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FATHER CONNELL; A TALE.

BY THE O'HARA FAMILY.

CHAPTER XVII.-(Continued.)

As he passed the lair of the ever ravenous Mickle, that poor human beast thrust his head upward through the hay, and glaring intensely, though harmlessly, at Paddy, exclaimed— "Murther, a-rodge ! give, give !"

"Here, then, ate !- ate this very minute or I'll murther you-ate, I bid you !" answered Paddy Moran; "ate an' dhrink - ate au' dhrink.

He began tearing, as fast as he could, the loat into by no means little bits. The mouth of the huge head gaped, and was instantly ready for them. Paddy thrust three or four pieces, one after another, into the cavity, and then, raising his noggin of milk as high in the teetion, and for his scrap of bread and sip of air as he could, poured the liquid upon them, milk; the loveliness of her features and person, hercely threatening all the while that if Mickle did not "ate, ate," and "dhrink, dhrink," as quickly as was humanly possible, he would inflict upon him some grievous bodily harm ; and Mickle, evidently frightened, obeyed him as well as he could.

Yellow George, having now disposed of his evening meal, walked about the loft, his arms folded, and something approaching to an unnatural smile round his mouth, while his little piggish eyes twinkled with insane sharpness of meaning

"That was a great race you rode at the Cor-ragh Square Reeves," he said, addressing "the boy that was burned wid the frost;" "by the vartue of my oath it was a great race you rode -the day that you had the tassals to your cap, an' the pay-green jacket, an' the doeskin on.'

"In throth," answered Square Reeves, "I do go moping along, an' I never know where I'm goin' at all-I do be goin' along, along like an owl of a sunny day, an' no more good in me than there's in a hen on the wather."

"I gie ye my oath, Beauguard," resumed Yollow George, addressing Ned Fennell. " I gie ye my oath, I seen noine hundred an nointy-noine like you, cut down by the man with the Copper-and-salt coat at Jack Archer's."

Faith, and the man with the pepper-andsalt coat wasn't idle, George.'

" It was the time my ancle an' myself was over with the Prince o' Wales-the time we were clarkin' for him.'

"O. I know, George; the time the Prince o' Wales had you and your uncle whipped for thieving." "You lie, you Roman vagabon', there's none

that it was a wise thing, after all, to leave the old robber and gaol-breaker free under his maslittle breakfast wid me ?

Erne

ter's roof, even for the shortest possible space of time. A great wish to keep his appointture."

ment, chiefly indeed, if not wholly and solely, shaped Ned's conduct. At all events, assuming as much unconsciousness as he could. of the fearful discovery he had just made, Ned Fen-nell rather hurriedly convoyed Nick M'Grath down the step ladder of the hay-loft, and then, unobserved by the old man, but not by Nelly Breehan, his housekeeper, raced at good speed towards Gallow's Green.

CHAPTER XVIII.

"Is there any unfit feeling in the hurry I am in to meet this young girl?" questioned Ned Fennell of himself, as he approached the shower of houses. His boyish acquaintance-ship long ago, with poor little Mary Coouey, her gratitude for his school-boy chivalrous proeven at that time: her parting from him, and the carnest kiss which accompanied it; all this came to his recollection, and as he proposed to his own heart the query just recorded, he suddenly stopped a few minutes in his speed, to follow up the inward investigation.

Did he seek, in maturer years, to take adsantage of Mary's early interest for him, and another, he killed it wid one blow of his stick which, from some part of her conversation in ov a mornin' when he was batin' me, and when Nick M Grath's shop, as well as from the soft the little dog snarled at him for the same och. tones of her voice, he told himself still re- ay, he killed id at one blow! And things that mained unabated? Should the 'untaught and had no life in 'em I used to thry an' love too, primitive creature, in her approaching inter-view with him, unwittingly and sinlessly over-in the fields, an' in the ditches, an' the hedges step any of the bounds of feminine reserve and along the roads; I used to pull 'em, an' hould self-protection, would be countenance her mis- |'em in my hand, an' look at 'em, and smell to take? "No!" He stamped his foot smartly 'em, and think they made my life a little hap-on the ground. "No, Helen !" was his heart's pier. Bud he would take them from me too. answer, addressed to the young lady whose un' throw 'em away, or stamp his feet on 'em, name he mentioned, just as if she herself had an' tell me they made me idle, an' curse them been present, and had tartly cateenised him on an' me, and threaten to bate me well if ever I the subject. "No, Heien: my love for you minded 'em agin. Bud och, it's talking to no charms me like a spell, against even a thought purpose I am; I have other words to say to of harm towards poor Mary Cooney; or, even if it did not, even if I loved you not-I hope --oh, I do firmly hope and trust that—wild as many people call me—I should still be able to act as I ought to act, for poor Mary's own sake, and out of love and fear of my God first of all; no, no, I thank Him, I have not yet learned to "laugh at my catechism, so come along then Master Neddy!" along then, Master Neddy!

