

SHEMUS DHU, THE BLACK PEDDLER OF GALWAY. A TALE OF THE PENAL TIMES.

CHAPTER XXXI.—CONTINUED.

The party, consisting of the servants, exclusive of Lewis Carew and D'Arcy, and their masters, rode at a quick trot toward Eagle Rock, which he described as the first appearance of the tale, as the scene of D'Arcy's first appearance. By D'Arcy's scene of D'Arcy's servants were ordered to remain there directing horses, under shelter, and to be prepared, with signal concerted between their masters, to meet them. Lewis Carew could not be prevailed upon to remain. He followed, with a peasant who was waiting to direct them, into the wood of Kiltrany. We said the night was stormy, but now the wind howled awfully. The bursts of storm came quick and quick upon each other, beginning with a sound as if all the dark spirits of air exerted their power to terrify mortals by their strongest screech of fury, then dying away with a lugubrious sound, and anon bursting out with fresh strength. It was a night of fear to all but the desperate. The clouds were gathering thickly over their heads, and before they had descended a hundred yards into the valley, they were deprived by the deep darkness which surrounded them, of the power of discerning any object ten feet distant from them. The trees about them groaned loudly, as they were tossed about by the fury of the blast. The branches fell around them, and sometimes struck them; and they were often dashed against each other, in their impotency to resist the strength of the storm.

"By—D'Arcy," said Butler, recovering himself from the blow of a swinging branch, "it is a fearful night to be out for such a purpose. Methinks it is a bad omen for our success."

"Omens are the fool's excuse for fear," returned he addressed sharply. "If you fear to advance, you are at liberty to leave us. I will relieve you of your promise to accompany me. I wish for none but true and brave men."

Butler bit his lip to restrain the sudden reply of anger which arose to his lips at D'Arcy's insinuation. Had the words been spoken in other circumstances he would have demanded an explanation; but he justified his forbearance with the thought that D'Arcy was in trying circumstances, and that it would be dishonourable to take advantage of them for any purpose which would please his humour, much more when this humour could not be indulged without injury to the interests of D'Arcy, or even to the entire destruction of his plans, for he fancied that he himself was the great prop of the adventure. However, as a salve to his honour, he resolved, when all had succeeded, to ask D'Arcy for an explanation of his words. It would have been fortunate for D'Arcy had he a more fiery spirit for his companion; it would have disconcerted his plans, and saved him from their results. In silence the party followed their guide as well as they could, through the underwood, over the swamps, and other obstacles of rock and felled trees which intervened. D'Arcy had cautioned them to come on in silence; and when they stood in the esplanade which fronted the hermit's dwelling, he told them to remain under cover of the trees, until they received his signal.

There was no change from the first appearance of the hermit's dwelling which I have described. The rough walls of the cabin, the cross of hewn stone, were there, the same as first described; the stream murmured on, with only the change, that it was more swollen, more impetuous, and darker. The scene was not as silent as it was at D'Arcy's last visit to it. The wind howled around the little house, chafed, as if in anger at it, that it should obstruct its free career through the far woods, its lawful domain; the bare branches groaned and screeched loudly and louder; the stream, far above this particular point, and far below it, brawled and roared in many waterfalls; the thunder rolled from hill to hill in the distance, with lengthened peals, and then came nearer. Just as D'Arcy had separated from his companions, and stepped across the green to the hermit's door, a gleam of lightning burst along his path, and encircled him, running from tree to tree, shattering and destroying what it struck in its wilderness; and then came, sudden and quick the sharp crack of thunder above his head, bellowing and rumbling towards the lake. D'Arcy was spared the blow. He was not grateful to Providence; it effected no change in him; and he advanced hardened with the same purpose of evil.

The front of the hermit's dwelling was dark. D'Arcy knew that the inmates were still up; but he did not wish to give a signal of his presence without examining. He went to the rear of the house, and there, through a small square hole, which was familiar to him, he could see into the larger room. The hermit was standing with his back to the fire, and his arms crossed upon his breast, watching the muffling of a young woman, who, with the assistance of another young woman, dressed like the peasantry of the country, was preparing herself against the inclemency of a night walk. The dumb boy was seated near the fire, regardless of everything; and a tall and stout man, enveloped in a great frieze coat, leaned upon a heavy stick, near the door, engaged in looking upon the attendant female. D'Arcy felt an unusual thrill run through his blood. It was not fear—it was not hope—it was not desire; it was a mixture of all. He breathed short, whilst he thought:

"My good fortune follows me here. I did not fancy such an easy victory. I shall have them soon in the woods. But is it so?"

