suit, and the East and West janitors were equally recalcitrant. "Good! grunted James Dullard, "we always stop up the holes and cranies when we want to hunt down the varmint—but by—" But James's oath being Saxon, and therefore being unusually blasphemous, and utterly unfit for repetition, we must purposely omit it, assuring our readers, at the same time, that it was perfectly in keeping with the devilish heart that dictated it—and that it meant, to the fullest extent, the amount of hatred and mischief which it implored of hell to visit on the head of a certain *dis-dixent* ecclesiastic to whom he gave credit for putting a *bar sinister* on the four city gates against his own wandering proclivities. Mr. Dullard turned away from his last repulse and disappointment, with utter disgust and very bad feelings, indeed, towards his vindictive, cautious, and loathsome enemy. He went back to the tavern and spent the Sabbath with some kindred spirits who could feel for him and with him, as long as he had either money or credit, and was in a mood to direct the proceeds of either into their

throats or pockets. Therefore, was it that the bishop's ex-henchman was absent from his home both on Saturday and also on Sunday until late in the evening, when he returned in hot haste, and making no reply to the anxious queries of his wife—who followed and questioned him, he dashed out again into the streets, and was out of sight in a moment. Mrs. Dullard shook her head, thanked God she was not too easily disturbed—remarked sagely that whilst her spouse was in his present mood that his absence was better than his company—raked down the fire—took down her bonnet and hood—locked the street door when she got outside—pushed against it to see that it was fast—and then proceeded calmly up the town to look after her daughter, Angela. On that eventful Sunday Dermot and Angela found themselves again strolling on the tempting banks of the Nore, the youth afresh in the new and favourable turn of affairs, and the maiden more amenable and more amiable in her concern for the sudden cloud over her house, and the misfortune of her luckless parent. "Now that he has broken up entirely with that Bishop Whammond," said Angela, pensively, and making Dermot the confidant of her thoughts and her affairs, "I think the sooner we get back to England the better; besides, mother's people are well off, and a great check to fathers strange ways and peculiarities." "How coldly you talk of going away, Angela," said Dermot, mournfully. "I wonder if I told you that father has resolved to go away, too, and mother, and—us all. Would you care, Angela?" Angela started. "Going whither, Dermot?" she anxiously questioned. "To Madrid, to my uncle, a prosperous man, who has mills and timber yards, and ships at sea. His partner has died, and he urges father to come to him, and makes all sorts of promises for our future welfare." "Indeed!" exclaimed the maiden, wondering, "to Madrid?" Dermot looked to find some anxious flush upon her cheeks, or concern within her eyes; but Angela stopped to pluck a wild flower, and defeated him, and then putting the petals to her nose, and patting them against her lips and cheeks, she archly looked at the poor neophyte of love, and tantalisingly observed— "How coldly you talk of going away, Dermot!" Dermot was disconcerted, vexed, piqued, and, in his despair, angry, and so, with a firm and raised voice, and a flushed brow, and the mien of a being whose noblest nature was in the ascendant, he seized his sweetheart's hand firmly within his own, and said to her, with his honest, expressive face— "I must speak, or cry, or make a fool of myself, Angela, but it will be only this time—the first and last time." "Dermot!" remonstrated Angela, half-laughing, half-frightened, and endeavoring to extricate her hand from his grasp. "No, no!" resisted the fond boy. "No, no! I must say it. I love you, Angela! I love you, Angela! I love you, Angela!—there now, laugh at me, point at me, call me a fool and a fellow!—but I will love you all the same." Angela looked at him in amazement, with admiration, with pride. Young and handsome, manly and open-hearted, earnest and sincere, the young Irishman was not to be resisted. She was touched—sensibly touched. She met his anxious gaze with tearful eyes and heaving breast. For her woman nature and generous sympathy would not wound him any longer. "Poor Dermot!" she uttered just above her breath, for her voice was choked with emotion—"Poor Dermot!" He felt her hand tremble, he marked how pale she grew, and when she pressed her hand upon her heart to still its tumultuous beating, he whispered— "My dear Angela!" She covered her face with her kerchief, and turning partly away, whilst still he held her glowing hand, uttered with the sweetest cadence— "A dear Dermot!" The happy pair now walked side by side in unutterable deliciousness—walked silently and passively; the boy wild with delight, the gentle girl alarmed at her own confession, and both mutually mesmerized under the wand of the winged enchanter. Dermot sought to see the sweet lips that so lately pronounced his name with so much magic and love, and the meaning eyes that he had so often feared to meet from their raillery and glee. But Angela only turned her head away and sobbed. She had determined to have kept the secret for ever so much longer; and therefore, in its escape, like that of a spirit from a material body, the separation shook her young heart to its centre. Dermot felt relief and joy. Angela a sweet chagrin and emotion, as if a part of the charm was gone by which she had held her lover in her golden bondage. "Angela, my love, my darling," urged Dermot in persuasive ecstasy, "don't sob or cry or I will think you are sorry for what you said." "I am not sorry, Dermot, but I—here she let her pained hand freely with him, and he pressed it warmly to his heart, and Angela felt that true heart beat wildly to the pressure as though eager to attest its devotion and fidelity. Many a time long after that happy day, both Dermot and Angela honestly acknowledged that neither of them fully remembered how they reached home, or what they said or did, or anything else, except this one thing: that they felt burning anxiety to get away for the night, to be alone, to be undisturbed, unwatched, to lie awake, and to think, and to realize all that had occurred, and to ask their hearts and souls, was it right, was it likely to conduce to future peace and happiness, had they said or done wrong, and, above all, how, in the name of everything lovely and loving, was the burning secret to be divulged to their people? who was to divulge it? and how would the earthquake-information be received? However, the happy pair did make their way regu-