His foot scarcely touched the threshold of Joan Flaherty's house, when the trebly patched door of the hotel was suddenly, though caumost perfect darkness at that end of her apart- he hates me-he hates even Darby Cooney, still looked up at him, tried to utter the grament.

"I do indeed remember the wretched orea-

"Well. That little babby died in my arms; och hone, och hone. I eried my plenty of the salt tears over the little corpse; for that little babby used to thry an' hide itself in my bosom, when Darby Cooncy would roar at it; an' I was o' the mind that it had the love for me, an' the love for it was in my own heart, surely: och. I cried bitther over it-good troth. I did."

She became more agitated, but went on.

"The little babby died, an' sore did I miss I was now left alone entirely, entirely, with Darby Cooncy, an' no livin' thing to care for me; and och it was then I used to bring to mind, over an' over, that the little babby an yourself were the only two creatures that ever had the love for me. Yis-there was a poor ittle doggy, that used to go about wid us on thravels; an' it would lie at my feet, to warm 'em in the cowld nights, and lik them an' my hands all over, and stand forenent me, on the road, an' wag its tail, an' look up into my eyes; an' I thought that poor brute crature had a liking for me too-an' well in my heart I was

fond of it, in return; but Darby Cooney killed it-when he saw the love we had for one you-the words that I promised to say.'

"God help you, poor girl ! said Ned Fennell "Amin, an' amin, God help me."

"Whose hand is the other hand, that is now over your, along with Darby Cooncy's ?"

"Do you call to mind the bould, wicked, young boy, that was sittin' at this fire, the same mornin' I spoke about, awhile sence ?" "Yes, I recollect the promising young gen-

tleman well.'

" He's a big boy now, an' a sthrong boy, an' more wicked now he's sthrong, an' he hates me,

very flure-on this very spot to share your money, by coorse; an' now, I'll come to you, from Darby Cooney; och, I'll watch over you, an' I'll run on your errands to the world's end;

you like me, an' to make you have the happy heart; an I'll love you as well, och ay, as well as ever I loved the poor, little babby; an'-" "My poor girl, listen to me. I will take

EAitness,

old priest, that came in here, the last night I saw you ?"

"I remember a very good ould man comin" in an' axin' me a great many things; but I didn't know before now he was a priest; I didn't b'lieve id, I mane, for Darby Cooncy tould me he was a bad man. 'a big ould divil,' he said; an' och it's often he tould me the same afore, of other good men that I b'lieved were priests; good men, that used to meet us on the roads, when the crowds would be comin' out of the house that they called the chapel o God-but Darby Cooney used to call it 'ould lock it carefully when he should come home, Nick's house,' an tell me if I went into it the she would deposit her key in her salt-box ; and priests would lay hould on me, an' drag me to the gallows, an' hang me; an' then I used to ax him, what was the mainin' of the chapel o' God--" Ned Fennell interrupted her, shudder iog.

"Stop. Mary. stop; tell me no more of those things, and not a word more about Darby Cooney. We'll never speak of him any more at all; we'll try and forget him, and everything he ever told you, and everything about him But listen to nie now. Listen to me well, poor Mary; I will try and make that good old priest your friend; and I'll be your friend myself, Mary; and together we will take you from Darby Cooney, and keep the arm over your head, to save you from his threats; and the word I spoke to you, when I was a little boy. I will keep with you now, and to the day of my death, or to the day of your death, yes, my poor girl, you shall indeed share my breakfast, and share my dinner, and share my purse too, as long as it pleases God Almighty to give me a breakfast, or a dinner, or a sixpence for myself; and that good old priest, Mary, will tell you what the Chapel of God is, and make you know what to say, and what to do, in God's chapel that so you may grow to be good, and happy, and have the whole world love you; and I will love you too, Mary. I will love you with a brother's tenderest love; and, poor child-"