The sudden turn of the young woman's face towards him, revealed the features of Eeveleen O'Halloran. They had not the bloom of health and peace with which D'Arcy had seen them covered at his first meeting with Eeveleen. Her beauty was still there, but paleness and melancholy impressed their colour and expression. D'Arcy thought she looked more interesting than when he met her in the wood. An unobtrusive admiration seized him; he should have Eeveleen at the risk of life—of eternity he thought not. Before this, D'Arcy had never thought of woman but with the feeling that dissoluteness suggested; now, respect and esteem were mingled with his admiration of the hermit's daughter. But the feeling was only momentary; his heart was too hardened by vice and passion to retain any vestige of honourable love; like the parched earth after a long drought, which, for a moment, and only for a moment, is moistened by the kindly shower, but instantly swallows it up, and is more parched and hardened than before.

"Ha! the old villain speaks to her. I must listen," said D'Arcy, to himself.

of my wild adventures and escapes; but you must not be vexed with me, though I have often so." She forced a smile to the work of her parent. Her smile had not the life or light of her former self. Eeveleen could not smile from the heart. She had heard that day that Fergus, her more than brother, was in a dungeon; her first and best beloved was alone and suffering.

"As it pleases you, my love, go forth, and may God's angels protect you! I will have no rest until I see you in the morning." "You need not fear, my dear father," said Eeveleen, giving a parting salutation to the hermit, and assuming a forced manner of gaiety. "As errant damsel's are said, in the tales we read, to be always attended by a sturdy squire, who protects them against all evil, I have mine, who is able to defend me with heart and limb against all danger, and you not Eugene More?—say it to him."

"Lady," said the young man, with strong emphasis, as he raised himself erect, "I may not understand your words, but I will defend any of your family, and much more you, against all evil, with my latest breath. But you had better take the old man's advice, and stop here for the night. The way, I mean the shortest and safest way to Portarah, is not over good to travel in a stormy night. You have heard what happened to ugly Shelagh?"

"The story of the interference of the powers of the fairy world with the person mentioned, was known to Eeveleen and to her father; and as it was the strongest reason which Eugene More could adduce for the delay of Eeveleen, it did not strengthen her father's argument in favor of her stopping with him."

"You may go, my love and my all," he said, in a voice which betrayed the strong conflict in his mind between the judgment which said "Eeveleen should stop," and the judgment which said "I must give my long lost daughter her will."

D'Arcy had seen and heard enough to form his plans from the dispositions of the party. He rejoined his companions in the wood, and bid them to prepare for the coming of his victims.

"She comes," he said to Harrison, "attended by two companions—one is afraid of ghosts; the other is a maid, I suppose, afraid only of men. Come with me, Harrison; we will play upon their fears."

It was just as Harrison desired. An adventure was promised where a young girl was concerned. This was sufficient. Eeveleen, Eugene More, and the attendant crossed the stream which flowed between the hermit's dwelling and the woods of Knockshanbulla. They had great difficulty in passing the swamps which intervened, and only for the assistance of Eugene More, Eeveleen, with all her knowledge of the locality, would have gone astray. Just as they had escaped from the dubious footing of a swamp, Eeveleen thought she heard the moaning of some person in pain near her. She heard it again—it was at a greater distance than she first conceived. She remarked it to her guide.

"Come on, Mistress Eeveleen," said the young man; "my ears are more accustomed than yours to the noises of the wood. I have heard many sounds which I fancied human, and was deceived by them. Come on; those sounds which I have heard before you, are caused by the wind and trees."

"No, Eugene More. For heaven's sake, stop!" cried Eeveleen, as a low wail, rising into a loud screech of pain, fell upon their ears. The voice was behind them; it arose from the morass which they had crossed. "Let us hasten back, Eugene. Oh! it may be my father, who has followed us, and is perishing!"

"I will see, mistress, replied Eugene, losing all his fears of supernatural agency at the earnestness of Eeveleen. "You must remain here—you can do no good. I will be with you immediately."

"Villains! who are you?" cried Kathleen. "It is my mistress, Eeveleen, Connel of Portarah's daughter. Let us go. Help! Eugene, help!" she bawled, at the top of her voice. "Connel—Fergus—"

Her mouth was quickly stopped by a strong hand and he in whose grasp she was said: "Young woman, you must be quiet, if you desire to be treated well. You are now mine, pretty one. By—D'Arcy owes you to me, to atone for this night's disappointment."

