



CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

VOL. XXVI. MONTREAL, FRIDAY, JANUARY 14, 1876. NO. 22.

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 ELYNOH. 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 OBINNON. For the DIOCESE of OTTAWA, containing the PASTORAL of HIS LORDSHIP BISHOP QUHAMEL. 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.

I AM DYING. Raise my pillow, husband dearest, Faint and fainter comes my breath? And these shades stealing slowly, Must, I know, be those of death. Sit down close beside me darling, Let me clasp your warm, strong hand, Yours that ever has sustained me To the borders of this land. For your God is mine—our Father 'Thence shall ever lead me on; Where, upon a throne eternal, Sits His loved and only Son. I've had visions and been dreaming O'er the past of joy and pain; Year by year I've wandered backward, Till I was a child again. Dreaming of girlhood and the moment When I stood your wife and bride, How my heart filled with love's triumph, In that hour of woman's pride. Dreaming of thee and all the earth-bonds Firmly twined about my heart— Oh! the bitter, burning anguish When first I knew that we must part. It has passed and God has promised All thy footsteps to attend; He, that more than friend or brother, He'll be with you to the end. There's a shadow o'er the portal Leading to my heavenly home— Christ has promised life immortal, And 'tis He that bids me come. When life's trials wait around thee, And its chilling billows swell, Thou'lt thank heaven that you've been spared them, Thou'lt then feel that "all is well." Bring our boys unto my bedside, My last blessing let them keep— But they're asleep, do not wake them; They'll learn soon enough to weep. Tell them often of their mother, Kiss them for me when they wake, Lead them gently in life's pathway, Love them doubly for my sake. Clasp my hand then closer, darling, This, the last night of my life; For to-morrow I shall never Answer when you call me "wife." Fare thee well, my noble husband, Faint not neath the chattering rod; Throw your strong arm round our children; Keep them close to thee—and God.

(From the Dublin Irishman.) THE RAPPAREES OF THE WOOD. A TRADITION IN IRELAND IN THE REIGN OF HENRY VIII. By Dr. J. T. Campion.

CHAPTER VIII.—LOVE-LOITERING. A stroll along the banks of the Nore on a summer's evening is an event to be remembered and recalled with genial satisfaction. The wooded hills, the sloping meadows, the noble river—particularly when the ash begins to become golden-leaved, the elm-trees bronzed, and the silvery sides of the willow leaves turned up upon the breeze, when the flaggers are flowering yellow, and the great clumps of bullrushes are boarded and burly, either on the banks' borders, or amid the myriad floating weed-leaves that lie upon the water's surface, affording a grateful awning for the mid-day siesta of the many wandering denizens of the glassy deep; the beautiful endless pathways by the reaches, and inches, and islands, and wild-rose bowers, and great goose patches, and the grassy hedges full of violets and late primroses, and strawberry plants with little round crimson berries, delicious toothfals, and stately pink geraniums, tinting, spreading, and adorning the mossy wall, the gravelly mound, or the tortuous alley, the purple of the golden-anthered orocrois, the

ruddy orchis and the lonely fox-glove; when the cuckoo has flown to the hills, and the liveried motacilla tribes are beginning to flock together, and to meditate a moonlight flight; when the air is fresh from the river, tempered by the sunbeams, impregnated with aroma, and elastic with breathing vitality; when Nature entices the long-toiling burgher abroad, and welcomes him to her palace and to her treasures, feasts him with her wild luxuries, assures him with her smiles, and taking his little weaklings by the hands, seats them on her motherly lap, or sets them down by gems and graces, on carpets of lilies and golden mosses, whilst she breathes into their fluttering hearts, jets of fostering life and freshness, until like flickering lamps, hitherto uncarred and untended, they answer to the ministering hand with brightening brows and cries of glad well-being.

Groups of sauntering wanderers greet each other from either side of the river, or troll a merry chorus which echoes over the water with that sweet euphonious mellowness so captivating in the open air—whilst others stray along alone, communing with their own innate thoughts and feelings, or luxuriating in and enjoying the beautiful and refreshing scenes around them. There are happy pairs, too—friends or lovers—particularly the latter, to whom the place seems sacred. One couple was more remarkable on this occasion than the rest—remarkable for quiet and graceful carriage—the aristocracy of youth—remarkable for beauty and radiant joyousness, and that simple earnestness of gesture and demeanour which wells up with a winning magic from the hearts to the eyes, and then overflows the whole features of innocence and truth.

They were the young people whom we have already described as sailing down the Nore to the early and only Mass at Lacken chapel.