Ned's own voice here failed him, and he stopped speaking. Her eyes had been fixed upon his face all the time he was addressing her. She now saw his quivering lip as she heard his broken tones, and suddenly falling on the bag which he had worn on his shoulder, he be slight girl closely confronted him, in the al-every livin' crature, I believe, the same that her knees, and clasping her hands, while she took a handful of woollen rags, and tied them the they're all an' all together: an' his hand titude, the love, and the happiness of her hitherto miserable young heart; but the effort was vain; her beautiful lips only moved in silent spasms; her beautiful throat only worked in unison with them; and, at last, she covered her face with her hands, and sobbed and wept, loudly and passionately. "And I must leave you now, Mary," resumed Ned Fennell, "and the first thing I shall do is to go to that good priest-" She started up, clapped her hands, and interrupted him. "Och, yes, yes; quit me ! quit me ! it's only too long you are here! and all my fault, all my fault! See what the love for you made me do! and that's not the way the love ought to show itself-bud the love put the danger out of my head - the Lord forgive me for it !-Run home, your ways home ! Darby Cooney is within your doors this night - and he's within them for no good ! Och, Darby Cooney would thing no more of killing you, or any other Christian creature, nor he'd think o' life, Mary; but tell me, do you still live with though poorly and even scantily clothed, were killing a black keerogac! Make speed home; the man of the house where my tender-hearted boy stops, has money-and Darby Cooney is gone to take that money; and the one he has made as wicked as himself is on the watch for him. Make speed home, I say ! Make speed, and lay hands on Darby Cooncy; and hold him fast, fast, fast! Be bold and strong, and may the Heavens be your safeguard! and don't mind going to that good priest to-night, or we both may suffer for it; only make speed home | the door which let into the yard; and, finally, -make speed home." "Good night, then, my poor girl." He ing which came on, in order that her master again held out his hand; she took it in one of might not know she had been so long out of hers, but threw the other round his neck, and bed, she softly ascended to her dormitory in kissed his lips, as she had done many years the grarret. ago, at their first parting; and Ned Feunell received her kiss, without infringing one jot upon the resolutions he had made before entering the cabin. But he did not take her advice to go straight home, without calling on Father Connell, and in so doing Ned was wrong, almost fatally wrong.

pod back ; and again. that as it admitted daylight through oiled paper, instead of glass, it would not be very difficult to get one's hand an' I'll do everything in your house, to make inside this frail barrier, and thereby undo the holt, which to one side fastened the sash to the window-frame. He further found out, that Nelly Brechan had charge of the key of the hall-door, and that she used to place it every you from Darby Cooney. I can do that at night in the salt-box over the kitchen fire; nor least. You shall not be his poor, terrified slave did he allow himself to remain ignorant of the for a day longer. Do you remember the good positious, in the little old house, of the sleeping apartments of Nick M'Grath, his apprentico, and his housekeeper.

In Nick M Grath's establishment, Nelly Breehan was just as much Ned Fennell's friend as Peggy Molloy had been when he lived with Father Connell : the old woman would do anything for him. She would, for instance, lend him her latch-key on a night when he reekoned upon being out later than her master or herself could, according to their habits, afford to sit up for him; and only carefully latching the street door after him, and cautioning him to before retiring for the night, put a "red sod" in the kitchen grate, that, by its agency, he might not be in want of a lighted candle upon going to his own bed-room. And, indeed, it was under favor of arrangements such as these here described, that upon this particular night Ned Fennell left home, for the shower of houses.

He had not been very long absent, when though in no great hurry. Robin Costigan begau to think that it was time to commence certain planned operations.

After Nick M'Grath had collected, among the fools in his hay-loft, the tin porringers in which their milk had been served to them, and, accompanied by Ned Fennell, had gono down the step-ladder, leaving them in the dark, the poor fellows continued jabbering, each in his own peculiar fashion and idiom, for some considerable time. Costigan watched and listened to them attentively. One by one, a voice fell off from the great clamor of tongues; and one by one they fell asleep-yellow George being the very last to do so, as was his latest breath -for that night at least-Costigan heard him mumble, evidently to Paddy Moran, who snored at his side-" Take off o' me, ye blackamoor's breed, take your feet off o' me-we're freetake off, or I'll run you through-by herrins."

