



# CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

VOL. XII.

MONTREAL, FRIDAY, JUNE 13, 1862.

No. 44.

## THE BRIDEGROOM OF BARNA. CHAPTER V.

The bush of mid-summer had long been on the earth; the broad round summer moon had risen and filled it with mellow light, and was fast hastening to her setting, when a strong party of police, headed by their officer, and accompanied by the nearest magistrate, Major Walker, turned rapidly from the main road, and proceeded up the avenue that led to Baraa. They were within a short distance of the mansion, when the foremost man of the party stumbled, and nearly fell over the recumbent figure of some person whom the excessive darkness, occasioned by the thick foliage that overhung the pathway, had until that moment prevented him from perceiving.

'Who is here?' exclaimed the man, as he grasped the figure, which had now assumed an upright posture, presenting the outline of a very tall female enveloped from head to foot in the dark blue cloaks worn by her class in Munster. 'Who and what are you?'

'Wish, only poor Nansie the fortune-teller—a ragal!' was the reply, and the cloak was thrown open, and an apron exhibited filled with a goodly collection of herbs.

'Go on, Corporal White, with four men to the house, and keep guard upon the windows until we join you; and is not this a pretty hour for you to be here?' said the officer, 'and about no good either, I warrant.'

'Never fear that, sir,' rejoined a policeman; 'no time to lose but one o'clock o' moonlight night to pick her herbs for pushoges and charms, and all that.'

'Wish, God bless you, Tim Kiely; you were always pleasant—let a poor woman be goin', captain.'

'Not till you answer one question—how long have you been here?'

'Faiks, an' a good while, your honor; I was for a bit o' the time in the orchard.'

'Did you observe any one come or go this way? or meet a stranger about the house to-night?'

'Faith and I did so—I won't be telling you a lie at this hour in the mornin'!'

'Who, who? what kind of person?'

'Yeh! who would it be but *him* ye're lookin' for—don't I know well what ye're about?'

'Where is he then?—out with it, woman, at once—every minute is worth a guinea.'

'If it is, then, captain jewel, wouldn't you be after sharing with a poor creature? Pay me well, she said, lowering her voice, 'an' I'll tell ye somethin' worth knowin'.'

'Speak it out, and I promise you you shall be rewarded,' said Major Walker. 'Do you know anything of Lawlor?'

'How much o' the four hundred will I get, Major?'

'Never mind the woman,' said the officer; 'come on, Walker, we lose time.'

'Well,' exclaimed Nansie, 'I depend upon twenty pounds at least—twenty good so'rens. I saw Lalor this blessed night.'

'Where, where?'

'Fastenin' down the window o' Miss Ellen's room yonder in the orchard,' said the hag, 'just after the clock struck ten.'

'By heaven! then,' said the officer, 'he's gone long since—he would never be fool enough to pay so long a visit—let us dash on, however, and search the house.'

'Old Nugent is not at home,' said Major Walker; 'that poor girl his daughter is in miserable health; and if I thought, as you say, that this dreadful fellow was away again, I would not for worlds subject her to the scene I witnessed in that house before.'

'Promise me the twenty guineas,' said Nansie, 'an' I'll soon find out for you whether he's in the house or no.'

'Twenty devils!—you shall have five guineas in the mornin' if you can learn by any means that Lawlor is now in Baraa House.'

'Ob, I'm not goin' to sell my soul for five guineas yet,' bartered the fortune-teller; 'make it ten, and I'll be thrue to you.'

'It shall be ten if we make him prisoner—if we seize him dead or alive.'

'Well, 'tis a bargain. I'll go up to the house and knock, and ax for a drop of vinegar for a child in the fever, and never fear I'll soon get in; the girls in the house know well that they daren't face Miss Ellen in the mornin' if they refused to let a body in for anything they want for a sick person.'

'But still, how will this find out what we want to know? The girls won't tell you.'

'The girls don't know themselves. Peg Casey will have to go to her mistress for the key o' the pantry, and won't I have my ear cocked? If she gets into Miss Ellen's room without any trouble or knockin', you may look for him somewhere else; but if the door is locked, and she can't get in by the latch, my hand to ye but ye're made men.'