From the puzzled look of young Dermot he seemed to be bogging in a little love-speech to the demure, smiling girl by his side, whose sidling glance and half-drooping ringlets of richest blonde, and slightly flushing brow and listening eyes were all wide-awake to the youth's delicious dilemma. But let us follow them and hear something of what they are saying.

"Did you like anybody very much in London, Angela?"

"Ah, yes—very much, indeed," answered the wily beauty, with a sigh.

"But not with all your heart, perhaps?" ventured the timid lover.

"With all my heart of hearts, Dermot," was the resolute answer.

"I wish I was that boy," moaned poor Dermot.

"And I wish you were not—and I have my wish, and you have not," laughed Angela.

"And do you love somebody in London after all?"

"After all, what, Mr. Dermot?"

"After all the"—Here Dermot fairly broke down.

"All the what?" queried the cruel girl.

"All the"—a pause—"no matter, Angela," gulped the hapless swain—"no matter!"

Angela saw, through a vista in the blonde curls, that a tear of trouble and mortification was stealing down the bronze-brown cheek of her ingenuous companion, and her heart was touched, and she was sorry she went so far, so she tossed her head somewhat saucily and said:

"Dermot, do you like anyone very much in Ireland?"

"I do, but he is a boy like myself—a foster-brother."

"Do you like him with all your heart?"

"Well, I do—but not that kind of!" Here Dermot floundered once more.

Angela pitied him, and let him off this time.

"Very well, Mr. Dermot, and if I have a little girl friend?"

"A little girl friend!" snapped up Dermot.

"Yes," retorted Angela, archly, "and so you see I love somebody in London after all!"

The youth looked at the little syren with delight; it was his first attempt at down-right love-making, and he was so pleased with himself that he was about letting out the whole secret, and carrying her heart by assault, when a rude hand grasped his shoulder, and whirled him right about.

"Hullo! young springald, this game won't pay," cried a rough loud voice, "won't pay, no way."

"Father!" exclaimed the girl.

"Mousey!" expostulated the coarse parent, "it won't pay. The chap is chuff enough, but he must cheer off, or I must pelt him into the river."

"Pelt me into the river!" retorted Dermot. "No Sas!"

An anxious look from Angela stopped the offensive term. But Dullard only laughed hoarsely, and pointed at him with derisive grimace.

The boy blazed up again, and Angela came again to the rescue.

"Father, you must not; he and his often saved us from trouble and violence, and—"

"Ay, Mousey, and love and murder, and hasty pudding; but he must tramp—it won't pay—Whammond won't have it. You understand?"

"Good bye, Angela," murmured Dermot, in a low, sad tone.

"Can't you go to blazes for the present," roared out the irritated ruffian; then, turning to his daughter, he resumed—"Come along, Mousey, and listen to me. You see, you must give up the Papias for the present, and you and mother must come and be seen at church, or I lose lusb, and there will be no meal for Mousey."

"I won't go to St. Canice's," said Mousey, pointing.

"Ay, but I'll fetch you there, Mousey."

"I'd like to catch you at it, father," said Mousey, shaking her little head, and looking winningly at the savage man whose nature was not wholly impervious to affection.

"Well, then, you'll fetch me, Mousey, and Whammond will give you the money," and the coarse ogre chuckled, chuckling at the quaintness of his own idea.

"I'd fetch you elsewhere, father."

"Where?"

"To the priest instead of the bishop."

"And I'll crop the same, lad's ears, and put him

in the stocks, and throw down his cabin-chapel if ever I hear of him interfering with you."

"You're a great man, father," laughed Mousey, "but no king."

"I'll put you on your mother's back, Mousey, lass, and drive you both before me to the church on next Sabbath."

"If you put a finger on me, father, I'll—"

"What, Mousey?" asked Dullard, sharply, his bad nature wincing under the coming threat.

"I'll cry."

The father relented.

"What the hell can I do?" he expostulated.—

"The long bishop declared he'd give no more pay if you both renegued the Reformed Church."

"What do you care about him, father?"

"Not the jingle of a pewther penny, Mousey, only for the ready rhine."

"But don't you love me more than rhine?" insinuated Mousey.

"I like both d—d well, that I do!"

"Which do you like best, father?"

"D—d if I know. Sometimes I think it's one, and odd times 't'other; howsoever, to the church you must go, Mousey, like or like not, lass."

"And do you know what I say, father?"

"What?" was the harsh query.

"Mousey won't go to the church—if she can help it."

"Ho! ho! ho!" chuckled Dullard, hoarsely, quite pleased that he seemed to have carried his point.

Angela depended upon her wits and womanly resources, to carry her point and defend her scruples: she muttered a little mental prayer, and so the matter ended.

