



CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

VOL. XI. MONTREAL, FRIDAY, OCTOBER 19, 1860. No. 10.

SHAWN NA SOGGARTH; OR, THE PRIEST-HUNTER. AN IRISH TALE OF THE PENAL TIMES. BY M. ARCHDEACON, ESQ., Author of the Legends of Connaught, &c. CHAPTER XXII.

"Ha, ha, good, Charley," exclaimed the Baronet, when the story ceased, "and the feat was worthy of you. I would have given ten pounds for a glance at his countenance, when he found you had bilked him fairly. And now your coast anecdote reminds me that you may, perhaps, be able to answer a question I had purposed to ask."

The brandy and the story had, by this time, inclined him to be confidential, to a limited extent, with his good humored companion, when a doubt struck him as to his trustworthiness. But, after a second's pause, he discarded it, resuming; "Yes, Rorke, I am going to ask you a confidential question, because I think you are not inclined to betray my confidence, and that, if you even were, you dare not—"

The grim smile passed across the Baronet's face, though somewhat softened in its sternness, and he eyed the gauger searchingly for an instant before he put the question, "Do you, through your acquaintance with the coast, chance to know any one that would, just now, convey a refractory girl secretly and securely to the north coast of France or Flanders without blabbing—eh?"

Charley paused and, like a skilful angler as he was, on land, as well as by water, having ascertained from the Baronet's answers to a few adroit questions, though asked with apparently no aim, that the refractory girl was from the neighborhood of Lough Carra and of the prescribed creed, he came to the conclusion that it was Ellen Lynch, against whom the outrage was intended, and he answered, "I think, Sir John, I know where there is at this moment, and near at hand, a Dutch skipper that, I have strong suspicions, has balked both us and the revenue most successfully within those three days, and who is, I think, a man that would answer your purpose completely."

"Then bring him to me, while the matter is on my mind—promptly, eh?" "Shall I send him to you, at once, Sir John, if I find him?" "At once, sir; without a moment's delay, if possible."

At his fastest pace did Charley forthwith repair to Madden's, where he found Frank and his young friend ensconced in the snug little parlor. Taking the former aside, the good natured gauger whispered rapidly to him Sir John's inquiries and his own conviction that Ellen was the intended victim. "I thought of you fortunately," he concluded, "and have come at the top of my speed to send you to him;—but are you prepared to sail immediately?"

"Not, by Heaven, until I have taken vengeance on the tyrant for his intended villainy." "Whew! you want to get strong lodgings for yourself, to prepare you for a longer journey over the seas than ever you bargained for, that is if a little hemp shouldn't save you the trouble. You would not commit murder, and where would you be five minutes after giving Sir John open provocation? and then, who would your cousin have for a protector?"

"You are right, sir, I suppose, and we owe you deep gratitude for your kind interference more than once. But what course am I to steer, then?"

"Has Sir John much acquaintance with your person or features?"

"I have been in his presence, to my recollection, but but three times in my life; and he has not set eye at all on me, I think for the last seven or eight years."

"Then, in your present disguise, there is no danger in the world of his discovering you, as, besides the change in your complexion, you look at least ten years beyond your time; and I suppose you can gabble something he may take for Dutch or German—for the matter of that I don't know but Irish would answer very well.—So you must proceed instantly to him—"

"No, no, Frank," observed his companion eagerly, "you must not venture near Sir John, at all."

"You must not bring your little skipjack of a comrade with you at any rate," observed Rorke, with a laugh, "or by the bones of St. Ruth, the voice of the whipper-snapper would soon show the Baronet that petticoats would befit him better than a sailor's trowsers, pert as he looks in them; and might stir up suspicions of my bold captain that would, perhaps, turn out not pleasantly. But let her or him (if she likes it better) come with me to Mrs. Rorke, till you return."

