# (4) (u1nt <br> CATHOLIC CHRONICLE 

VOL. XI.
SHAWN NA SOGGARTH;
the priesthenter
an irish tale of the penal times.
Author of the Legends of Connauzht," \&
$\underset{\substack{\text { chaprer } \\ \text { (Continued.) }}}{\text { ( }}$
The alarmed and agitated mother burst awa from her brutal assailant, and finging herself be side the hutue suterer, whose heary eye rigit
ened for a monent at her approach, despite of sutfering and sickness, put her lips to the lit ly, "God reliere you, a haskya (my treasure) ${ }^{\text {Don't cry, Bawny }}$
ther is with you", "'m afeared $o^{\prime}$ that bould man. Doo't le him in, an' don't to near hiun any more-don't
mammy dontt," whispered the terrified child, in a voice scarcely autible through terror and illabout her mother's neck, to prevent her moving "Don't be afeared hy mivn hitle corra ma
chrce, ppulse of mant heart he won't come near us," the mother was repeating, when she was in ber to come fortio again
Started by the first cries of the clilidren, b had paused a moment aniter nise sister baad escapeu
from lim ; but quaftiug once more, though he was scarcely able to ralse the bottle to dils 1 lips, 1 "You're not com-comn' thin," he roare as he received no answer to his call: " you Fer-Fergus, the rap-rap-par-rapparee yo all jour thricks, an' Ill help Fer-Fergus to the gal-gallows the soon-ooner, for four sake.-

He staggered towards the open doorway, but triking mith a amprecalion, the bottle slipnin from his hand at the same time with a crash oo much terrified to renture even a scream.After having queted the infants with some cifficulty, and ascertained that ber rile brotier was
stretched on the floor utterly insensible, Nancy passed sotilly by him to the outer door, wher anxiety, as it was, she thought, nearing the tim the priest bau appointed for visitng the cabin.She moved some yards from the door to try
catch the sound of voice or footfall, for it was now completely dark; but, having detected ne ther, returned rap should be stirring: and in this tate of anxious suspense upwards of two barrass ing hours were passed by the agitated mother in soothing the sick culld, visiting the front door and ascertaining that Shawn was still wrapped i the slumber of drunkenness. At last when sio began to fear, or rather, under the present ci
cumstances, almost to hope that Father Bernar ould not come at all that mght, she was startle a tap at the window; and as she approache the door she could distngguish the voice of John oy M.Cann repentugg in a low key:

## I'mpent boy can, suit your fancy With gowna and trialiets, fills and caps That'll atir the hearts of all the chaps."

Opening the door softly, "Husb, hush, John-
" she said, " wan $\mathrm{o}^{\circ}$ my childhren is pery sick but is there no one with, you but goursel ?"
"There 15, Nancy," said Fergus Cormick, noving forth irom the gable, followed by ano ther pe
On hearing his vorce her knees shook benea him. But not perceiving this effect, of course, Fergus continued, he was looking for his uncle borhood. He heard, too, that Sbawn na Sogyour brother-was seen about ballintubber this bein' the n' brought the priest to your house a bear, while myself an' Johnny strives to make out Father Bernard for him."
"Holy Virgin", she exclaimed, "an" he's in
the house this minnit, where he didn't put a foot the house this minnit, where he didn't put a At this announcement, Fergus cllapped hi
hand on a pistol he had concealed in his breast Johnny taghtened lis prack, and clutched, with a Gerce grasp, the beavily leadied stick he carrie
Thile the priest observed "then we must be off at once." "There's no occasion, yer reverence," she said, earnesily; "the unfortunate reprobate-

