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JUBILEE BOOK,

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MEMORIES IN EXILE.

Come, Eily, sing an Irish song, a dear old song of home, For oft my lonely spirit flies over the seething foam, Tho' fifteen weary years have sped since I last saw Ireland's hills Or heard the dulcet music of her sweet and sunny rills.

Eily, do you remember that eve by the river's side, Where first I gained your priceless love—when you would be my bride? And proudly did my young heart throb when at the sycophant's knee You became my wife, pride of my life, maourneen ban machree.

But soon our joy was changed to woe, for the heartless landlord came, And at the dawn of the wintry day set our roof-tree in a flame, Altho' I always paid his right—tho' no rent could he demand— But evil laws gave him the might to take from me my land.

I'll not pain thee here to cite again the oft-told bitter tale, Of which the sound re-echoes still through plundered Innisfall; The parting grief, the scalding tears, the last deep, bitter moan, The love, the hate, the vengeful vow of aching hearts and lone.

Oh, are the old hills still as fair, the valleys still as green, The silvery lake, the sylvan brake, and emerald meads between, As when in youth's fair dawning prime we roamed in mirth and glee By the lake serene, and the brake so green, o'er the flowery dappled lea.

But, Eily, sing, oh, sing for me some merry Irish song, And my heart will beat responsively as the measure floats along, For nought can buoy my spirits up or make my heart throb free Like the clear, soft, melting music of an Irish melody.

And tho' beneath this foreign sky my hair has changed to gray, I still hope that my bones will rest beneath our kindred clay, For at the Spring's return again, or beneath young Summer's smile, We'll return once more to the emerald shore of our still unconquered Isle.

"DONAL DUN O'BYRNE," United Irishman.

Birkenhead, January, 1876.

(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 XXVI.—COMPARING NOTES.

Dermod O'Kelly was really sorry for the untimely end of the reckless James Dullard. He knew there was a pitched battle between him and the bishop, very lately; and it was not difficult to come to the conclusion, that a renewal of hostilities brought his lordship to grief.

of imported reformers spewed forth from the filthy purlieus of ever merry England.

But what was to be said or done about Angela and her mother? Yes, that was the question. And Dermod resolved to take his wife into his counsels, and consider seriously and well what course to adopt; first with regard to the present horrible state of affairs, and next, what might be the most prudent course to pursue for the future.

Mrs. O'Kelly listened demurely to the several details of the complicated fix, and their conclusion, and as a preliminary, advised the invitation of their son into their deliberations, on the plea that Angela and he were already betrothed, and it was only fair that he should have a voice, next to themselves, in a matter that concerned them all individually and collectively.

The father smiled at the maternal weakness and most amiably succumbed.

Young Dermod was horrified at the account of the death of Dullard; but his horror soon ran into another channel and assumed a different form—a sympathy for Angela. In fact, he was no good as a counsellor, for his brain, and his heart, and his mind's entire bent all tended in one direction.

"Hold your tongue, you young jackass!" laughed the amused father. "You can only sing the one song like a cuckoo. Go and call mother Lina; she must know how matters are sooner or later, and it may as well be now as any other time."

Mrs. O'Kelly being of the same opinion, Dermod went blushing away and did not return, but Lina very soon arrived at the council chamber, and was at once taken into confidence.

"Poor James," mused the widowed German wife; "I always thought something dreadful would happen him. His poor head was always yowling against something or somebody, like a big fly against a window pane; but he was always kind to me and Angela, and was once a decent, dapper, comely lad enough, until that unlucky Whammond came across him and inveigled him into his new-fangled faith; and that, and the idleness, and the usquebaugh, and the company of the low English crew imported into Ireland made a changed man of him; but mark my word, poor James no more murdered Whammond than I did. He'd fight like a nigger when the drink was in him, but he was no murderer for all that."

"I think the same, Lina," said Dermod. "If poor Dullard never reformed, nor ever tasted usquebaugh, or joined the King's Christians in Ireland, he'd still be a respectable tradesman, and a credit to his craft to-day in England."

"Lettery!" still mused Mrs. Lina, "all England and Ireland are wild about religion. Can't they let the king have his own way, and not be kicking up a fuss about nothing. See now what a fuss there is, James killed and Whammond killed, and the whole town ready to cut each other's throats, and all about who is to be king and who is to be Pope, and who is to follow one and who is to follow t'other."