"Frank, venture not at all—"

"But for Ellen's sake, dear—"

"Well, Frank, if you must go, I go too." "Then, in God's name, if she must go, make her, at all events, keep her mouth as close as a miser's pocket, as a word might ruin all; and there's not a minute more to be lost, lest some chance visitor should call at the castle and the opportunity be lost forever—one word more: don't be too eager to close the terms, but make a hard bargain for the voyage. And remember, win or lose, that you, and all connected with you, will always have a warm and a willing friend in Charley Rorke, as far as the times will allow him to be such. God send you success!"

Frank and his comrade speedily reached the castle, and were at once ushered into Sir John's presence.

"You are the person Rorke spoke of to me," said the baronet, addressing Frank.

"Yaw, mynheer, Jans Schrooter, of the goot schip Vanderfeldt."

"And who is your snook faced comrade?—He seems not adapted for seafaring—who are you, sirrah? What is the fellow mouthing at—is he tongue-tied?"

"Yaw, mynheer, dat ish it. He bin vat you call von doomb; he tell no tale, and de poor teyvil, he never part mit me, and ish as true as de compass, a long years—poor Diedrich von Stumpfen."

"Tongue-tied, say you? Then so much the better. Has Rorke told you that I wished to have a person conveyed to the Continent?"

"Yaw, mynheer."

"Then what is your demand for carrying a girl to L'Orient, St. Maloe, or any other port in the Northwest of France—at a word—eh?"

"Vel den, mynheer, I would say von two hondred marks, for cause I must put mein goot schip out of her courses."

"Say ten pounds sterling, and it shall be yours—and the evening after to-morrow, if you be prepared, you shall receive your freight from myself and Mr. Ffolliot, with directions."

"Donner and blitzten, tish von too shmall, mynheer."

"Tis too much: you may retire now, and remember the eve after to-morrow. But stay a moment. It may occur even to your Dutch intellect that you have now an important secret of mine; but," he added, in a stern whisper, "the slightest inquiry will convince you that nobody can betray—has betrayed Sir John Ingram with impunity, else might you wonder I should intrust an unknown person in such an affair. You could gain only peril—perhaps destruction—by any attempt at treachery. For your own sake, then, be secret and punctual, and dread nothing—good night."

"But, hagel, vil you not gif us von naber feesty marks—dat ish fifteen pounds, mynheer?"

"My word is never altered, and our conference has been long enough," said the baronet, almost fiercely; be punctual."

Frank and his companion now quitted the castle, but without any marks of precipitancy; and it was not till they had left it some hundred yards behind them that Frank said in a whisper, "We have just made a good tack to save poor Ellen; and, though I was afraid you would miss channel and run aground, you minded the signal well, Bessy?"—for Bessy it was, who, though she had quitted her father's house with Frank, thro' fear of what the morrow should bring, yet resisted all his persuasions to proceed to the coast with him, until she should have ascertained how things were really circumstanced at the cottage. Thither they were accordingly proceeding when they fortunately encountered Rorke: Frank having little or no fears about venturing so near the scene of the last night's attack, as he had been apprized that it was in another direction the search was just then being made after the attackers.

"Do you know, Frank," observed the courageous girl, "that imprudent as I knew it might have been to speak, I had great difficulty to curb myself from proclaiming that I was the daughter of a loyal Protestant, and that, for all his power, Sir John dare not meddle with a born lady, without her own consent."

"It is well you did shorten sail, however, Bessy. But what are we to do next?"

"Will you not give warning to your cousin?"

"I think, on consideration, Bessy, it is better to receive her as a freight from the tyrant himself, as he proposed; for I fear myself and poor Ellen would have but little chance of braving his power successfully, as, you see, he is well aware of—particularly as I am positive, that even Ffolliot could scarcely, by any possibility, have a suspicion of me in my present trim, and especially as it is at night I am to meet them."

"I believe you are right, Frank," she observed; and they forthwith resumed their route, Frank beguiling the way by detailing his future plans and projects in another land, stating his intentions of immediately abandoning his present course of life, and his certainty of obtaining a place of emolument and permanence, on their arrival in Holland.

CHAPTER XXIII. While the interviews just recorded were taking place in Ingram Castle, other and very different scenes were being enacted on the shores of Lough Carra.