God pity me that has to call it to him-is
dhrunk asleep tor the last two bours, that if the clargy in the three counties was here,
could neither know nor medule with them. your reverence can rest yoursel' a whale, an' Fa
ther Bernard may come, too, as be promised her Bernaru may come, too, as he promised to
come to see litlle Bawnyeen afore this time. Do you think I'd be desavin' ye, Fargy," she conti-
nued more earnestly on percering them besitate a motnent, "an'a holy man pution' his feet insude my cabio this night, where wan didn't stand atore,
"I know you wouldn't, Nancy, if you war
lose yer life over again for it ; but is there "Not his wakenin'?
ninit, he couldn't harm or hurt an infant." The party now entered noiselessly and seate brightily ; and Nancy, having once more satisfied berself that Shawn still slept, despite all objec tions, placed some oat-bread, with milk and but-
er and. a ferr eggs, before her vistors, who semed to vie with each other in doing justice to he bumble but wholesome fare
The smple repast was not quite finished when the suffering infant agan whined and moane
fretfully, and the poor, fond molher, wrought on by its piteous cries, to the forgetfulness of all
eise, bore it gently from its place of unrest, and, on bended knees, will fainh and hope in he countemance, held it up to the priest for his be vas in the act of offering those up when the were all startled by a terrified shout from Shawn, who, the next instant, staggered forth under the
excitement of some terrible vision, with hair on end and eses starting from their sockets, though evidently without the capability of
Tlye priest inssting betively fell back into the shadow of the chimney, and the infant nestled silent-
If into its mother's bosom, utterly awed hy the ppearance of the remorse-stricken wretch, who, olling bis eyes about wildy, exclaimed, "Fa
ther Myles, you have yo business comin' afther ne. I didn't lay hands on you ; an' af you wen do you fasten your burstin' eepes on me for, an
balke yer bloody hair? I tell you I didn't pull hake yer blooty hair? I tell you I didn't pull he thrigger, an' why don't you follow thm that
did it? Hell's flanes to you! Take yer eyes soow well enough what you mane with you curse; but what do I care for that, if yer ege or off me? Murdher-murdher, he has his boulder than the snow. Blazes to ye all, will ye et him stbrangle-sthrangle me ? ${ }^{\text {? }}$ He gasped -stamped sarcely, ans the wall, while the spec tators shrunks from the energy of his remorseful fant on the floor, as she exclained, bitterly, Tis my uncle-my uncle, Father Myles, that's whin they wor takin' hum."
In an instant the guilt-haunted wretch again ore? "ward, exclauming wildly, "W bat more, ' I'm not afeared $0^{\prime}$ wan $0^{\prime}$ ye'-he made a attempt to rush forward, but staggered, and
would have fallen on the bearth, bad not priest caught and piaced him once more againt wall, shaking hima heartuly at the same time. Aroused to consciousness by the shock Shawn now fixed bis eyes for a moment as steadiastly as
be could on the party before him, exclaiming vith one of his usual imprecations, "I know you ill now-Johnny MoCann, Mistluer Priest, thal apparee $A n$ ' it was ye that was tormintin' me afther all ; but the bangman, "l finger yer windFergus snatcled the stick from $M^{\circ} \mathrm{Cann}$, and raised it to fell the drunken and audacious threa ener, whe pistol in exchange. But catching the -Fargy, villain an" all as be is, would you kill my brother
Fergus looked at her for a moment, and re arned the stick to the hands of Johnay, whin also returned to him, though reluctantly, as
baffled tiger retires from his intended prey, the pistol his fingers had been itching to ure; and Shawn, after a few minules silence, burst fort once more anto a rbapsoly of hideous impreca
tons and terror-wrung exclamations, that readerd him for the tume, almost an object of compas sion as of aversion to the three listeners. Bu
we shall drop the curtain on the remainder of r's feelings, by repeating the ravings of guilt r's feelings, by repear, mortal terror, and despairing defiance There are some favored beings in this che-
guered world, whose path through life seems to

