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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 \$5. D. & J. SADLER & CO., 275 Notre Dame Street, Montreal.

DUTIES OF THE NEW YEAR. Go, warm the cold; go, clothe the bare; Go, feed the starved ones at thy door, And let the empty handed share. From out thy basket and thy store. Go, wipe from Misery's eye the tear, Take by the hand affliction's son, And happy shall be all the year 'Till thus happily begun. Go, give the sick and weary rest, Gladden the cells where prisoners lie; Pour balm and oil in wounded breast, And soothe the one about to die. Do thus, and thou shalt go to rest With music round thy midnight bed, And, blessing, shall be trebly blessed For each such soul thus comforted.

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

CHAPTER XI.—BISHOP WHAMMOND REALIZES HIS POSITION, AND RESOLVES TO ACT ON IT. Ebenezer Whammond sat in the state room of his palace; the same apartment into which we have before introduced our readers, but his lordship was now imbued and invested with very different views to those that at that time actuated him. He felt no longer awed by the greatness thrust upon him; the grand Cathedral had become quite familiar and common-place in his eyes; the people he defied and despised; and the new powers which were put at his disposal he was determined to exercise to their very utmost extent in forcing the Reformation down the throats of all weak recusants, and particularly in incriminating and banishing every member of the Catholic priesthood within his reach, and begging and punishing all contumacious members of the obnoxious church. For this purpose, his first care was to put all his reformers, even the meanest and lowest, over the heads, and into the offices, spiritual and temporal, of every kind, through his broad diocese. And as he administered all law and sorts of law himself, and controlled all public bodies, besides swaying his own consistorial court in forma judicis, the burghers of the Marble City, as well as those holding any rank or position in the neighbouring towns and provinces, found themselves soon and summarily superseded by some English clown, who was always sure to be overfaithful to his master. Thus, in full enjoyment of the brand-new faith, and of all he could pick and plunder from the old, and basking in the smiles and favours of a congenial government, his lordship ruled supreme, and on the present evening in his palace was contemplating himself in the plenitude of his glory, and in the bright anticipation of sending his name down to posterity with a halo and an electric shock that would swallow up some of the poison-clouds that had hitherto hung over the murky antecedents of his family scutcheon. Poor Ebenezer Whammond! he little knew that there was still another honour, however, with which he would have gladly dispensed. It was, that he was to be likened, hereafter, to a certain Persian king who had espoused the world and deserted the faith, and who, when his power was greatest, like Lucifer, fell the deepest, as was the case, ever since the world began—from the days of the would-be builder of the temple of Jerusalem to the redoubtable Oliver the marsh-marsh, who died at last of fear and terror, and whose skeleton in after days swung rattling in chains on the desecrated bill of Tyburn. Ebenezer was just pondering on the possible and probable effect of sledging down the large cross off the entrance to his adapted cathedral. In England it might be a bold and acceptable step, although the king had not as yet advanced so

far in heresy; but in Ireland, where Catholic churches were still tolerated, and priests not absolutely banned, except those fugitive fathers who, being deprived of their churches and livings through the tyrannical and rapacious *soldan* laws and claims of the royal wife-slayer, were prohibited to wander amongst their flocks, or any longer look after their spiritual or temporal welfare. Ebenezer Whammond had his doubts, and as he was too proud to take anybody into his counsel he satisfied his scruples by concluding to permit the cross to stand where it was for the present, whilst, in the meantime, he would feel the pulse of some of his ecclesiastical conferees on the other side of the water as to the feasibility of the feat he so exultingly contemplated. In the very luxury of his musings—sided by an occasional sip of some rare old Spanish claret, which he found in the cellar of his predecessor—the happy military divine swooned away into a delicious slumber. If angels circled his head they were not visible—if peace and charity nestled in his heart they made no sign of their habitation—and if his light dreams were of a better land there was no intimation beyond a long, sonorous, and interrupted snore! Poor Ebenezer Whammond! Unhappily, his reverence was not doomed to enjoy his placid siesta for any continued period. Ah, such is the penalty of greatness and grandeur!—such the inevitable inconvenience and crosses of those who undertake to devote their lives to the "reformation of their fellows." Poor Bishop Whammond!