'Don't delay an instant in letting us know; if you keep us waiting we will follow you into the house.'

'Now mind,' said Nansie, 'that this is the token: if Lawlor is within, I'll come out and go away up by right hand side o' the house into the haggard; don't ye stop one minut, but make for the door before Peg Casey bolts it after me, an' ye are in without a bit o' noise, an' then ye know what to do yourselves.'

The party advanced, and in a minute or two joined their companions, who were stationed at each corner of the mansion. After having disposed a strong guard upon the windows that opened to the garden, the officer with the main body withdrew to some distance in front of the house, and the spy was directed to perform her office.

Resolutely Nansie advanced to the door, and commenced a gentle but pertinacious knocking, from which she did not desist until a voice was heard to inquire the cause of the disturbance.—The response was given as Nansie had agreed upon; she was admitted, and the door again closed and fastened.

The police party now waited with intense anxiety for the reappearance of their messenger, upon which probably depended the capture of a criminal for whose apprehension so large a sum had been offered (the county volunteering to double the government reward) and the delay in whose detection was considered through the kingdom an imputation on the vigilance of the local authorities.

Ten minutes had hardly elapsed when the door of the Baraa House was once more opened, and the fortune-teller appeared. With joy the excited party saw her turn, as she had preconcerted with them, to the right of the house, and enter the haggard. At once they dashed forward, but not in time to anticipate Peg Casey in re-shutting the door, which they found effectually secured. They loudly knocked, and demanded entrance in the king's name, but no answer was returned.

By the orders of Major Walker the guard on the rear of the house was now reinforced, so as to prevent all possibility of escape in that direction, and the men in front were commanded instantly to force the doors.

But the doors and windows of an opulent farmer in a retired part of Ireland, and that part of Tipperary, possess a provoking stubbornness and obstinacy, that it would sometimes require the energy of the engineers of the Ghizai gate to subdue. Of this class was the one in question; and the rage of its assailants rose in proportion to the resistance it presented to their efforts to break it open; nor was it until a full half hour had elapsed, and a temporary battering train had been procured from the nearest forge, that the party, amidst the yelling of dogs and the piercing shrieks of women, at last effected an entrance.

'Coward!' said the officer, 'he might have struck one fair blow for his life, at all events.'

Lights were procured, and every apartment was instantly visited. At one alone they met a fresh delay. It was a chamber, the servants said, of their young mistress. To this the officer himself proceeded: the door was made fast—he imperatively knocked for entrance, but receiving no reply, he directed it to be forced. But even here, when the slight door had given away, the whole furniture of the apartment, including a heavy old-fashioned bedstead (upon which the lovely inmate of the chamber was wont to repose) being piled across it.

The police, however, soon scrambled through these impediments; the lights were brought forward, and gave to view the fainting form of Ellen Nugent stretched upon the floor, supported by a female servant, who, apparently unconscious of, or unconcerned at the scene before her, was occupied in chaffing the burning temples of her mistress. But the room contained no one else; and the disappointed party were about to retire, when one of them perceived, by the chinks in a partition, that a narrow closet was attached to the room; he eagerly rushed to it, opened it, and dragged forward, wrapped in an immense fear-nought coat and sloughed hat—Nansie the fortune-teller.

It were vain to attempt describing the scene that followed.

'Take this woman,' said Major Walker, 'and make out her committal, as an accomplice after the deed.'

'With all my heart,' cried Nansie—'there is many a mile between the poor fellow and you now, Major; and so you thought I was goin' to sell the blood of him I often and often nursed upon my knee in his father's kitchen—God rest his soul! No—if he war twenty times the unfortunat' he is.'