After which luminous synopsis of the origin and progress of the reformed faith under Henry VIII., and the effect of it upon his liege subjects, particularly in Ireland, Mrs. Dullard collapsed into a fit of the dials, which neither of her friends thought fit or necessary to disturb or interrupt.

The counsel went for nothing, and all that O'Kelly and his wife could effect, as far as Lina was concerned, was to induce her to stay with them for the present, and not to let Angela know anything of the real state of affairs until they were able to resolve upon something effective for the future.

So night closed her wings over the house of the O'Kellys, and over the drooping lids of its occupants. The town appeared to be quiet, and all the busy hive of human beings within the surrounding rampart walls slept, or appeared to sleep on that eventful day, rife with so many events, and fruitful of so many incidents likely to produce effects which nobody could anticipate, and about which, not a few were as anxious and watchful as the day before a battle, or the day after a conquest.

Two things happened the next day, which threw back the scenes, and revealed fresh action in the stirring drama. There was a letter for Dermod O'Kelly from his brother in Madrid, and there was also a summons from the town executive for said Dermod to attend an inquest that day on the mortal remains of the dead bishop.

The letter contained an urgent request from the writer, that the O'Kellys should forthwith leave their own disturbed country and go out to him, where both their Faith and their persons would be safe and respected.

Dermod pocketed the letter and went forth at the appointed hour to attend to the command as by law appointed.

"A live ass is better than a dead lion," is very often a very applicable phrase; it was particularly pointed and true with regard to the default prelate. Scant regard was paid to his inanimate body; it was placed on a camp bed in the barracks, whither it had been carried to be *vis-a-vis* with the body of James Dullard, so that an intelligent jury might "kill two birds with one stone," by viewing the bodies in the one place, and at the same time recording their verdict with the greatest facility and with as little delay as possible.

The grave Leech, who attended upon Bishop Whammond, was here in attendance also. Like a ghoul, he poured over the two cadavers, repeating the cause of the death of the bishop, but giving fresh evidence in the case of James Dullard. The wound in the poor shoemaker's scalp at once of course, attracted his attention, and when he probed the lacerated integuments he found a small leaden bullet imbedded there. This minute missile was found to correspond exactly with the bore of the pistol known to have belonged to Bishop Whammond, which led to further inference that his lordship had fired upon his benchman, and farther, still, that the wound by the knife or dagger was the reprisal in consequence.

The coroner charged, the jury retired, Dermod being foreman, and the result was an open verdict ignoring any charge of murder, but conceding a probability of a frays between Whammond and Dullard, and entirely exonerating the Catholic burgesses from any blame whatsoever.

Dermod O'Kelly thought all this to be very plain and fair sailing, and so it was, to all outward ap-

pearance and semblance. It immediately restored peace and serenity in the whole town; the burgesses resumed their usual tranquil aspect and demeanour; young Dermod's guard on the house-top was brought to an abrupt termination, and mutual confidence, if ever it existed, was once more apparently established between the Saxon and the Celt.

But what was the report that went up to Dublin Castle some time afterwards, and that sometime was when a group of the principal witnesses, and all the coroner's jury, left the Marble City upon an occasion which we will have to advert to before we close our traditional story and let the scenes drop on the habits, people, and events that pervaded Ireland on the threshold of the Reformation, and the new sacrilegious confiscation that ushered in its purity and its morals?

The report to Dublin Castle was that Bishop Whammond and his faithful reformed servant and assistant, James Dullard, were set upon by a band of the wild Irish called "The Rapparees of the Wood," creatures in the pay and in the service of the Pope of Rome, and foully murdered in the open day, a few miles outside Kilkenny town. The report went further on to suggest that the deceased prelate and his brother in faith must be considered proto-martyrs in the good cause in Ireland, and that more men, and more money, and more coercive measures should forthwith be voted and appropriated to the king's cause in the south-east of Ireland.

To this brutal lie was appended "God Save the King."

CHAPTER XXVII.

"I have all the news for you," cried young Dermod, radiant with joy, "Father has come from the inquest, and affairs are not at all so bad as we anticipated. They find that your father and Whammond had had some contention, and as a discharged pistol was found to have belonged to the latter, the conclusion was that your father used his knife in self-defence, but has fled, and is out of the jurisdiction of the court by this time. But strict silence is enjoined on all the parties aware of the facts, and the affair is to be allowed to rest as it is, and we are all to be at peace once more."

"Bad news at the best, Dermod," sighed Angela, sorrowfully.

