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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 VIII. (Continued.)

The alarmed and agitated mother burst away from her brutal assailant, and flinging herself beside the little sufferer, whose heavy eye brightened for a moment at her approach, despite of suffering and sickness, put her lips to the little cheek and kissed away the tears, whispering softly, "God relieve you, a haskya (my treasure) an' look with an eye o' pity on my own darlin'." Don't cry, Bawnyeen machree, your own mother is with you.

God pity me that has to call it to him—is so drunk asleep for the last two hours, that if all the clergy in the three counties was here, he could neither know nor meddle with them. So your reverence can rest yourself a while, an' Father Bernard may come, too, as he promised to come to see little Bawnyeen afore this time. Do you think I'd be desavin' ye, Fargy," she continued more earnestly on perceiving them hesitate a moment, "an' a holy man puttin' his feet inside my cabin this night, where wan didn't stand afore, since Tom was alive, the heavens be his bed?"

be entirely amid flowers and sunshine, who are familiar only with joy and gladness, and to whom sorrow and suffering are as things of another far-off sphere, with which they can have no sympathy. This is, however, alas for human happiness! not the ordinary lot of humanity. There are others doomed to toil for ever, amid the thorns and brambles, above whose overcast horizon the sun of hope and happiness has scarcely ever for a moment gleamed—never can gleam—who seem to have inherited suffering and woe as a birthright and to whom the house of mourning would appear to have been assigned even from creation, as an abiding place.

you, Miss Ellen, 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, and persave, under the funeral cloth, the form o' a great coffin retchin' from one ind o' the coach to th' other. God forbid it should mane anything about the poor masher.

sons sometimes may be—namely, the murder of a father by his son. It was thenceforth, of course, a spot of horror and desecration to the neighborhood—filled after nightfall with horrible sights and noises; and unquestionably when Frank reached it, on the night we are now treating of, though sounds there were none, it was teeming with unquiet spirits.

"There's no occasion, yer reverence," she said, earnestly; "the unfortunate reprobate—"

CHAPTER IX. There are some favored beings in this chequered world, whose path through life seems to

"There it's agin, Miss Ellen; you're still thinkin' it's an ould colliagh's story, an' what signifies what an ould colliagh ses. But I tell

The haunted barn derived its name from its having been, some years previously, the scene of the perpetration of one of those fearfully unnatural crimes which—and tearlessly and exultingly proclaim it—are of such rare—very rare—occurrence in Ireland, wild and wayward as her

"Revenge on Ffoliot and the two Shawns," Twisted tow-yarn dipped in melted tallow.