CHAPTER XII.—A DREAM AND A NIGHTMARE.

We left the lord bishop, the Most Reverend Ebenezer Whammond, the nominee of the ministers of a most fickle and vicious master—the lay pope of the new liturgy—enjoying his *otium cum dignitate* in a state of slumbering luxury in the episcopal palace of the Catholic prelates of Kilkenny. Did any of those venerable ecclesiastics, risen from their monumental tombs in the Cathedral, invade his noiseless dreams? or those grim or armoured knights, with lozenge-shields and crucial bearings, make passive war upon his unseemly usurpation? or the marble altars? the mural mottoes? the angel heads? the niched saints? the floriated sepulchres? the shrines? the vision of the patriarchal Saint Canice? the holy well? the awful grave-yard?—did they steal in like warning ghosts and last remonstrances of God's love, and mercy, and pity? If so, soldier Whammond heeded them not. He put his hand to the plough, and he would not look back; he opened his oyster with his sword, and crooked out the fish with his crozier; he wanted luck, not grace; he went in for place and pension and he was quite ready to adopt the role of either saint or sinner, which ever favoured most the progress of his own individual interests. In the meantime he slept, and his early days and later days, begimed a good deal with the sins of a soldier's failings, began, like crows, in the early evening, to come back to roost and to stare at him, and goggle at him, and mock him, and perch on his mitre, and peck at his crozier, and leer at him with such odious and meaning eyes, and croaky laughter, that Ben began to feel as if he ought to be ashamed to have been transferred into a bishop by the Lords, Commons, and King of England, and that it would be far more fitting for him to have remained a trooper, and never to have undertaken the curse of souls, particularly under the present royal and self-dubbed Pope and ruler. The dreams became more suggestive, more subtle, more troublesome, and horrid phantoms of the past, long lain quiet and dormant, began to creep out of their noisome dens and crawl all over his conscious soul, when a sharp tap at the door of the apartment brought the dreamer to a full stop, a second tap stirred up his dormant reason, and another awoke him up outright. He felt relieved, and, therefore, with a cheery voice, he said—"Come in!" Fully expecting a servant to appear, he assumed a stately and sanctimonious air, and placed his hand flat upon an open book that lay on a table before him. But what was his reverence's disgust and displeasure to see unannounced, and certainly totally unexpected, the leather cap, tufted with rabbit-scut, and the odious broad grinning countenance of his henchman, Mr. James Dullard. His lordship was just about to meet his vile servant with a torrent of invective, and to extinguish his presumptuous familiarity by an awful warning for the future, but Mr. Dullard anticipated every intention by plucking off his leathern head-gear, and sending it out of doors by a well-directed back kick, following up which token of questionable courtesy by a hoarse chuckle, he abruptly advanced to his patron and handed him an ink-bespattered document, the top written in broad English text, and the bottom graced by some uncouth hieroglyphics. "There, Mr. Lord Bishop—there's what a cove gets for trying to tame the wild Irish!" The Rev. Ebenezer arose, tried to extinguish the coarse boor before him with a withering look of menace and disdain, but finding it completely lost upon the impervious object of his malevolence, he quietly took the paper and carried it over to the window to decipher its contents. "What, sir," he cried, after a few moments perusal, and in a voice in which anger and wonder were equally expressed. "I see here that you are summoned to my consistorial court on a charge of—" "Never mind the charge, bishop," said Dullard, gruffly, "but put a grin on the cove that sent me the summons." "Why, sirrah, you are here cited for—" "At it again, brown, red! You ain't goin', I s'pose, to have me keel-hauled to a public court-house?" "Do you want me to be an accessory to your infamy—do you, sirrah?" asked the bishop, angrily. "You are here cited for adultery—I suppose you know that?" "You weren't always so thin-skinned, bishop," grinned Dullard—"leastways in England." "England or Ireland," exclaimed the bishop, loftily, "you shall answer for your delinquency. I shall not commence my episcopate by refusing to do justice to my people." "And what about the justice you left behind you