"Bad news! Angela!" returned Dermod, reproachfully. "Why, my dear girl, the first report was that your father James killed the bishop, and was, in return, killed himself by the Rapparees."

"Ah! yes; but I never believed that; the Rapparees were no friends of Bishop Whammond, and father would not kill anybody."

"But that is not all the news—your father will do better in any country than this, so you are not to grieve about his flight, particularly as Mother Lina has made up her mind on the matter, and hopes all will turn out for the best; but, Angela, dearest, as I said before, that is not all." Here the wily young Irishman sat down by his gentle sweetheart, and looking tenderly in her drooping face, and in softest and kindest tones, continued—"All the rest is a great secret—mother told me—but you know I must tell my loved little Angela everything."

"Yes," assented Angela, quite pleased. "You must know, Angela," (he liked to be repeating her name as often as possible), "father got a letter from my uncle in Madrid."

Angela winced a bit, and her delicate white shoulders raised themselves a line or two above her dress. She evidently augured something unpleasant from that letter from Spain, and the evanescent movement was not lost upon Dermod, who, however, in seeming innocence, pursued his great secret.

"And we are to go out there without delay." Here he took Angela's hand that lay passively and helplessly on her lap, and pressed it within his own. The conscious little maiden turned her head away, and the sight of of tiny soles stole up from her beating heart, and in the confusion escaped from her trembling lips.

Dermod passed his arm very quietly around her waist, and then, indeed, he felt the poor frightened and affected heart throbbing wildly and tumultuously.

"Angela, my love, why are you disturbed or distressed; have I unwittingly hurt you by any idle word? If so, I will say no more."

"The sycophant! the hypocrite! the male Celtic syren!"

"Angela! Angela! I am so sorry. Shall I go away until you are able to forgive me?"

This was refined cruelty! drugged honey! Angela sobbed aloud, and languidly turning her head drooped it upon her lover's shoulder.

"Dermod dear," she whispered convulsively, as her whole frame trembled with intense feeling, "ate you going to love me?"

The sorrow, the agony, the avowed love and affection conveyed in these few genuine words overcame the slender policy of the generous young Dermod. He clasped her in his arms and burst into tears.

"I am not going to leave you, my heart's darling, Mother and father I might leave, but not Angela—not Angela that I love above all."

Here a terrible, loud sounding, and resounding blow on the back brought Master Dermod a bit to his senses.

"You'd leave your mother, you young vagabond, would you?" cried a loud, melodious, hearty, ringing voice, "and you tormenting and persecuting the innocent pet that doesn't know you as well as I do. Come here, Angela, my child; he shan't have you at all, or any chap like him that would threaten to leave his own mother."

Dermod laughed loudly, and Angela escaped, and Mrs. O'Kelly was left alone in her glory, and in the full tide of pride and joy at the happiness of her noble boy and the prospect of his early union with the gentle creature who yielded to him her troth and admiration, and who was washed to her feet like a beautiful waif of the sea to gather up, to protect, to preserve and cherish.

until they should settle down in the new country.

But we may as well inform our readers at once that the fair and easy Mother Lina never saw the Spanish shores; for, after a courtship, short, sharp, and decisive, she espoused a young countryman of her own, a German clock-maker, whose religious, political, and latitudinarian principles exactly coincided with her own, and with whom, no doubt, she was supremely blest.

She often sent messages, and sometimes letters to Angela, but they were principally instigated by the direction of her husband, and always consisted in queries about cheap materials in the clock-trade, and hints for presents of big Spanish onions for making German messes and ragouts.

Of the broad, deep, and extensive Glory's Wood mentioned in these pages, and which extended for miles, on the present site of the Freshford-road, its umbrageous foliage bowing down to the green banks of the Nore, only one gnarled, crooked, weather-beaten, wasted and worn tree remained, which I sat beneath, some forty years ago, opposite a farmyard, and by the roadside, and there heard, from an old fishing covey, the first tidings of the traditional story which I have now just concluded, and which has been rambling about the easy angles of my memory ever since.

[THE END.]

THE BROKEN HEART.

(From Passages from the Diary of a late Physician.)