"Hell and juries! Harrison," cried D'Arcy, "why mention names? Gag the wench, and, if it please you, throw her into the next lough, for what I care. But keep silence."

"As you will be master here," replied Harrison, "whither go we now?" "Where we had intended, if we had succeeded. You know you and I cannot return to the city for some time. We will ask our companions to help us to horse with our burdens; we will be thankful to them; they may return. Is the fellow yonder dead?"

"I would have secured that sir," said Lewis, excitedly, "had the gentleman allowed me. Shall I do it now?" "No, not your hand, Lewis; let there be no blood on you. He cannot recover from the blow. However, bind him and gag him."

"It was done, sir," said Lewis. "Well, leave him there to rot," returned D'Arcy. "Onward, gentlemen; let some of you give me assistance to bear this fair one. But where is my guide?"

The peasant was not to be found, none remarked marked him since they came in front of the hermit's dwelling. This circumstance alarmed some of them; but D'Arcy told them not to fear, that he knew the fellow, and that he dared not act contrary to his wish. Though D'Arcy said this, to quiet the fears of his companions, he was uneasy on account of the departure of the guide; it made him waver in a purpose he had formed of entering the hermit's dwelling, and there glutting his desire of triumph over the poor old man, by exulting over the misery which his daughter's situation would cause him.

"No matter what danger our delay may bring," thought D'Arcy, making up his mind, "I will have this last satisfaction of torturing the old hypocrite, of making him feel the penalty of breaking his faith with me. We will rest at the hermit's cabin for a moment, gentlemen," said D'Arcy to his friends. "We want some refreshments; his cupboard is never empty of good drink, and we can better there prepare our fair companions for their journey."

"Be it so," said they all, upon whom the mention of refreshments had a sudden effect. It was the best argument which D'Arcy could use to induce them to accompany him.

"May there not be a danger of pursuit?" asked Harrison, with more inducements than his companions to be on their journey again.

"No," replied D'Arcy. "Those who would have an interest to pursue us, are many miles distant from us, and they know not that we are here."

REVEREND FATHER BURKE. GREAT SERMON ON THE LATE POPE.

On the 15th February the Catholic capital of Catholic Ireland did supreme honour to itself, and to its old renown, in its magnificent homage to the memory of Pius IX.

But whilst the holy influence of the place are making themselves felt, we are withdrawn from meditative thoughts by a stir within the Church, and the clatter of horses' hoofs and the noise of a cavalcade outside the doors inform us that the Chief Magistrate of the city is coming for the function. In a moment his lordship, in his robes of office, and accompanied by the Lady Mayoress, with the usual array of civil officers, and joined by several of the municipal representatives, is conducted along the nave, and led to the seats that have specially provided for his lordship and the Corporation. The civic mace is placed on a raised cushion in front of the Lord Mayor, and the Sword of state is held aloft close at hand. Immediately after the Lord Mayor leaves his seat and is conducted to the Chapel of St. Kevin, where the Cardinal Archbishop, the prelates, and clergy have formed in procession to enter the church. At this moment a funeral march is softly and sweetly played by Professor Glover upon the noble organ of the Cathedral, and to its solemn tones, at a few minutes past eleven, the long array of priests begin to walk in procession towards the altar. It is a notable and a significant procession. There are there the representatives of the oldest as well as of the youngest orders in the Church. The secular clergy—oldest of them all—are there in mighty strength, clad in simple soutane and white surplices, and numbering (almost exclusively of the diocese of Dublin) nearly three hundred. The regulars are there—Franciscans, with their traditions of so many centuries, and with their memories of Assisi and Portinuncula, bringing them all, so to speak, to lay them on the coffin of Pius IX. Augustinians, with the gone glories of the Eastern Church, coming to testify their inheritance, at the death of Pius IX, of the faith and principles of their illustrious founder of Hippo-Jesuits—present to attest that the spirit of him who conceived their creation in the cavern at Maurea—the spirit of love and loyalty to the Pope is with them still after three centuries of their existence, as fresh and earnest as it was with Ignatius of Loyola on that eventful day. Carmelites, with splendid memorials of their antiquity and their fame. Dominicans, with their glorious deeds accomplished for the Church and for its Pontiffs. Passionates and Oblates, still young, but full of promise—all these—to cast the radiance of their renown and of their sanctity, of their learning and their zeal, around the remains of Pius IX, and to manifest their unbroken allegiance to the chair which his departure to a better world has left for a short time vacant. Following close upon the priesthood came the Bishop of Ferns the Coadjutor Bishop of Kildare, the Bishop of Gadara, the venerable members of the Metropolitan Chapter, and last of all, His Eminence the Cardinal Archbishop of Dublin.

