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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 XXXIV.

At about half a league's distance from the point of Kilglass, the main had ceased and a rocky barren succeeded, which, for some distance, was, in winter, the bed of a torrent. "Aymer, I think your fellows had better dismount here," said Sir John, addressing the captain; "yourself and myself, with Burke and Dixon, can keep the saddle, till we meet more obstruction than those stone ditches."

visides, addressing Donald Frazer, and pointing to Shemus—"Aint he like the lad as was shot last Hantunn coming hout of the mass-place?" continued the troop-serjeant-major, after having again closely regarded the person of the guide. "Weel?" rejoined Frazer, whose eye had taken the same direction, "I winna say ye're a thegither wrong. Ceries the lad has an unclo likeness to you chief, wha met wi' the accident in the mass-place. But, gin it's the same mon, he main ha' thrav weel-sine, as ye's a strappin' cummer noo?"

applying the furze, the horse took flight, galloping along the sward by the edge of the strand, as Tony stood between him and the other horses, which he would otherwise, of course, have instinctively followed. For an instant Heavisides stood, as if undecided whether he would not cut down the audacious stripling; his pistols were borne away in the hoister. But Tony did not look like one who would be fool enough to wait quietly for a sword cut; and to do the serjeant justice, his native goodness of heart and manliness would not permit him to cut at an unarmed and defenceless boy.

tom as hard as the road; and he struggled on till he reached the edge of the channel. "Now, give a bould plunge, yer reverence, and ye're over id all," said Tony. The curate applied the spurs, but the animal, slyly at the water and dragging its limbs from the slime, plunged sideways, sinking deeper than before. "Villain! I'll have you transported for this treachery," exclaimed the curate, in a tone shriller than that of the winds or sea-birds, when he found himself in this predicament.

The horseman instantly set off for the point, at a pace that promised a speedy return; and, it being arranged that, on reaching the road, the curate was to be accommodated with the saddle-seat on one of the horses, while its owner was to ride behind him, the party began to retrace their way, chilled and dispirited. They had not made a league from the shore, when they were overtaken by their comrades with intelligence confirming the account given by the men. There was no vessel visible from the point, he said, and he learned from more than one that "The Swallow" had sailed some hours previously.