There was a large and gay party assembled one evening, in the memorable month of June, 1815, at a house in the remote suburbs of London. Throngs of handsome and well-dressed women—a large retinue of the leading men about town—the dazzling light of chandeliers blazing like three suns overhead—the charms of music and dancing—together with that tone of excitement then pervading society at large, owing to our successful continental campaigns, which maddened England into almost daily announcements of victory;—all these circumstances, I say, combined to supply spirit to every party. In fact, England was almost turned upside down with universal feting!—Mrs. —, the lady whose party I have just been mentioning, was in ecstasy at the eclat with which the whole was going off, and charmed with the buoyant animation with which all seemed inclined to contribute their quota to the evening's amusement. A young lady of some personal attractions, most amiable manners, and great accomplishments—particularly musical—had been repeatedly solicited to sit down to the piano, for the purpose of favoring the company with the favorite Scotch air, "The Banks of Allan Water." For a long time, however, she steadfastly resisted their importunities, on the plea of low spirits. There was evidently an air of deep pensiveness, if not melancholy, about her, which ought to have corroborated the truth of the plea she urged. She did not seem to gather excitement with the rest; and rather endured, than shared the gaieties of the evening. Of course, the young folks around her of her own sex whispered their suspicions that she was in love; and, in point of fact, it was well known by several present, that Miss — was engaged to a young officer who had earned considerable distinction in the Peninsular campaign, and to whom she was to be united on his return from the continent. It need not therefore be wondered at, that a thought of the various casualties to which a soldier's life is exposed—especially a bold and brave young soldier, such as her intended had proved himself—and the possibility, if not probability, that he might, alas! never

—but be left behind among the glorious throng of the fallen—sufficed to overcast her mind with gloomy anxieties and apprehensions. It was indeed owing solely to the affectionate importunities of her relatives, that she was prevailed on to be seen in society at all. Had her own inclinations been consulted, she would have sought solitude, where she might, with weeping and trembling, commend her hopes to the hands of Him "who seeth in secret," and "whose are the issues" of battle. As, however, Miss —'s rich contralto voice, and skilful powers of accompaniment were much talked of, the company would listen to no excuses or apologies; so the poor girl was baited into sitting down to the piano, when she ran over a few melancholy chords with an air of reluctance and discrepancy. Her sympathies were soon excited by the fine tones—the tumultuous melody—of the keys she touched—and she struck into the soft and soothing symphony of "The Banks of Allan Water." The breathless silence of the bystanders—for nearly all the company was thronged around—was at length broken by her voice, stealing, "like faint blue gushing streams," on the delighted ears of her auditors, as she commenced singing that exquisite little ballad, with the most touching pathos and simplicity. She had just commenced the verse,

"For his bride a soldier sought her, And a winning tongue had he,"

when, to the surprise of every body around her, she suddenly ceased playing and singing, without removing her hands from the instrument, and gazed steadfastly forward with a vacant air, while the colour faded from her cheeks, and left them pale as the lily. She continued thus for some moments, to the alarm and astonishment of the company—motionless, and apparently unconscious of any one's presence. Her elder sister, much agitated, stepped towards her, placed her hand on her shoulder, endeavored gently to rouse her, and said hurriedly, "Anne, Anne! What now is the matter?"—Miss — made no answer; but a few moments after, without moving her eyes, suddenly burst into a piercing shriek! Consternation seized all present.

"Sister—sister!—Dear Anne, are you ill?" again enquired her trembling sister, endeavouring to rouse her, but in vain. Miss — did not seem either to see or hear her. Her eyes still gazed fixedly forward, till they seemed gradually to expand, as it were, with an expression of glassy horror. All present seemed utterly confounded, and afraid to interfere with her. Whispers were heard, "She's ill—in a fit—run for some water. Good God, how strange—what a piercing shriek!" &c. &c. At length, Miss —'s lips moved. She began to mutter inaudibly; but by and bye those immediately near

her could distinguish the words, "There!—there they are—with their lanterns.—Oh! they are looking out for the de—a-d!—They turn over the heaps—Ah!—now—no!—that little bill of slain—see, see!—they are turning them over, one by one.—There!—there are!—Oh, horror! horror! horror!—Rise, thou poor rus heart!" and with a long shuddering groan, she fell senseless into the arms of her horror-struck sister. Of course all were in confusion and dismay—not a face present, but was blanched with agitation and affright on hearing the extraordinary words she uttered. With true delicacy and propriety of feeling, all those whose carriages had happened to have already arrived, instantly took their departure, to prevent their presence embarrassing or interfering with the family, who were already sufficiently bewildered. The room was soon thinned of all, except those who were immediately engaged in rendering their services to the young lady; and a servant was instantly dispatched, with a horse, for me. On my arrival, I found her, in bed, (still at the house where the party was given, which was that of the young lady's sister-in-law.) She had fallen into a succession of swoons ever since she had been carried up from the drawing-room, and was perfectly senseless when I entered the bed-chamber where she lay. She had not spoken a syllable since uttering the singular words just related; and her whole frame was cold and rigid—in fact, she seemed to have received some strange shock, which had altogether paralyzed her. By this use, however, of strong stimulants, we succeeded in at length restoring her to something like consciousness, but I think it would have been better for her—judging from the event—never to have woken again from forgetfulness. She opened her eyes under the influence of the searching stimulants we applied, and stared vacantly for an instant on those standing round her bedside. Her countenance, of an ashy hue, was damp with clammy perspiration, and she lay perfectly motionless, except when her frame undulated with long deep-drawn sighs.