larly, and fairly enough to the paternal house of the O'Kellys; and Dermot, with quite a manly and chivalric air, quite unlike his usual timid and milk-sop bearing, and with a dash of tender patronage, too, whilst he kissed his mother, whispered into her ear earnestly to "take care of Angela," as he was going to her house to see how matters stood with her father and mother since the morning. Mrs. O'Kelly saw nothing unusual in all this, except that her son seemed to be more himself and in better spirits, and her mother-heart was pleased and gratified. Dermot dashed out of the house in the greatest blood, and proceeded on his way with the air and feeling of a person who suddenly became somebody, and who had a mission and a duty upon earth, and an interest in existence vastly in advance of all the breathing world around him. In such a mood he bounded along, and soon found himself at the door of the English shoemaker. At the same moment Mrs. Lina was in the act of turning the key in the lock, and seemed very glad of the advent of the young visitor. "Jem is off with himself for the night, heaven knows where," explained Mrs. Dullard; "he has taken the key of the back door—that is his sign—and I'm afraid to stay in the place by myself." All this was prime news for our hero, and he congratulated himself upon it a thousand times over, as he led the German matron home in triumph. Father Dermot was reading a chapter in Rodriguez as they entered. He raised his specs, took them off, wiped them, and, returning them to his nose, looked at the lad, then at Angela who arose to meet him. There were joy and happiness in the young people's eyes, and a tenderness of expression in their faces, which struck the old man as indicative of a new move, but he said nothing beyond a slyly modulated "humph," and then throwing one leg over the other, drew his chair a little nearer the table, and continued his reading. Dermot sat down next Angela, no longer timid, ashamed, or afraid; the tormenting doubt was removed from his mind, and his devotion and manliness assuming the ascendant made him proud and precious of his conquest. It was now poor Angela's time to be the modest and retiring, her secret was no longer her own, and she felt that the pretty talker was gone by which she could make herself visible and in visible whenever she pleased. In other words, she could tantalise Dermot no longer, and her new position was as puzzling as it was delightful. That night when Angela had retired into a comfortable little nook prepared for her and the passive Lina, and the paterfamilias, after stretching himself to his full height, and then bending himself as far back as his equilibrium would permit, and after two or three very portentous yawns and ejaculations, announced his intention of going off to eat and there, no matter who preceded him or who remained after him, to his hospitable couch; and Mrs. O'Kelly called him a big bizzard, and told him to begone, and then they both laughed and parted, young Dermot sat down by his mother's side, and leaning his head upon her shoulder, and putting his two arms about her neck drew down her head to him and whispered in her ear, although nobody at all was near them, nevertheless it was right it should be whispered. "Mother! I must tell you all about Angela before I go to bed, or I will go crazy with thinking about it." "And what is it all about, Dermot dear? Has she been unkind to you?" "Is it Angela, mother?" remonstrated the adoring lover, reprovingly. "Well, what then, child?" And, oh! such a story as the love-sick boy poured into the ear of his dotting mother. Such a story of glee and gladness, of purest affection and perfected bliss, that the old woman had not the heart to blow a ripple on its surface. And so she listened, and listened, whilst he recounted over and over again all that happened during that charming walk by the river side, and now and then she would put in a little query or make an occasional observation, just to show that she felt an interest in everything that he was saying, and in everything or anything that might conduce to his peace and pleasure. "Isn't she a grand girl, mother?" he asked, in the high tide of his glorious joyousness, "and won't you say everything good about us to father, and that I am so steady and sensible, and so wise for my years—for father likes all that sort of thing—and lays great store on everything you say to him—won't you, mother dear? won't you?" The poor boy never thought for an instant that his mother could have any ideas, opinions, or judgment to clash with his own; he was sure of *us*, for she never refused him anything; but father, with his book and his spectacles, and his wisdom, he might scatter all their hopes—his and Angela's—like a dandelion flower, and they never could be put together any more. "Go to bed, now, Dermot dear," said the loving mother, "and we'll talk it over again in the morning. You know your poor old mother will be your friend always."

CHAPTER XVIII.—DEAD FOR A DUCAT. The next day the Marble City was in an uproar. There was a rumour abroad, which, like the incipient mutterings of a storm, increased as it progressed, until at last it was generally known that Bishop Whammond was dead. Yes, the great man of the day, and the best suited for his peculiar position. The times were boisterous, belligerent, and corrupt—religion was in the way, it was a stumbling-block—royalty and infamy and purity could not exist together—stern men were required to meet the new nature of things—men who must not hesitate between God and Mammon—men who, to come to the surface and sustain their position, must gird up their loins and declare sturdily for the devil, the world, and the flesh; enlist under their banners and be the king's men. Whammond had been a soldier and knew the necessity of obedience; he was shrewd and a worldly man, and nicely calculated his own advantages and interests; he had been suddenly transformed into a ruling ecclesiastic, and understanding the meaning of his transformation, he was determined that both