Ellen was sitting at her little parlor window; her cheek resting on her hand, and her eyes fixed in mournful meditation on the placid and sunlit waters of the lake, when Ffolliot, (not Arthur, as the reader may guess) with Shawn and a party of dragoons, galloped up to the front of the cottage. The former, excited by Shawn's detail of his son's undiminished affection for Ellen, and continued visits to her, had worked himself up to the determination of being unceremoniously stern at the cottage. But the mourning garb, the attitude and the mournful expression of Ellen's countenance, contrasting strikingly, as they did, with her whole appearance the last time he had met her familiarly, stirred up some compunctious feelings for the moment; and bowing slightly, as he entered with Shawn and two of the dragoons, he said in a rather respectful though cold tone, "We have come here—we are compelled to come, under the sanction of Sir John, in consequence of information that one of those pestilent prohibited priests was in the habit of being concealed lately in the cottage."

"Mr. Ffolliot," she said, rising from her seat, and elevating herself to her fullest height, and with a forced calmness of voice, while the tears of pride and resentment forced themselves to her eyes at the same time, "though this is not the manner of visit I should expect from so old an acquaintance of my—my dear mother (the tears burst out freely,) yet this humble cottage is, of course, open at all times to whatever visits those in authority choose to make, when and how they please."

Ffolliot and the dragoons passed on, examining minutely the few small apartments, and thence proceeding, for appearance sake (at least on the part of the leader) to the little garden, without meeting either him they apparently sought for, or any obstruction. Only at the garden gate did they experience any annoyance, as it chanced that Katty was entering as they approached it. Laying down the pail she carried, and looking intently into Ffolliot's face, she exclaimed, with emphatic bitterness, clapping her hands together fiercely at the same time:

"Ma shogh millia molloogh (my seven thousand curses) on you, Billy Ffolliot. I know who ye're sarchin' after; and it's long afore yer gran'father, ould Leeim (William), or yer mother, Nancy Larkin, ud dhrame o' priest-huntin'—not to talk of it's bein' ill yer commons to give any trouble to the daughter of Sir Edmund an' Lady Julia, that ris you an' yours first from the kitchen to the dhravin'-room. Smoke that in yer pipe, ye ungrateful naiger," she concluded vehemently, as he made his egress through the gate.

It was somewhat better than an hour after nightfall that day, that Ellen knelt in prayer, after having enjoyed for some time alone the delicious summer twilight in front of the cottage. She knelt before a small ivory crucifix—one of the most treasured relics of her beloved mother—and, God forgive her, if her whole thoughts were involuntarily wandering from her orisons to the recollection of that mother, when she was startled by a near step, and, before she could even scream, a large cloak was folded about her, her head muffled up so as to drown her voice, and she was borne by two men from the cottage, without the capacity of making any resistance, or uttering an alarm, even were there persons in her neighborhood disposed or bold enough to venture to her rescue. At the same instant, Katty was seized by two others of the party, who had contrived to open the door noiselessly, and, who, before she could utter a single cry, had the poor old creature tied to a large table and her mouth gagged, so that she was unable either to move or shout for assistance.

To Ellen's inquiries, by whose authority she was borne from her home at that hour, and after so lawless a fashion, and whither was her destination, her abductors returned no answer. But, on reaching the main road from the little by-path that led to the cottage, she was lifted in front of a horseman, who, with three others, was waiting there to receive her; and, their comrades also mounting the horses that had been held for them, she overheard directions given to proceed to the castle.

As she was being lifted on horseback, a voice said distinctly in her ear, "have courage and hope, Miss Lynch, you will have true friends near you."

She could not know whether the voice proceeded from one of the party, or from some friend who had witnessed the proceedings and ventured for a moment among them, but the tones, distinct, though not loud, struck her as being familiar; and the cheering sympathy they expressed inspired both hope and courage in that moment of peril and doubt.