## MONTREAL, FRIDAY, AUGUST 24, 1860

be entirely amid flowers and sunshine, who are
familiar only with joy and gladness, and to whom Ellen, there was light enough, bein' a
how that the moonlight was a'most as sorrow and suffering are as thngss of another far-
of sphere, with whicht they can have no sympa-
thy. This is, however, al thy. This is, however, alas for human happiare others doomed to toil for ever, amid the izon the suambles, above whose over-cast ver for a moment gleamed-never can gleanWho seem to have manited suffering and woe as a
birthright and to whom the house of mourning creation,
For them there is no green spot
They bave no breathing space to rejoi the shadow of trees, the song of birds, the blue skies, and the gush of waters. The gioom
angel of iher late permits them no period of re pose, but, with rutbless band, hurries them ou nithout pause or stay, from one scene of suffer
no another ; and, somewhat resembling this loomy minister of fate, do we feel ourselves t be acting at present, as we are compelled
lead the reader trom one chamber of sickness nother, though of a different character
A clouded October evening was nearing it
close, and the window of Sir Edmund Lynch small room in the cottage was partially opene in accordance with the patient's earnest request,
as the day bad been unnaturally warm for the season.

I hope my dear father is not injuring himEillen, softly approaching the bed, when the ema Ellen, softly approaching the bed, when the ema-
ciated sufferer lay apparently in sound slumber at present. Throth thin I hope not, too, Miss Elleu said Katty, as she was buslly preparing some
whey; "and I think be's mindin a bit also, wake as he is. His sleep is more nathrel and his eye afore, though I was greatly afeared last night coach) and hearin' the terrible noise it med, for "1 the world like the roaring on a cannon.
"I thought,' observed Ellen with a fain to imply,
"And may be it doesn't sometimes, thoug "And may be it doesn't sometimes, thoug and Maggy Durkan see id wasst afore, and you
could hear a pin dhrop as id passed But may年, you, too, Miss Fillen, continued the crone, with some asperity, " hke the rest $0^{\circ}$ then, think
I'm grown an ould dotard that fancies I see things hat nerer was in the world.
"The fartliest from it in the
t,' exclaimed her mistress, eagerly: "I know
you to be as sensible and as clear-sighted as any mind and body are exhausted with watching and never occurred. O, I don't mean to say you were dreaming. Indeed I don't ; but why did you not call me to reer the strange sight, as you
soow I have less fear of the dead than of the
"A And sure enough so I would,' said the sooth old woman, barrin that you wor asleep whis e masther began to moan about midnight, las
night. So I wint my lone and gev him a dhrink and he went into a throublesome sleep agin ; and while and thry would he grow asier, "Well, askya, I opened the shutters to thry what kin o a night it was; and if I did, lo and behoul hing in the air, an' I saw some bugeous black hing tairin' like mad up to the cottage. Well,
couldn't take my eyes or id, thrugh my bar was stickin' up or an ind with the fear, till i
kem in front or the windy, an' thin I seen the coastya bower as plain as I see you now, Mis Ellen,-God be good to us, an' purtect us from
danger from the livin' an' the dead-aumen a
Hyerna ;" she crossed herself twice with Hyerna"" she crossed herself twice with great ervor. "There it was, a big black coach, with
our leadless horses, all as, black as a coal, an he dhriver all in black an' without a head too
an' the long black feathers up out ov id, nodden out. But id dadn't stop a second, The collage like a thunderboult
Then for so brief a view, you have been When you might naturally be too much frightento look so sharply at it."
"As for that, Miss Ellen
As for that, Miss Ellen, a hegur, if I was couldn't take my, eyes or the thing, though my
min flish was creppin, and tate big could dhrops fallin'
fike me, and could feel the flure shakin' undher me.
"But surely, Katty, there was bardly light accurately at a glance."