In the meantime, Dermot O'Kelly pursued his way onward; he did not wish to follow Angela and her father, both from his intuitive feelings of natural politeness, as well as a certain apprehension he entertained that any neighbor should observe him on the trail, and have a laugh at his expense on account of the evident capture of his lady-love. So he dodged along moodily enough, you may be sure, and only half-pleased with himself for the part he had just acted.

"Will she go to church with him?" he thought, "and if she does what will mother say? But it's a week off yet, and I suppose Angela will call in before that. But he may forbid her to enter our house any more; perhaps he found out that we carried her to Magdalen street every Sunday and holiday. Dullard cares for nothing but money to spend, and if this reformed bishop stops payment on account of the mother's and daughter's absence from church, James Dullard is just the boy that would drive the pair of them into the Protestant pews, like sheep into the pens of Smithfield."

Dermot, after wearying himself to exhaustion, in turning the matter a thousand ways in his mind, and without being able in the end to come to anything like a satisfactory conclusion, determined, at last, to hold counsel with his mother, who, very often, in her own genuine, sensible single-heartedness, had often solved many a stubborn problem, after father and himself had been hammering at it for days without either taking a splinter out of it or striking a single nail on the head. Dermot soliloquized thus in the spirit of his trade, with an imaginary hammer in his hand, like Macbeth's aerial dagger, and his rule and compass, at full stretch, fairly extended before him. But not being able to plane the knot, or to arrive at anything like a dead level, but still at every point he turned, finding a screw loose and stuff warping, he fell back upon his original plan of consulting his mother, not only on account of her occasional displays of solid wisdom, but because his heart told him that she was the properest person and the most sympathizing agent that he could possibly commune with in the matter of Angela Dullard; and so Dermot O'Kelly turned his footsteps homeward, and was very soon in close confidential gossip with the wise woman of his meditations.

CHAPTER IX.—A BATTLE.

When Bishop Whammond learned the defeat of the civic guard, and the details of their poltroonery and cowardice, he was both exasperated and deeply concerned. He had confidently reckoned upon immolating the poor priest on the naked altar of the new faith, and of sending the sacred vessels to England as the first loot and fruit of his active episcopacy. Instead of which, a band of armed and disciplined soldiers ran away from a handful of Irish robbers—let the Popish priest go scot-free, and left their arms behind them, as a trophy to the very mob that he wished to strike with terror and drive into his ready fold at the point of the halbert. A torrent of wrath flooded his very soul, and he thought, like the pious Oliver of after days, that the best way to serve his God and his king was, at once, to shed the blood of all, or of as many of the offending parties as possible, as a seeking offering to heaven.

We said before, that Ebenezer Whammond had been a soldier, therefore was it that his military spirit, like the metal of his nature, broke forth through the tinsel of his unholy order, and urged him to doff the mitre and cassock, and don the helm and armour of the flesh; to fling the crook aside for the sabre, and to put himself at the head of a strong body of selected warriors to storm the haunts of the Rapparees, and to set the wood blazing about their ears.

The pious Ebenezer was now at his proper calling—a priest militant—a reformed crusader—a teacher—a preacher—an absorber of poverty—a sanctimonious carotid-cutter—an upholder of law and order—a man of one virtue and a thousand crimes; the one virtue being the very qualified one of dogged resolution; and the thousand crimes—the varied qualifications that fitted him to act under an apostate and a lecher.

The preparations and intentions of the belligerent churchman were at once communicated to the Rapparee chief by twenty spies and messengers, and that undaunted soul only rejoiced to have somebody else of the old enemy and despoiler to deal with besides miserable balliffs and hybrid yeomen, and he took prompt and energetic action accordingly, and forthwith strengthened his position, and resources by the rapid enrolment of a large number of his disaffected and plundered countrymen, who were ever ready when a chance offered to strike a blow

against the insidious advances of the marauding stranger.

In the open mid-day General the Rev. Ebenezer Whammond chose to approach the fastnesses of his foe. James Dullard was sent in advance to reconnoitre, and soon returned, reporting all silent, quiet, and unmenacing.

But when the reverend old soldier arrived at the ample residence of the rapparee—an extensive and dense wood, flanked on one side by a deep river, on the other by shelving hills, and surrounded everywhere by a dangerous population—he paused, and drew upon his military imagination as to the best mode of unearthing or out-burning his deeply-burrowing opponents.

The wood was to large to be surrounded, at least by the number of men at his command, although they consisted of five hundred soldiers of the line, well-appointed and supplied, drawn from several neighboring districts, and all true blues to a man, under heavy pay, a necessary consequence when soul and body are to be enlisted together.