Costigan, in the silence, or rather in the gen-eral snoring, which succeeded to the general babble, raised himself very cautiously and slow-ly, in his own lair, to a sitting position; out of round his feet; first depositing his brogues in it; and then, with a perfectly noiseless tread. descended the step-ladder, into the yard. Here one glance at the oiled paper of the kitchen-window informed him that he had been out in one of his calculations; for that Nelly Breehan had not yet retired to bed. Stealthily approaching the window, and cautiously peep ing through a little hole in one of its economical panes, he perceived that she must, however, soon go to her sleeping-chamber, as she was kneeling to her prayers, evidently in devout preparation for so doing. The beggarman scowled at the old woman, but observed her closely. Before arising from her knees she piously clasped her hands and looked upwards ; he cursed her. She got up; puffed at the "red sod." to ascertain whether it was sufficiently ignited to allow her favorite to light his candle at it; and while she did so, her own face glowed as brightly as did the "red sod" itself-and then she approached the kitchen-window, and laid her hand upon its sash. Costigan, fearing that she was about to come out into the yard, suddenly crouched down under the window, and when he had cleared it, hobbled-not at all afraid of alarming her by his footsteps-and squatted himself in a remote and gloomy corner. But the housekeeper only shot the bolt of the window to its full extent. Noxt she left the kitchen, to put a heavy bar across ---as the old robber could well comprehend--stopping with her apron a fit of chronic cough-

of the breed that come up on our called a thief-I'll run you through by Herius, you bochach."

"There's no where I go but they're pur-shooin' me, up an' down, and backard and forard; an' goin' wid the wind or agin the wind, they're always an' ever a purshooin' o' me," gabbled the new come fool.

George turned round and twinkled his red eye at the fellow, scanned him closely, and to hint the insignificance of the person he in-spected, said : "'Twould be hard to strip a strip a breeches off of a bare thigh."

He then suddenly seemed struck at something very interesting in this man; he poked out his chin, and twinkled his eyes at him more quickly than ever, and extended his mouth from he added :----

"Hah! it was a bitther cowld day the first day you were hanged, Johnny Rafferty."

Ned Fennell now also fixed his eyes on the fool, though he could not yet arrive at any distinct conclusion about him; in fact, George's new name for him threw our friend Ned much off his guard, to say nothing of the downcast face being still quite hidden by the old straw hat.

"An' the Prince o' Wales," continued how you made your escape from the second hangin', Johnny, an' we found out that it was the devil carried you off. Johnny Rafferty-the Romans is sure of heaven, Beauguard-we only thry-by the vartue o' my oath, one Protestan' is as strong as three Romans; bad time with the wavers, Budgy Donally. all broth an' no mate."

At this moment, by judicious mancouvring became positive that he saw before him the de-tested Robin Costigan. His first impulse was to pounce on the villain, even for whose cruelty to the little girl, Mary Cooney, still well remembered, Ned felt towards him the greatest indignation and loathing; but another identification of another person now suddenly took place in his mind : he believed that the girl who had made an appointment with him for Darby Cooney? Och, he'd find me wherev that evening in Joan Flaherty's cabin, among I'd go; an' he'd murther me, murther me!" the shower of houses, was no other than that very Mary Cooney; and his passionate inclination to knock Costigan down, and bind him, and drag him to gaol, was replaced by a great anxiety to speak with the beggar girl, and by a resolve not to take any decided step against her hand over me now, a'most as heavy as his own atrocious tyrant until after he should have done haud. An the poor little babby I had on my save me from Darby Cooney's hand. An' now its turning on hinges, be opened by pushing it not move from his corner; on the contrary, he so. He did not indeed reason himself into this member the poor little babby I had on my save me from Darby Cooney's hand. An' now its turning on hinges, be opened by pushing it not move from his corner; on the contrary, he determination, nor could he pretend to himself knees, the morning you came in to me, on this you're a young man, an' now you have the inward, provided its little bolt were first slip- squeezed himself as closely as he could into it.

visitor. "Och ! what 'ud it be bud Mary Cooney,"

she whispered in her turn. "I thought so; poor child ! poor girl ! and

trembling all over.

"Before I say anything else to you. I bid God bless you; an' be good to you, sir-for I the roof o' the house, that they'd have my see you're still as tender-hearted, an' as pityin' | blood, and berry my corpse where no one could to me as when you were the little gorsoon that ever find it; and that no church-yard sod shared his own bit an' sup wid the poor shoolin' little girl, and pelted down Darby Cooney for corner to corner, almost across his face, while her-och! och! an' it's often an' often I thought about you sence that time; Darby Cooney's stick was never over me-an' och sure that was every day-that I did not say to myself, if the beautiful an' the tenther-hoarted now observantly regarded her features. They little boy was here, he'd help the lone orpian."

that old scoundrel ?"