"Ha! we're watched," said one of the men

who had overheard the words, as, with two others, he dashed to the hedge, from behind which the voice had evidently proceeded. But clouds had gathered over the face of the heavens, and nothing could they distinguish. "We have no time to be searching," observed the leader, "our errand's done, and our business now is to return as fast as we can."

Accordingly the party instantly set forward for the castle at a rapid pace, with Ellen between the two front men.

"Then God and the Ver—, that is, the blessing o' God on ye for the words to that darlin' young lady an' how; may the saints intherlere—the Saviour protect her night and day," said our old acquaintance Ned Cornick, starting from the shelter of a tree adjacent to the hedge, and addressing Bessy Andrews, who had risen from her couchant posture as the party galloped off. For she it was who, having witnessed the abduction, after having been foiled in her endeavors to gain access, unperceived, to her father's, could not control herself at the moment from giving utterance to the words.

"Who are you, then, and why are you concealed here alone at such an hour?" asked Bessy, boldly, and in a somewhat disguised voice, as she recognised at once the tones of her old friend and occasional tutor.

"Why then," said Ned, after a moment's hesitation, "as I'm sure you can't be an innemy, from your wish for the daughter of Sir Edmund and Lady Julia, I'll just tell you at wanst that I was goin' on an errand to Parson Gordon's, and wislin' to have a dish o' discourse with ould Katty, was goin' to the cottage whin the gallan, m' frightened me and cut short my perambulations; and like another Tityrus, I went reclining sub tegmine figi (if you understand the humanities) that is, I took shelter undier the beech tree."

"But you haven't still stated who and what you are," she rejoined, in the same tone.

"Who I am—and who are yourself?" poor Ned responded in bewilderment. "That voice! surely it's like my little rose—;" he edged close up to her, but distinguished her sailor's garb even in the clouded light, he fell back again, exclaiming, "Whew, God looked on me; I must be dhramin'. God forbid Dan Heraghty, should see me now and have it to tell—I have to apologise and beg pardon with callin' to yer remembrance that nemo mortalium omnibus horis sapit, that is, that no man that has a woman for his mother is wise at all hours, dhruok or sober. But the voice—my little rosebud—?d a'most swair, if I did not know—"

"I know you are alluding to my little cousin, Bessy Andrews, that has been always considered to have a likeness to me; and, as I'm confident you have a desire nearly as great as my own to serve her, I'm sure you'll manage to get me a few minutes' speech with her maid Hetty, alone and without her master's knowledge, which may greatly serve Bessy, and for which both she and I will recompense you."

"Recompense for sarvin my little rosebud—pooh! But that voice, that voice—vox et preterea nihil: that means the voice and nothing but the voice. I'll do your errand any how.—Why I'd go the Styx to serve my bloomin' rosebud;—would that spalpeen Dan Heraghty, do as much?"

After having received some directions as to his best mode of proceeding at the foundry cottage in order to attract Hetty's attention unobserved by Aaron, Ned proceeded somewhat in advance of Bessy, who halted at the skirt of the plantation hard by the river. In less than half an hour he returned accompanied by the attached girl, who shrewdly guessed who the person was that wished to meet her; and it was only by whispered warnings, by pressure of arm, and by placing hand on mouth that her mistress was, with difficulty, enabled to restrain her from at once betraying their secret to the old man, who, again objecting to all recompense, speedily left them, to pursue his journey to the parsonage.

Hetty now, in reply to the inquiries of her mistress, informed her that her father's displeasure was, at present, directed in a great measure against the young lady herself, inasmuch as that, his suspicions against Heavisides being by this time to some extent, done away with, he was occasionally professing aloud to himself and others his fears that she herself was accessory to the elopement. "She stated also that Bessy's intended husband, Sam McNab, had arrived that morning—a lean, shrivelled specimen of humanity, old enough, (in Hetty's words) to be her father, and who seemed at once to have acquired complete dominion over Aaron, to whom he had, almost immediately on his arrival, broached plans in her hearing, for change and retrenchment, when the giddy runaway should have been restored."

Altogether Hetty's account of the newcomer, and the whole aspect of things at the cottage, was so forbidding that Bessy's desire to see her father, even for a few moments, was greatly staggered.