What was Ebenezer to do? Perhaps the place was vacated, but perhaps it was not. Ireland then knew the use of arms and used them. His reverence erred in faith, but nothing was to be had by erring in arms but disgrace. And in this light James Dullard and his master were one. They required interest on their actions.

Ebenezer leaned on the pommel of his saddle and reflected, and the result of his brown study was: the principal entrances and exits of the wood could be secured by planted guards, the rivers bank could be picketed, the wood's confines could be barricaded by cut and fallen timber, at least here and there, so as to afford focuses against sorties or retreats; a strong party, with skirmishers on the wings, could push into the wood's centre, and setting fire to the trees with pitch-barrels and brushwood, force their way along until the enemy gave battle, and thus afford the King's forces a tangible means of attack.

Those tactics appeared admirable in theory, but when they came to be reduced to practice, they were found not to be, by any means, so easy of execution.

So long as the bishop's men remained on the public road, they were all safe and unmolested, but as soon as any party advanced within shot of the wood's border, every tree seemed to shelter a rapparee or an enemy; for every rapparee or every enemy emptied certain and deadly barrels upon the advancing columns.

Bishop Whammond thought this conduct of the mere Irish very contumacious indeed, so he determined to put an end to all further opposition by a sweeping coup-de-main.

Ordering, therefore, another and a general attack upon the enemy's retreats, he headed a score of his most effective followers himself, and making a dash into the main entrance, sought to take the position by storm. But the main entrance was well protected with trunks of trees, brushwood, and sharp brambles, as, indeed, were all the several entrances to the interior. So, no sooner had he touched the nearest bough with his sabre, than a regular fusillade saluted him and his men, and sent them reeling back upon the road with loss and confusion, his reverence slightly wounded in the ear, and a ringing cheer after their heels, which exasperated him to the very utmost. The men of the general attack fared no better; indeed they fared worse; for, in pushing onward after the first volley, they were so roughly handled by the multitude of the woodsmen, that they—as the English are always supposed to do—retreated in good order, leaving their dead and wounded behind them.

"Ye told me," exclaimed the bishop furiously, as he held his wounded ear between his fingers, "that these knaves numbered no more than a handful of fellows—a dozen or more fairly counted; and here I find their strength to be an hundred, if not more by half!"—here he eyed Dullard ruefully.

"All the wild Irish of the bogs and mountains must have joined them," declared the worthy henchman.

"Why, this is sheer rebellion against his majesty," vociferated the bishop.

But nobody heeded either his reverence or his majesty, for the soldiers were busy carrying away their dead and wounded, and those within hearing were grumbling and disaffected, for they were led to believe that they were to have had an easy victory and a world of plunder in the treasury of the woods.

Instead of which, they got a sound drubbing and gained nothing more but the mere act of forbearance which permitted them to return to the Marble City, without being pursued and decimated.

"I go!" proclaimed the irate military ecclesiastic, shaking his clenched fist at the silent and passive trees, "but before the echoes from your rebel haunts have lain long amongst the pigmy hills, I will make a desert of this vile place with cannon and faggot, and hang every living thing found amid its cursed precincts to heaven."

The trees showed no emotion at the sacred rage, but the menacing speech somewhat appeased his whimpering forces and was a great relief to his own afflicted mind, particularly the notion of hanging everything Irish, which, with devouring her produce, has been indeed the only real consolation the English ever had in Ireland.

That night the curfew bell of the Marble City rang with a violence that threatened to drag down the pegoda tower on the top of the tholose, and the city gates were commanded to be left closed at the opening hour in the morning. Trusty guards were also appointed to scrutinize all persons coming in from the country, and several peremptory edicts were promulgated through the city by the public bellman, for the bishop at bay superseded all other legal authority in Kilkenny, and was chief magistrate as well as chief minister, and spiritual consoler to all who choose to look up to him as a guide.

The city legal functionaries, being imported with the reformed flock, were utter Justice Shallows in their different departments, and were only too happy to permit and abet his more enterprising lordship to wield the sword, to carry the balance, affect the crozier, and dispense the laws, both human and divine. So, as far as supremacy was concerned, Lord Whammond was premier, presbyter, judge, and jury over the lands and hands of all that part of the south-east of Ireland. And he accepted the

position as neither irksome, untoward, or impracticable. In fact, he liked sway, and power, and domination, and he revelled in them.

CHAPTER X.—A VISIT.

"There, now mother?" said Dermot O'Kelly, throwing his cap on the ground, and sitting down between his father and mother, who were only waiting his coming, to begin the frugal evening meal. "There now! Angela is not to come to Mass with us any more."