on the other side of the water; and the little justices; and the hulloo about!" "The placidity of the divine here broke down before the rascality of his creature, and the military spirit assuming the ascendant, he now spoke unmistakably, and with terrible decision—" "Low ruffian and ungrateful wretch, any position is too dearly earned to have a snarling brute of your kind eternally at one's heels. I tell you, you shall appear to this summons, and if you be proved guilty I will have no mercy on you!" Dullard winced before the wrath of his superior, not that he cared a curse for anything but the loss of his master's money, but the threat and denunciation were new to him, and augured a nasty bite from the "old soldier," as he always styled his master behind his back. "That's hard jaw, bishop," growled Dullard, "more by token for a trick played only on Irish ground." "If it were only amongst the mere Irish," thundered the roused and irate prelate, "but here you have sinned in the midst of our own chosen flock, and set an example to the rude native, of which they have had always the greatest horror." "The natives!" jeered Dullard. "Oh gemint; and it is in love with the natives you are, after all, Bishop Whammond?" "I am not in love with you, Mr. James Dullard," pronounced the bishop, slowly, solemnly, and ominously "and, more than that, I will get rid of you and your filthy scurrillity, and in a very summary manner, if you dare to come into my presence any more without being specially commanded." "Phew!" whistled the henchman, clasping his two knees in his hands, and starting into his patron's face, with bent back and most villainous leer of audacity, "are we on our high horse, and sergeant-major of the Gilly-Goolies in his Majesty's service once more?" Bishop Whammond jerked his hand over his left side, but the customary blade was not there to answer his application. Dullard understood the motion, and laughed out grotesquely and brutally. "Ho! ho! ho! he's going to cut off our head and hang it up in the larder," gibed the audacious retainer, "and all for a good example to the mere Irish. Ho! ho! ho! would the sergeant-major take a start out of them with his virtue!" "Greasy brute! leave my presence instantly," roared the bishop, utterly lost to all further notions of a shade of dignity or spiritual decorum. "Off with you! scum of the London slums! or I'll immolate you where you stand," and putting his hand into his breast, he produced a small bright steel pistol, which he presented at the wretch before him. "Easy, mister," cried Dullard, ducking almost under the table. "I hope your very right reverence and lordship aint a goin' to commit willful murder and get scrogged for it." "Out with you, you rascal, and the irate churchman advanced towards his couching vassal. "Don't, I tell you! don't," whined Dullard, now seriously intimidated. "Don't now!" and grinning in what he thought a most conciliating manner, he added, "See here, bishop, can't you burn that damned summons, and let us be friends; no harm done yet, you know?" "Away! dirty dog! or by my faith and honour, I'll end your mischievous days." Dullard slunk towards the door, and having safely installed himself on the outside, held it firm, and hissed through the keyhole. "Your faith and honour! O Gemint! You swopped the faith for the mutton! and, ho! ho! ho! there's honour among thieves. Who stole the mess-cup? Ho! ho! ho!" The door was dashed open, and Dullard cleared the stairs in a bound, clear jump to the last step of the first flight, and the bishop's voice mug clear. "No mercy from me at Monday's court!" "Sunday comes before Monday, old bite!" was the horribly growled response. The bishop returned to his apartment, locked the door, uncocked the pistol and returned it to his breast. Then throwing himself into a chair, actually writhed with shame and vexation. "That savage must be got rid of at any cost," soliloquised his lordship. "If these must be my tools to reform the Irish, I'll give up the work, and turn once more to the ranks. What a tale that coarse brute would have for his fellows. I fear I cannot master the role of imperturbability necessary to advance the views of the king, or make way with the folk in Dublin Castle. Damnible hypocrisy! It had rather be a moss trooper fifty times over, than crawling along in this cat-like cant. The army is the only true place of rest. No Dullards dare bluster there for a second, and a man's deeds are his own." Coarse reasoning enough, Rev. Ebenezer Whammond, but true enough in all probability, the reasoner himself being the best judge of his own feelings, position, and inclinations. At any rate, there was no doubt at all but the ci-devant militiaire was totally unfit for the ecclesiastical duties he assumed, such as they were—that he was not a man to conciliate, to win wandering souls, to advance the Reformation, to represent even his own Church Militant. In a fit of anger and chagrin, he dragged his chair to the table, and seizing the Spanish flask, poured out a copious cup of the precious claret, brimful, and emptied it at a draught. Bishop Whammond felt much better; and so we take our leave of him, least he might be induced to exceed.