When his Eminence had taken his seat upon the Throne the solemn Office of the Dead, and was recited with marvelous impressiveness by the body of priests and prelates. The three psalms and lessons of the first Nocturn, and the psalms of the Lauds were said, and it was not till the Benedictus at the Lauds that there was any noticeable singing. The singing of this exquisite canticle by the choir of priests in harmony was exceedingly beautiful, and visibly impressed the entire congregation.

FATHER BURKE. At the conclusion of the Mass Father Burke ascended the pulpit and preached the sermon of the day. He spoke as follows:—"He was beloved of God and men, whose memory is in benediction. He made him like unto the saints in glory, and He magnified him in the fear of his enemies, and He sanctified him in his faith and meekness, and He chose him out of all flesh, and he gave him commands before his face, a law of life, and instruction to teach Jacob His covenant and Israel His judgments. These words, dearly beloved, are taken from the 45th of Ecclesiasticus. May it please your Eminence, my Lords, rev. brothers, and dearly beloved, the inspired one tells us that it is better to go to the house of mourning than to the house of joy. There is something peculiarly holy in Christian sorrow, and you, dearly beloved, who so often enter into this house of God, generally find it a house of joy. To-day it is a house of mourning—to-day the Church has put on the robes of her recent widowhood—to-day her heart is made as it were desolate, and our grieving tears of sorrow are upon our mother's face, for the great father, the great Guide, the great visible Head of the Church of God has passed from his militant spouse here to his appointed place amongst the triumphant Church in Heaven. And as it was written of old, all the earth mourneth; it is not like any other sorrow that falls upon the hearts of men; it is not a mere family affliction or a mere national sorrow; it is not like that mourning of old, when they mourned family and family apart, and their women apart; it is not like unto the mourning of the Israelites when for thirty days they wept when Aaron, the great priest, was taken away; it is not like the sorrow of the Israelites when for thirty days all Israel mourned on the plains of Moab for him the great one who had found his mysterious grave on the mountain summit; it is not a mere national grief as when the great King Josias died in Jerusalem, and all Judea and Jerusalem mourned for him; it is not like these because these were but partial griefs. The outer world knew nothing of the sorrows of the Israelites as they wept for the death of Aaron the high priest—the nations around rather rejoiced at than sympathized in the grief of the Israelites when they lamented for the great lawgiver. The enemies whom He had met at Magdala sent up shouts of joy while Jerusalem and Judea were weeping over the great King. But to-day sorrow has overspread the whole earth; a note of grief and lamentation comes forth from hundreds of millions of hearts; wherever the sun shines there he finds the Catholic Church, and everywhere afflicted, a universal sorrow, bounded only by the limits that circumscribe the whole world in which we live, ceasing only at the golden gates where that which for us is as a motive of our deep sorrow is, we believe and hope, the subject of a mighty joy. And why this universal sorrow? Because the Head of the Church has been taken away from us. And why this deep sorrow? Because it is the sorrow of children mourning over their father—the deepest form perhaps that human sorrow can take, for the sorrow of a son weeping over his father is not a mere passing sentiment, but it is a sorrow that springs out of the very depths of the mind, out of the hidden and innermost chambers of the soul—a sorrow that is grafted upon the memory recalling so many tender traits of paternal care and love, and kindness. Even such is our sorrow to-day as we stand mute around our Mother who is here grieving while she stands by the death-bed of Pius IX. In truth, my dearly beloved brethren, the occasion requires us to consider the position, the office, and character of him who is dead, and we are brought face to face with something that is a great mystery—namely, the Papacy. The headship of the Catholic Church, whether we consider the Pope exercises, their extent, their greatness, or whether we consider the extent and the limits of his jurisdiction, I say his position is a most awful and mysterious one. What are the powers that the Head of the Catholic Church exercises? Oh, very

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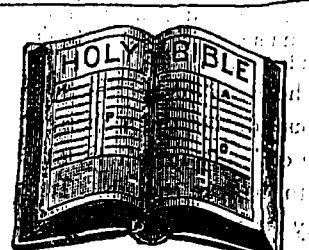
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