"Oh, wretched, wretched, wretched girl!" she murmured at length,—"why have I lived till now? Why do you not suffer me to expire? He called me to join him—I was going—and you will not let me—but I must go—yes, yes."

"Anne—dearest!—Why do you talk so? Charles is not gone—he will return soon—he will indeed!"—sobbed her sister.

"Oh, never, never! You could not see what I saw Jane"—she shuddered—"Oh, it was frightful! How they tumbled about the heaps of the dead!—how they stripped—oh, horror, horror!"

"My dear Miss —, you are dreaming—raving—indeed you are," said I, holding her hand in mine. "Come, come—you must not give way to such gloomy, such nervous fancies—you must not succumb. You are frightening your friends to no purpose."

"What do you mean?" she replied, looking me suddenly full in the face. "I tell you it is true! Ah me, Charles is dead—I know it—I saw him! Shot right through the heart. They were stripping him, when—"

"And heaving three or four short convulsive sobs she again swooned. Mrs. —, the lady of the house, (the sister-in-law of Miss —, as I think I have mentioned,) could endure the distressing scene no longer and was carried out of the room, fainting, in the arms of her husband. With great difficulty, we succeeded in restoring Miss — once more to consciousness; but the frequency and duration of her relapses began seriously to alarm me. The spirit, being brought so often to the brink, might at last suddenly slip off into eternity, without any one's being aware of it. I, of course, did all that my professional knowledge and experience suggested; and, after expressing my readiness to remain all night in the house, in the event of any sudden alteration in Miss — for the worse, I took my departure, promising to call very early in the morning. Before leaving, Mr. — had acquainted me with all the particulars above related; and, as I rode home, I could not help feeling the liveliest curiosity mingled with the most intense sympathy for the unfortunate sufferer, to see whether the corroborating event would stamp the present as one of those extraordinary occurrences, which occasionally "come o'er us like a summer-cloud," astonishing and perplexing every one.

The next morning, about nine o'clock, I was again at Miss —'s bedside. She was nearly in the same state as that in which I had left her the preceding evening—only feebler, and almost continually stupified. She seemed, as it were, stunned with some severe but invisible stroke. She said scarcely anything but often uttered a low, moaning, indistinct sound, and whispered at intervals, "Yes—shortly, Charles, shortly—to-morrow." There was no rousing her by conversation; she noticed no one, and would answer no questions. I suggested the propriety of calling in additional medical assistance; and, in the evening, met two eminent brother physicians in consultation at her bedside. We came to the conclusion that she was sinking rapidly; and unless some miracle intervened to restore her energies, she would continue with us but a very little longer. After my brother physician had left, I returned to the sick chamber, and sat by Miss —'s bedside for more than an hour. My feelings were much agitated at witnessing her singular and affecting situation. There was such a sweet and sorrowful expression about her pallid features, deepening occasionally, into such hopelessness of heart broken anguish, as no one could contemplate without deep emotion. There was, besides something mysterious and awing—something of what in Scotland is called *second-sight*—in the circumstances which had occasioned her illness.

"Gone—gone!" she murmured, with closed eyes, while I was sitting and gazing in silence on her, "gone—and in glory! Ah! I see the young conqueror—I shall! How he will love me!—Ah! I recollect!" she continued, after a long interval, "it was the 'Banks of Allan Water' these cruel people made me sing—and my heart breaking the while!—What was the verse I was singing when I saw—"

she shuddered—"Oh!—this—"

"For his bride a soldier sought her, And a winning tongue had he— On the banks of Allan water None so gay as she! But the summer grief had brought her, And the soldier—false was he—"

Oh, no, no, never—Charles—my poor murdered—"

she shuddered—"Oh!—this—"

she shuddered—"Oh!—this—"