CHAPTER XIII.—YOUNG LOVE ONCE LIVED IN AN HUMBLE SHED.

Young Dermot O'Kelly thought he should see his darling sweetheart, or die. Her cheery and bird-like voice had so frequently and unremittently invaded the maternal roof, that it had begun to be necessary to his peace of mind, at least; but he himself had deemed it necessary to his existence. Who could know Angela and not love her? and who could love her and live without her? Not Dermot O'Kelly, at any rate. She was English—both! So were Lord Edward, and Emmet, and Tone, and yet more Irish than the Irish themselves. She did not know her own mind yet! didn't she? She encouraged his attentions, and was not that

knowing her own mind, and knowing a piece of his (Dermot's) mind into the bargain? Don't tell him anymore that she did not know her own mind. He'd see. Perhaps she had been prohibited from coming to his mother's house; that surmise had arisen to his mind before. Well, if so, he would go to her mother's house and ascertain what was their interdiction there against his admission. Hypocritical Dermot! Yes, we must admit that our young hero was not going to do the thing that he trumped up in his own mind to do; he was not going to walk manfully into James Dullard's house and seek an interview with his daughter. No Dermot, you were not; you know you had not the least notion of doing anything of the kind, for you did not like the idea of being forbidden to enter the house of your darling. (Gentle reader, this young scamp, who would fain throw dust in your eyes and mine (his character), had very cunningly and willfully predetermined to dodge about the door and haunt the gable-end, and take soundings of all the movements of everything and everybody about the house, premises, and precincts of the place that he pretended he was to enter so cavalierly. But Dermot was not afraid of James Dullard. Dermot was afraid of nobody, fear was not in his nature, but love abounded there like an atmosphere. He was only afraid of being deprived of the presence of the blue eyes, and dancing curls, and bright smile of the pretty little damsel who seized upon his heart as a robin would upon a live worm to carry it away to her nest. Dermot whistled a little tune just to notify to any observer that he meant nothing and that he was going nowhere in particular, but merely sauntering down the street "promiskishly." And yet he consciously felt as if some knowing eyes was bent upon his proceeding and that some female titler and some male guffaw were busily active in the detective service, fully apprised of all his astute devices. No matter—"omnia vincit amor." Dermot went on, but he dropped the whistle; he feared after all, that it might only call attention. Poor Dermot, like a murderer, he felt puzzled what to do to counteract suspicion or discovery. Dermot went on, and, at last, and as a bright stroke of stratagem, took possession of a corner. It was decidedly a great move, a basis from which he could advance or retreat *ad libitum*. It was a point made, and Dermot was proud of it and himself. He was in full view of Dullard's house. The door was open, and some fowl were feeding at the threshold. "That was a sign all was quiet within, and no move making outwards," observed Dermot. But, by-and-by the birds turned their backs, bent their necks, and retreated precipitately. Dermot rounded the corner, and bent his head and neck forward. A pair of pretty boots