### CHAPTER VI.

The delicate constitution of Ellen Nugent never recovered the repeated shocks of that trying and terrible night. On awaking from the long swoon into which she had fallen until the loud knocking of the police for admission assured her of the escape of Lawlor, she was seized with fever and delirium, which threatened for several days a fatal termination. During this time she raved incessantly about her unhappy husband,

whom she seemed to see constantly by her side, and to whose imaginary entreaties, that she would fly with him to some foreign land, she answered with expressions of the most impassioned devotion. Sometimes she fancied she beheld him in the hands of justice, and prayed and supplicated to be allowed to watch his fate and share his grave. Her disorder, however, yielded to the skill of the physicians—reason again assumed its control—and she once more became rigidly silent respecting the name and the affection for which her heart was breaking.

As the lovely autumnal season of her native island set in with unusual mildness, it was hoped that with care her health would be re-established; but when winter came, symptoms of consumption—a disease that had already been fatal to more than one of her family—appeared, and it was evident that her days were numbered. The sweet patient herself was the first to feel the conviction; and the smile of satisfied resignation and thankfulness with which she received its confirmation from the lips of the physician, showed that Hope—that last seed to wither in the hearts of the young and gentle—had long perished in hers. 'What have I to do with earth and earthly things?' she said; 'my poor old father will not long stay after me, when he misses his spoiled Ellen from his lonely hearth—and then we will sleep together in the same quiet grave, and I shall know what it is to be at peace at last.' Winter passed away—the faint perfumes of the early flowers of spring arose from the neglected garden; and ere they had disappeared, one more frail and fair than they was gathered to the dust. Her grave lies in the old churchyard of Abbeymahon; its soft turf is ever bright and green, though the rude letters on the stone by her gentle head are fast becoming illegible:—

'Pray for the soul of  
Ellen—'

Only daughter of David Nugent,  
Of Baraa,

Who departed this life  
The 2nd day of April, 1821,

Aged nineteen years.'

It was the third morning after her interment that Tom Bush entered the guard-room of the police barrack at Capparae, where he had for many months been obliged to reside for that protection which such a place alone could afford in Tipperary to an informer—of all miscreants the most odious in the eyes of its turbulent and fierce-spirited peasantry. He had occasionally, for the purpose upon which his revengeful spirit was bent, been permitted to make excursions through the country in the disguise of a mendicant—that generally assumed by his degraded profession—carefully contriving to conceal the great defect by which he was rendered so notorious, beneath his manifold and ragged habiliments, and which he was enabled to do the more securely as he mostly travelled in the night, skulking along deserted roads and other by-places, in his visits to those remote mountain fastnesses where he thought there was any likelihood of furthering the objects he had in view.

'Well, boys,' he exclaimed, in an exulting tone, as he entered the room—around the ample fireplace of which several of the men were crowded—and proceeded to divest himself of his soiled and tattered outside garments, exhibiting all the appearance of having that moment returned from a long and weary journey.—'Well, boys, I have him at last.'

The men, with a simultaneous impulse, jumped up, eagerly inquiring,  
'Where—where?'

'Never mind, I'm jest cum from the chief—he knows all about it, and he'll be over here directly—only let ye be ready against nightfall. We'll have a long journey to go, and the sooner we get to the end of it before the moon rises, the better.'

Further than this, Bush would not be communicative.

Early in the evening the men comprising the little force stationed at Capparae, headed by their officer, and under the guidance of Bush, set out upon their excursion. By their starting so early, it was evident their destination was a distant one. They were reinforced, as they proceeded, by the men at two stations in advance on their route.—As night darkened, the party no longer confined themselves to the main roads of the country, but struck forward on those which led to the mountains by the least circuitous routes. This, however, rendered their journey tedious and fatiguing, and would have made it, without the escort of a guide, an impracticable one, from the nature of the country to be traversed.

The paths, for the most part, lay through swampy moorland, and not unfrequently across vast tracts of bog, where all traces of a footway disappeared; and where, without aid of one thoroughly acquainted with the way, a single step to the right or left would have buried the whole party in the deep watery slough that spread far and wide around. It had rained heavily on the

preceding day, which served still the more to impede their excursions, and a sharp spring frost, which was setting in, made the slowness of their progress doubly irksome.