"There it's agin, Miss Ellen; you're stll thinkin' it's a o ould collizagh's story, an' what
signifies what an ould colliagh ses. But I tell
you, Miss Elen, there was light enough, bein' as
how that the moonlight was a'most as bright as the day, more betoken there was six plumes a'most as
tall as a man ; an' I could see the horses' shoes au persave, undher the funeral cloth, the form or a great colfin retchin' from one ind o' the
coach to th' other. God forbid it should mane anything about the poor masther.'
"Be thu husth (hold your tongue) Miss Eile darlin', 'ssn't that a noise ?' exclained the terri knees, she began to pour forth ranid but unconnectod prayers and ejaculations. Her fears were howerer, greatly disproportioned to their cause at present, as the sounds that had alarmed her
were but those of the withered leaves in front of were but those of the withered leaves in front o
the cottage, displaced by light and cautious foot steps approaching the window, and, on Ellen's
moving to the door, the whispered tones o Frank claimed admission for himself and Father Bernard.
Instantly they were admitted, and, after a cordial pressure of hands with the delighted girl, the priest was proceeding to soothe her fatier, when
Katty, recovering from her terror, rather creamed than sald, as she fidgetied from off he Bernard a hagur, and not the coaslya bover? And you're not kilt still-blessed be the Vergin
-alther returnin' from foreifn parts, an' all the rummasin' 0 ' the throopers an' cursed Shawn-
the dirle lay a beary hand on him, soon and sudent, aumen ${ }^{a}$,
"Hush, my poor old woman,' said the priest,
placing tis hand on lier head;" you will avaken your master. Besides, you know we are not too fe just at present."
"Oll, to be sure, why should I be let spake at "Oh, to be sure, why should I be let spake at
? And of course, Father Bernard, an" me not seein' you this seven years, you, no more nor another, wouldn't think id worth your
With a smile, Father Bernard figured the ymbol of salpation over her head and passed on, while Katty conlonued to mutter with someThit.
Tinalid aroke calinly from the must placid lumber he lad enjoyed for many days, while the riest and bis daughte: were engaged in prayer his bed-side; and baring been prepared to Ellen saw with delight, that, though ber fatier ratification in look and expression, he was no orerpowered by it as she feared would be the
Protacted, as well as deeply interesting to nemselfes, notwithstaulidg priest's requen weakness by talking too much, was therr conVerse ; and the almost smouldering bopes of the解 father's unwonted liveliness of eye and toa:gue, burned brighter than they had for many a Katty in a plapful tone, that sounded to the old voman's ear like a dear, but half-forgotten strain of rich music, as she passed from the room with
Frank, that the priest might confess and shrive e inralid.
"Didn't I say afore, this evenn', that he was
ettin' betther, Miss Fillen? only what sigules ettin' betther, Miss Eillen? only what signfies
ould colliagh's talk? An' as dhrames always goes by their conthraries, so, with the help $0^{3}$ the Vergin and all the saints, will the voastyan
bower too. Faix may be, instead ov a funeral 's a roeldin' we'd have in the family out here n' God pull to, an' every pull a perch." The
old woman glanced riih a comical expression of arcliness in her rheumed ege, at Ellen, w
blushed like a May morning at the allusion.
As she was speaking, a low whistle was given
the rear of the cottage, and while Katty was once exerting her lungs in scream, Frank, telling his cousin that te should be absent for an hour
civo, left the cottage. He found the giver the signal to be, as he bad judged, one of his ed by Fergus to inform him that the boys had
met at the haunted barn, and that they were now waiting hiss arrival.
The night was still clouded and almost breathless; darkness and stalliess was above and
around, save that, ever and anon, a low mysterious breeze came sighing through the decayed oinge like the moaning of a sprrit, as Frank and silence of the scene and bour by a few whispered