stood on the doorstep for an instant, and the next, Angela popped out into the street, shawled, and bonneted, and agile, with a slight flush on her cheeks, and the slightest of all shakes of the head, like a compass quivering under a magnet, a moment before it steadies itself to act. Angela was, at that moment, on her way to Magdalen-street, to take council with the old priest in the matter of conscience which troubled her mind. Like a groom, after a lady equestrian, Dermot followed at a very respectful distance. Why did he not join her on her way, as a straightforward lover might be expected to do? Why did he not flee after her footsteps in an ecstasy of delight, after watching and waiting as long as he did within view of her envied door? Was he suspicious? Was he jealous? Was he timid and over-prudish? It is too difficult to answer any of these queries, and still preserve a spirit of charity, and avoid making wry of the milk of human kindness. Dermot O'Kelly was in love! That is our triumphant response to all and every crooked interrogatory—to every uncharitable surmise. All is fair in love and war. Did you ever make a "Judy Fitzsimons' grandmother's cat" of yourself, when you were first in love, and before age taught you prudence and very mature reflection? But we must only let Dermot O'Kelly fight his own battle in the minds of our readers, gentle as well as fastidious. We will proceed to chronicle facts. Dermot acted as we have related; and, moreover, after tracking Angela like a hare on a gloomy day, and seeing her turning into the narrow lane-way leading to the chapel, he dropped back a pace or two, and, after a very serious pause, indeed, he popped into the stunted, arched, and gloomy entrance to the square old castle hard by, and there quietly awaited the return of the little refugee. He had, however, nearly bit off all his nails, and burrowed holes in the ground with his heels, and played a thousand devil-tattoes with his toes on the crumbling wood-work, before there was any sign of the willful little truant. At length, however, she put in an appearance, but was evidently so absorbed in the matter of her mission, that she paid little or no attention to the presence of her lover, who stepped out of his castle, and quietly took his place by her side. "Angela!" "Dermot! Ah! you nearly frightened the life out of me. What brought you here? or have you reitred the old castle from the phantom proprietor?" Dermot looked confused—disappointed. There was so much love in his own heart that he felt quite abashed to observe so little of it in the eyes and expression of the dear object of his choice. "Angela, where have you been since Sunday last?" "Dermot, where have you been since Sunday last?" "Was there ever such a tantalising little baggage?" "But, Angela, dear." Angela related. She always did when Dermot became spongy. He looked so sheepish, so flustered, so genuine, so handsome, so much in earnest, and so utterly helpless, that she almost became spongy too. "I have been puzzling my brains how I may avoid going to church with father, to-morrow. I always feared to enter the aisle of St. Canice's as a heretic—every sculptured angel's head—every knight—every lady—every croziered bishop—every graven dog at the feet of his dead master betokening faith and fidelity to death, warned me away. The unused altar—the sacred crypts—the baptismal urns—the holy water fonts—the battered and dese-