At length they crossed the chain of wild hills that divides the county of Tipperary on the south from that of Cork; but, despite of all their efforts the moon had risen above the stupendous range of the Galty mountains, through which their road now wound, before they came in sight of the spot which their officer at length informed them was to be the termination of their march—the churchyard of Abbeymahon. They could see it plainly at a considerable distance—the ruined tower of the Abbey, and the grey walls by which it was surrounded, crowning the summit of a lonely hill directly before them, and glancing white in the broadening moon.

On approaching the place they halted; and Bush, motioning them to preserve unbroken silence, crept stealthily up the ancient road, that led, by a winding and steep ascent to the burial ground. After a short absence he reappeared, and beckoned to the party to follow. Imitating the stealthy pace of their conductor, and pressing silently forward without making a single echo by their tread, they reached the wall of the graveyard, outside of which the officer disposed his men so as to form an unbroken line of sentinels around the enclosure.

Advancing to a rude stile that led to the cemetery, the spy directed the officer's attention to a scene within it, which, when fully comprehended by the spectator's astonished gaze, made the blood run tingling and freezing through his veins.

By the side of Ellen Nugent's new-made grave sat the murderer Lawlor, enclosing in his arms the form that had once comprised all earth's love and beauty for him, and which, like a miser, with wild and maniac affection, he had unbent once more to clasp and contemplate. The shroud had fallen from the upper part of the body, upon which decay had as yet made slight impression. The delicate head lay reclined upon that shoulder which had been its home so often, and over which now streamed the long bright hair like a flood of loosened gold, the wan face turned up to his as if it still could thrill to the mad kisses in which he steeped it, while he had twined one of the white arms frantically about his neck.

'Ellen,' he said, 'Ellen speak to your murderer! speak to him who now for the first time holds you to his heart without one answering throb—without one word from those lips that never allowed me to kiss them, and kept that cheek so white before. Darling! remember the hour in the happy summer-house when you first pledged your faith to mine, with my lips on those eyelids that all the warmth of my heart will never waken into life again. Remember this and say upon this grave, that you forgive the wretch who killed you because he could not live without your love.'

'Now's your time, captain,' whispered Bush, 'this is the second night of his comin' an' taken her up—give the word and we're on him.'

'Advance men!' said the chief constable, and sprang into the enclosure.

Lawlor was on his feet in an instant—his frenzied eyes glaring with the fierceness of a roused tiger—grasping a carbine, which until then had lain unperceived with the mattock and other implements he had used in opening the grave. The moment he rose he saw Bush advancing with the officer—he levelled and fired—and fell himself, at the same instant, dead by the side of his unbent bride. One of the men, alarmed at the danger to which his officer was exposed, had discharged his musket at him from behind, but not before Bush, the informer, had fallen beneath the unerring aim of the foe he had betrayed.

The remains of Ellen Nugent were re-committed to the earth. An inquest was held on the spot upon the body of her husband, and a report thereof transmitted to Government. Hugh Lawlor was the last of his family, and his corpse was unclaimed by friend or relative; but the strangers who dug his grave did not venture to separate in death the hapless pair who in life could never be united.

THE END.

## THE ITALIAN REVOLUTION.

(From the Northern Press.)

Last week we mentioned incidentally the hypocrisy of Count Cavour in asserting that freedom was permitted to the Catholic press. To complete this portion of our subject, we will describe the freedom permitted by his successor, Ricasoli, premising that a *sequestration* means that the policy seize every copy of a journal on which they can lay their hands; that a *process* is supposed to signify a legal trial, which, however, invariably ends in a fine and imprisonment for the editor; while a *demonstration* is a figurative expression by which we are to understand that a mob is permitted to sack the office of a newspaper. We cannot be expected to give a full account, yet it is certain that, in Naples alone, more than twenty Catholic journals have been