"How is that?" asked both parents, in a breath.

Young Dermot recounted to them the unfortunate occurrence of the day; and the determination of James Dullard to have his wife and daughter under Bishop Whammond's eye every Sunday for the time to come.

"God is stronger than the devil!" said Mrs. O'Kelly spitefully.

O'Kelly, senior, mused for a moment, with his head leaning on his hand, but made no remark on the occasion beyond a short laugh, and a "is that the way the wind blows?"

But father and mother noticed their son's deep despondency and distress, and had a long discussion that night upon the best mode of managing the savage Dullard, protecting and preserving the faith of his child, and securing the peace of mind of their favourite son, whose heart, they knew long ago, was lost to the innocent, handsome and captivating little Angela. The poor boy himself cried all the night through, and came to his father's workshop in the morning with red eyes, a sad heart and a silent demeanour. No song accompanied his daily labour, no story, jest or joyousness, and his father was too full of the new event to give much heed to his son's melancholy musing.

And so the whole week jogged on, in painful anticipation of what the coming Sunday would bring, and of what poor, dear Angela was to do under the new rule of her determined father. She had not ventured near them ever since. Was she prevented from coming? or was she engaged in endeavouring to soothe his savage nature and carry her own will and way, as she always hitherto had done.

Little Angela was busy. She was at her wit's end. She had no counsellor, no adviser, no friend or assistant, no intercessor of any interest or power to direct her father from his settled purpose—in fact, nothing could do it but money.

Her mother was a latitudinarian. She would prefer not darkening any religious temple with her listless shadow, but as to contend about the matter, and set about riling her unamiable partner, she had not the most remote idea.

"The King is defender of the faith," reasoned Madame Dullard, "so let him defend it, or mend it, or bend it!"—(with an emphasis). "She had no notion to bother her head about the matter. Don't bring an old house on our heads for nothing," advised Mrs. Dullard. "Surely you can pray your own way every day in the week, and laugh in your sleeves at the Reformers on Sunday. Don't split straws in a matter of nothing at all," decided the worthless mother of a worthy child. Then madame thinking she had given the soundest advice, and promulgated the profoundest philosophy, and the most palpable common sense, plunged her long needles into her knitting, and plied them with a velocity almost akin to immediate manufacture. In fact, she knitted all her arguments, and clinched them finally by hunting them into her waiting web.

"Mother!" said Angela, "I will not leave the old faith, my sweet beads, the lovely Virgin Mary, mother of God, the fine old holy saints, the angels, the incense, the bells, the thulzar of Calvary, the priest, the cross, the church that has God in it to guard it. Leave it! and for what? To sit in a bare pew, listen to heretic Whammond rant for his pay with a lot of old hypocrites listening to him whilst he fell foul of everything sacred in the true religion which he has just sold for gold and preferment. I don't like it at all, and I won't have it if father fumed all over about it."

"Don't be foolish child nor pretend to know more than your superiors."

"I don't pretend anything, mother; but I cannot think we should turn away from the chapel because a cruel and a bad king finds that it will not bend to his new notions."

"Angela! Angela! in good sooth it is you who are 'Defender of the Faith,' instead of the sickle King Hal!"

"A pretty way he's defending it!" pouted Angela, "and all the bad stories about him. Didn't he cut off the heads of his poor wives? and Dermot says he's a raging devil."

"Well, well, lass, we'll see what Dermot's teaching will do for you; besides, bringing you into trouble and disgrace, that family have no worldly sense, and Dermot is no Solomon, to say the least of him."

"I'm not a Solomon either, mother; but I know what I'll do for all that."

"And what is that, young wisecrack?"

"I'll tell you that, mother, when I have done it, and not till then."

"So saying the little casuist donned her bonnet and light shawl, and set off in the heel of the morning through the narrow streets and byways, crossed the old bridge of St. John, and turning sharp to the right at St. John's Cross and the Crusader Church, wended her way along Magdalen-street, passed the massive square castle, and gliding into a short lane, arrived at the porch of the chapel, to which she had so frequently travelled by water in the family boat of her good staunch friends the O'Kellys.

The sacred building was not many feet high, and stood in the midst of a graveyard, the interior was garished with pillars of the boles of unplanted fir-trees, and the walls were hung with some of those primitive pictures which no artist would deign but which nevertheless, impressed the poor congregation with that glory of faith, devotion, zeal, and sympathy for the passion of our Lord, which the angels admiring and wondering, and made the rude paintings valuable beyond price.

Angela knocked at the low and rusted door a timid knock, and after a time a third person from more assured.

At the end of the lane was a miserable thatched hut, black as soot, covered with ivy and vines, with