crated crosses, always seem to upbraid me for fainting on the way, or hesitating between the old creed and the new one. I don't want to go to St. Canice's church any more." "And what did you expect from poor Father Scott, Angela?" "I expected no aid; but I wanted advice, instruction, guidance." "Good! Of course, one should go to God's minister—in all spiritual matters—and, and, indeed, in many temporal affairs, too." Dermot was only wishing that Father Scott was at the altar rail, and that he and Angela were kneeling before him. "I went, at any rate," said Angela, decisively. "And what did the good old priest advise you to do, Angela?" "He told me many things—and advised me more; and he gave me this lovely little beads and rosary, which is to be my armour against every kind of harm." "It will hardly keep you out of St. Canice's, to-morrow, for all that, Angela." "Ha! ha!" laughed Angela, "it is you who are now the heretic and unbeliever!" "They say the English are very sturdy believers when they believe at all." "But, Master Dermot, I don't expect a miracle to be performed for such a worthless little chit as I am. Yet I can fight the devil a bit for all that by saying the rosary, and telling the beads all the time long Whammond is snuffing out his bitterness against our Holy Father the Pope, and upholding Pope Harry in his stead. Won't that be famous vengeance?" "You are a wonderful Angela. Did Father Scott tell you to adopt that plan?" "Father Scott told me to pray for all poor sinners; and I intend to do so, after my own fashion." "Angela, dear, will you come in to see my mother, and tell her all that you are meditating. She will be delighted to hear you, for she thinks you are out with her because you stayed away so long." "If I thought you would forget to tell her I would, Dermot," said Angela, archly, "but as I know you to be a thorough gossip, particularly about me, whatever I have done to you—your mother will learn everything I could say without my presence." Dermot looked confused and pained—he knew he should and ought to say something in reply, or extenuation, or in badinage, or perhaps in a spirit of wounded affection; but nothing would come save blushes, stammers, and rising tears. Angela was obliged to come to the rescue. "Don't be vexed, Dermot—I can't see your mother now," she said, very softly, earnestly, and kindly; "but after Sunday I will run in to tell you all that had happened, and how my prayers went off in old Whammond's synagogue. Good-bye," and she was gone. Dermot looked after her in admiration and chagrin, and immediately began to think of a lot of things he should have said to her when he had so very many free opportunities. CHAPTER XIV.—WORK AND WOODING. That same Saturday evening young Dermot and old Dermot O'Kelly were working away in their inner shop—the one planing and finishing a job to be ready for the masons on Monday morning, and the other hewing away at some rough timber, with a tremendous axe, the shavings curled up before the manly push of Dermot the younger—getting out of the way, at the whistle of the iron, like the jingle of the present day before the chirrup of the tram-man—the shavings jumped up into his face, nestled in his curly hair, dashed around his shoulders, twirled into his vest, or tumbled about his feet curling up like little vipers, and rolling along the floor in a sort of merry conscious frolic that amused the eye of the workman and lightened the monotony of his labor; whilst the great, old, tall, muscular father, Dermot, knocked his splinters into the air, darting them against the ceiling, lashing them against the doorway, making them shriek aloud in a long wail and siver that fell flat from the great bole like a stout man slain in battle. Then the "bah" of every blow resounded through the household, and the grind of every knot, and the writing and rending of tough fragments, the thud of the resting solid, and the crash, and the fall, and the victory, and the defeat, and the concluding *coup de grace*, when all was dismembered, and all opposition was at an end. Father and son worked away earnestly; they felt it was Saturday night, and that much was expected at their hands by the coming Monday morning. But long before they had finished for the night the door of the workshop was thrown open wide, and a regular group of visitors made their appearance. Mrs. O'Kelly led the van, followed by Mrs. Dullard and Angela. Young Dermot flung down his plane and rubbed his hands with joy; he was ashamed to be too demonstrative before so many people; besides he could not imagine what was up, or whether it might not be wrong to appear glad at all. "Welcome, ladies all," called out the big sire, but not giving over his employment, "mille failthes, as we say in Ireland. The night's work is just over, and then we'll all have a gossip and a bit of supper." Young Dermot cleared a little stool of a wispload of shavings, and wiping it clean with another handful, timidly asked Angela to be seated. The two matrons ensconced themselves on a great tool-chest. "Jim is in a great way to-night, Father Dermot," began Mrs. Lina Dullard. "He is finishing a lot of belts and pouches, and quiver-bags for the bailiffs and soldiers, and is talking to himself, and cursing and swearing in a dreadful manner. I told him I'd bring Angela abroad for a bit, until he became more Christian-like, that he was frightening her. I always say that to bring him to his senses, for he sets great store by that little dame, I tell you, much more, and no odds than her mother, I thank you. At first he was going to yell at me, but he stops, and looking at the girl, he says, 'If I frightened you, lass, I'll make you jolly for it; I won't drive you to Canice's to-morrow, you nor the old woman'—meaning me—but you know, Father Dermot, that's only a cant name he has for me," said Mrs. Lina, bridling a little; "he don't mean