"Och, an' sure I do-how can I help it? It's sore agin my nature an' my thoughts, an' my wishes, but how can I help it ? I wouldn't George, "sent my uncle an' myself to find out be next or nigh him if I could help it : no in good troth I wouldn't; an' that I may be de-livered safe out of his hauds, is my prayer. mornin', noon, an' night-come this way, an' I'll tell you."

Continuing to hold Ned's hand, she led him to the fire at the further end of the cabin; lighted a greased rush, and stuck it in some damp yellow clay against the wall, placed the only seat in the establishment, a rickety. threearound George's Johnny Rafferty, Ned Fennell legged stool, in front of the fire; made him sit down on it, and then chose her own place on the floor, sitting close to Edmund's knee.

"But surely, my poor girl, you are now old enough, and grown enough to do something for yourself, and now, at least, you ought to separate from the old robber?

"Och hone, och hone, where could I go ? an' who'd hould the arm over me, to save me from Darby Cooney? Och, he'd find me wherever She inclined her head to Ned's knee; he saw

that her tears were flowing fast.

"Darby Cooney," she continued whispering, "Darby Cooney is wickeder nor ever he was; an', not to spake of him at all, there's another

"Your name, good girl?" whispered the it is that's as heavy over me now, as Darby Cooney's own hand ever was."

"Was that the fellow who watched you, while you were speaking with me a little while since, in the town below ?"

how have you been these many, many years?" "It was his own self. Darby Cooncy and He extended his hand. She took it in hers, that boy are aleard that if I went from 'em I'd turn informer on 'em; an' the other day they both swore out-oaths terrible enough to rise should cover it if I went from 'em."

"You must leave them, for all that," said Ned thoughtfully.

She looked up into his face eagerly, her blue eyes still running over with toars. For the first time since he had entered the hovel, he were ten time more beautiful than in childhood "And you never said a truer word in your | they had been, and her person and limbs, of exquisite proportion.

"How very like you, Helen ?" soliloquised Ned; "how very like you, my own Heleu !" His own Helen? and Gaby M'Neary not knowing a word about the matter ? "Blur-auages !" Ah, poor Ned, so much for your worldly wisdom.

"Did I hear you rightly that time ?" asked poor Mary Cooney, as she still looked up at him.

"You did, my poor girl."

"An' did you mane that it's yourself that would make me go away from Darby Cooney?" "Yes, indeed, I meant that. Mary."

"Och, the Heavens reward you for the word, and put the good luck in your road, for ever an' ever !"

She gently took his hand, which hung down by the side of the three-legged stool, placed it in both of hers, and continued-

"It calls to my mind, stronger nor ever, the words you said to me, an' that I ever an always thought of from that day to this-the mornin' you came in here, many's the long, weary year ago, to give me the good, warm milk, and the good, white bread.'

"And what words were they, Mary ?"

"Och, shure you tould me, that when you'd grow up, an' be a young man, an' have money as your father used to have it, you'd share your dinner wid me, as well as your breakfast; an' discover that the kitchen window which looked resouve not to take any decided step against her nand over not now, a now is that, still an' ever you'd let me be near you, an' into the yard, could from the circumstance of and was in bed. Robin stood up, but still did attrocious tyrant until after he should have done hand. An' the poor little halber I had an my save me from Darby Cooper's hand. An' now its turning on hings he cannot be made the should have done hand.

UNAPTER XIX.

()ur disreputable old acquaintance had spent more than one night before the present one, in Nick M'Grath's hay-loft, and he did not, for | ing that there could be any one, in the wide the purpose which had brought him there, rcmain idle or unobservant. He contrived to

The small, dim window of her bed-room looked into the yard. From the corner in which he crouched, Robin Costigan knew it, and watched it closely. The incrustations of dust or dirt upon it, served, like a dim screen, to show her actions only in black shadows, yet, even by those actions, so badly interpreted, he knew she was disrobing herself very leisurely, and he again muttered curses against the unconscious old spinster, because she took up so. much time in her peculiar proceedings-by the way, she at that moment certainly not think. world, so much interested about them.

At length; the little, dim window became black; the housekeeper had put out her candle.