trampled out of existence by these instruments of tyranny. For example, *Il Veritiero* suffered four sequestrations in fourteen numbers; *L'In-civilimento* nine in twenty-five numbers; *La Stella del Sud* six in twelve numbers; *Il Piccolo Indipendente* three in twenty. If any one should imagine that Naples was an exception to the rest of Italy, let him remember that *Il Catolico*, of Genoa, incurred twelve sequestrations in thirty-seven numbers. The same liberal system is pursued in the persecution by process.—*L'Ingenio* of Leghorn, at the end of Ricasoli's ministry, had endured more processes than it had published numbers. In the last week of his ministry, *Il Campidoglio*, of Florence, was condemned in a fine of 500 francs, and its editor sentenced to four months imprisonment, for an article headed '*Christiansum Sum*,' and published so long ago as July, 1860. The editor of *L'Eco*, of Bologna, after ten processes, was dragged away on Christmas day to the common prison of malefactors, and thence to solitary confinement in the political prison, where he was detained for some months without a trial, and from which he was ultimately released, without any accusation being preferred against him. *Il Piemonte*, of Turin, at the same date, was under a tedious process for '*Panegyric on Napoleon III.*' *L'Armonia*, of Turin, which pays, on an average, 12,000 francs a year in fines, and whose responsible editor spends the greater portion of his life in prison, is still under process for two articles—one the celebrated catalogue of the '*Thirteen Consciences of Napoleon III.*' which was published during the summer of 1860—Whether the amnesty lately granted at Naples to the journalists will affect these interminable trials or not, we are unable to say; but it is quite certain that it will not indemnify the Catholic Neapolitan press for the demonstrations which all underwent twice in the course of one week.—The nature of this compliment to the independence of newspapers on the side of religion may be realized from the case of *Il Contemporaneo* of Florence. At seven one evening a mob smashed the windows of the office and destroyed the contents. Searching for the editor, they broke into the very bedchamber of his wife. A guard of mounted dragoons, stationed exactly opposite, at the house of the commandant of the garrison, were idle spectators of this outrage; and the police simply interfered to assure the rabble that the editor was already arrested.—After this our readers will find some difficulty in crediting the fact that, in the land where this frightful tyranny is exercised against the Catholic press, the most obscene prints, and the most blasphemous caricatures of the Blessed Trinity, are publicly exposed for sale; that a recent work has appeared '*On the Death of Pius IX.*' and another on the '*Amours of Pius IX.*' that a host of newspapers glory in propagating the infidelity of Voltaire and Rousseau, so that '*We disciples of Voltaire*' (*Non Volteriani*), is a common phrase in their articles; and that a buffoon was allowed, unobstructed and unpunished, to declaim on *L'Eterno Padre in camicia*, a theme too hideously blasphemous for translation.

With respect to the liberty which Catholic subjects enjoy in the new Italian kingdom, those who read the speeches of Gladstone and Layard in the recent debate upon Italian affairs will have formed a notion somewhat too exalted. One of these speakers confidently assured the House of Commons that the Italians, and especially the Italians in the kingdom of Naples, were enjoying the safe-guards of law under irremovable magistrates; while, as a practical comment on this assertion, a decree was then being promulgated for the removal of 1,500 magistrates in the kingdom of Naples! They did not tell us that the government had been found guilty, after a vain effort to shift the blame on to other shoulders, of rifling letters passing through the post-office.—They did not tell us how many houses of Catholics had been broken into by the police, as was the house of Count Cays, because he was suspected of receiving letters from the French President of the Conference of St. Vincent of Paul. They did not tell us how every prison in Southern and even in Central Italy was full to overflowing with political prisoners. They did not tell us how many of them had been lingering, like the Duke of Casanovo, for six months without guilt, without trial, without accusation, or how many, like him, after many months' imprisonment, had been released because there was not the shadow of proof against them. They did not tell us that the entire body of Neapolitan lawyers had publicly and solemnly protested against this iniquity. They did not tell us how, when conscripts deserted, the troops were quartered on their families, until they had consumed or wantonly destroyed their means of subsistence. They did not tell us what redress was to be obtained when conscripts, like a young man, by name Scocozza, were cruelly murdered, while walking quietly along the high road by the National Guard, to whom they had surrendered,