The haunted barn derived its name from it having been, some gears previously the scene of the perpetration of one of those fearfully unna-
tural crimes which-and tearlessly and exultingIy proclain it-are of such rare-very rare ooe-
currence in Ireland, wild and wayward as her
sons sometunes may be-ramely, the murder of
a father by bis son. It was thenceforth, of curse, a spo borror and desecration to the sights and noises; and unquestionably when rank reached it, on the night we are now treatteeming with unquiet spirits.
The barn was considera
of some scattered cottages, in a hollow in ont of which one of two scouts, located there, to his satisfaction.
A small portion of the thatch alone remained ogues " placed in hollowed turf sods in crevices of the unplaistered walls, and which shot no
sisile beann through roof or interstice, gave all the light the assembllage either could coumand mould venture to use.
On Frank's entrance there was a movement meet him. But there was neither slout nor ac
But clamation; and, though dark, fierce counteo-
ances looked still darker and fiercer, in the dim and fickering light, the assemblage closed toge wer in silence, excent, it might be, that there upper part of he bara.
Now let us have a dhrop, afore we go to
bisness," said Thummaush bes, (bittle "thomas) a low sized, swarthy rapparee. the barn; for the facility of ob sining s.inuwgled brandy, by the inhabitants of the wild distroce
ncighbopring the coast, was yreat, aud illies disillation unknown, at that period.
This, Frank having tirst testell its contents, went from hand to hand round the whole assen-
bly, having been replenished some half dozen times in its course, as each man took a lusty or measured pull, according to lins inclimation or
capacity, when the ressel reached him. There was no uproar, however, nor burst of merriment
produced br its excitement a and an uninstruct produced by its excitement ; and an uninstruct
ell bebolder of the scene, would neser hare sup posed those lie looked upon, quaffing their liquor solemn sllence, to be a band men-much less of Irish rapparees.
"Boys," said Fergue, ma low hat energetic
tone, after the nogron hail completed its circuit we all the noggon hat completed ts circcuit We all know what we're here for to-night.
We want to have revinge $0^{2}$ Sir Joan clenched teeth.
"An' to make it more sartin," rejoined Fer-
Mastber Frauk for a time, if ye swair loyalty to
"Lynch for ever-well take the vestments the same low, fierce tone, while a few, with Thummaush, still muttered, "Captain Cormick, an' vingeance on Frolliot."
"An" who has such
Ffolliots, as Masther Frant pight to hate the Ffolliots, as Mastler Frank ?" asked Fergus,
raising this sonct to sonewhat a louder pitch, his excitement : "an' isn't he ov the rale oul his excitement; "an' isn't he ov the rale ould
stock, and the pure blood of those tha: wor, an ought to be, oir masthers? not to talk that he has the ssill, and, maybe, can help us aisily to
the powdher an' shot we want so badi, besides, naybe, a lock of tairin' boys, too, at a piuch" "Ye looked to the sailor

Yes, my hearties," said the latter, "choose
captain, if ye want to have yer craft steere through breaker and shoal. He's the boy can splice a rope or point a gun, if be want it; and
maybe the buys of The Swallow won't stick to "Lynch, and the ould stock for ever; well "But, boys," exclaimed Frank, getting an
opportunity of being heard now, after two or lhree ineffectual attempts previously, "wit sincerest thanks for your kind intentions, present
crrcumstances will
compel me to deline the to spread my canvas any hour. "No, no, Captain Frank must not leave us
cill revinge is got for us all," exclaimed Fergus, placıng his hand on Frank's shoulder.
"I appeal to Hanlon," said Frank.
"I appeal to Hanlon," said Frank.
"Yes," said the sailor, "the captain must cer ainly clear out one of those days, or break tris
with the owners, what no true seaman would "But, I"ll tell you what, boys," resumed Frank, eagerly, "if ye'll pledge yourselves to
and me bereafter, in obtaining vengeance on those who have driven you to outlaurry, perse-
cuted our farth, and wrecked my ancient fanily, I pledge a sailor's word, that I will join you eart and soul, and risk life and limb to achere our common object."
" We'll pledge
Wh by day and by nigelves, soul and body, to "Revenge on Ffolliot and the two Shawas,"