"He had always such an anxiety for my happiness, Hetty," she observed, hesitatingly, "that it would be a great consolation to speak to him, and receive his blessing before I should leave the country."

"For the love o' God, Miss Bessy, don't attempt it—don't attempt it; for as sure as God's above, if he lays his hands on you now, he'll not let you out o' this till he makes you marry that ould withered naiger; an' I'd rather see you, God forgive me, in your windin' sheet than his wife. An' then do you think that my fine, brave bould Masther Frank ud take the matter quietly, or that there wouldn't be divlement betune himsel' an' your father, if you're taken from him?"

"Well argued, Hetty; and I think she will take your advice," said Frank, as he joined them from the adjacent hedge.

He had closely followed Bessy's motions, with two companions, from the time of his parting with her, though he neither could venture against the odds, nor wished to oppose his cousin's abduction.

"Masther Frank himsel', as I'm a livin' sinner," exclaimed Hetty.

"Yes, Hetty, and here's a trifle (he put into her hand a couple of gold pieces) for your friendly advice, and to keep us in remembrance till, may be, we'd tempt you to give your sails to the wind and steer the same course after us."

"Sure enough, Masther Frank, I'd folly yersel' an' my young misstress all the world over, if I wanst saw the intherloper clear out o' the cottage; an' that 'll be soon an' sudden if my wits doesn't fail me; an' I have courage, Miss Bessy, for if you wor wost intirely gone, an' the intherloper back agin to the black north, yer father would soon cotton again to his only darlin'; and both himsel' and mysel' might be soon crossin' the seas to ye, that is if ye didn't come back to us."

"Then, Hetty, my parting words are that, as you love me, you will, for my sake, be ever kind and attentive, till we meet again, to a parent that, however obstinate to others, has been ever kind and affectionate to me; and as you are so, may God requite you."

"Won't I—won't I then? And may the Lord and His angels shower down blessings on ye both, an' make ye as happy as yer hearts can desire, till we see each other again, which, please the Lord, 'll be soon an' happy."

Frank now, removing Bessy with gentle violence, and accompanied by his comrades, moved away from the kind hearted girl, amid the tears of the mistress and the tears and blessings of the maid.

(To be continued.)

THE PRINCE'S VISIT TO CANADA. (From Times' Special Correspondent.) TORONTO, SEPT. 10.

The mail was closed when I despatched my last supplementary letter from Coburg on the 5th, so that I was obliged to intrust it by hand to a mail agent going east, and who kindly undertook to send it on by the Quebec boat, if possible. Since that date his Royal Highness has visited Coburg, Peterborough, Port Hope, and Whitby, on his route to the fine city where he is now staying. At all these places no Orange demonstration was attempted; and at no other towns which he has yet to visit, I believe will they be tolerated for a single instant. The quiet determination of the Duke of Newcastle at the commencement of the movement at Kingston, the certainty that the same firmness would be shown throughout, the feeling of indignation that was aroused through the province at the idea of his Royal guest being thus affronted and excluded from the places to which he came on invitation; and, above all, the violent language, and still more unjustifiable conduct, of the Kingston demagogues has brought about a reaction which has put a decided check on the whole affair. In regarding the causes which led to these ill-timed attempts no greater mistake can be committed than to view them as at all connected, except by name, with religious differences. All Orange organisations are more or less political. In Upper Canada they are entirely so. The fanatical zeal of the subordinate members of the societies is worked upon by abler hands, who simply adopt Orangeism as a stepping-stone to power. The present strong ebullition of feeling has been due, I believe almost entirely to this cause, and, properly managed, an amount of political capital might have been made out of it sufficient to drive the present Cartier and Macdonald Ministry from power. But the Kingston men who were chosen to fight the battle and whose reputation for fanatical obstinacy justly stands so high in the province that it was thought if any men could do it they could, fell into a very common mistake in such matters, and overdid their parts. The result was that they have alienated and disgusted many of their best Lodges; by their own violence they have at the very outset checked a movement which might