VOL. XXIII.

MONTREAL, FRIDAY, MAY 9, 1873.

NO. 38

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WHICH WAS THE TRAITOR

A STORY OF '98.

(From the Dublin Weekly Freeman)

CHAPTER XXVIII,---VINEGAR HILL.

The course of our narrative up to this has occupied a space of time since its commencement which brings us now to that memorable episode in Irish history, the battle of Vinegar

After a last and painful interview with Squire Harden, Craddock set out to join the staff of General Lake, then about to deliver a first attack upon the insurgents.

Craddock had great difficulty in calming the mingled grief and anger of the impetuous Squire when he was obliged to confess that not only was his search in vain, but he had failed to obtain the slightest clue to the whereabouts

The Royalist Major, in command of a small pity of cavalry, rode well and fast till he araved at the camp of the Royal army,

Wexford and Enniscorthy were in possession of the rebels, who, notwithstanding their disester at Arklow and Gorey, showed a bold and confident front. The majority of them were, however, either disheartened or despairing. O'Hanlon." They had fought gallantly and had achieved important successes, but had lost the fruits of the valor and spirit they displayed in the hour of struggle by subsequent drunkenness and disorder, which not only disgraced their victories but in most cases converted them into terrible defeats. Most among the insurgents were wise too late. They had intelligence enough to perceive the insurmountable diffi-culty of retrieving the good fortune they had b lightly parted; they felt that the vices which had paralysed their success were radical in their loose organisation; and in proportion as the drooping spirits of the Royalists were raised, so declined day by day the hopes and

prospects of the patriots. The struggle was decided by whiskey. New Ross, Arklow, and Wexford would have been maintained after their capture; the flame kindled in Wexford would, borne by the enthuhasm of triumph, have soon spread through the length and breadth of the land; English domination would have been consumed in that inesistible fire—but intemperance palsied the work of coldier and councillor, the indulgence in strong liquors, which annihilated discipline, kept the insurgents, throughout a mere courkeous rabble, and sent them often staggering drock into battle. This national bane was worth to England an army of fifty thousand

Of a surety no people have more bitter cause ocurse the demon of intemperance than the

There is no need to describe the battle of

Twelve or fourteen thousand Royal troops, tommanded by eight generals, and magnificently armed and appointed, attacked a force of rebels very little greater than their own; and above a thousand of whom were provided with firearms, while many thousands had not even so good a weapon as the pike. The rebels had thirteen cannon, the trophies of former Notories, but to read how the ignorant gunner of Dumouriez had found a soldier's end.

tained by the national forces, and it was only when the terrible fire of the Royalists had mowed them down for hours that they at length yielded slowly to what it was not in mortal power to resist without means of retalization.

The military aptitude of the insurgents was in striking contrast to their extreme ignorance of military matters. The want of acquaintance with warlike missiles shown by some of them is almost incredible. They struggled for the shells which fell in their midst from the Royal howitzers, and not even repeated and destruc- prise, terror, and joy. tive explosions taught them the danger of approaching such fatal messengers. It is needing at the face of the prostrate man, was at less to repeat the story of the rebel who at once relieved from further sense of mystery. stuffing his wig into the muzzle.

The insurgents were forced off the hill, and retaken in good order upon Enniscorthy, the ily on Norah, and never spoke a word. Royalists maintaining a fire upon the retiring masses, but not daring to come to close quarters with them. Once indeed General Johnson ventured with some regiments into the town, but the rebels turned upon him; a hand-tohand fight was maintained in the streets, and hand fight was maintained in the streets, and desty, the happy girl, blushing red as scarlet, the King's troops and their commander were and provoked by Ned's triumphant smile, gave driven out, their artillery taken, and the gun- him a sounding box on the cheek.

fortune of the day which remained with the Royalists. No wonder.

Royalists were armed in proof, the rebels had little but their courage to fight with.

It was evening, and the battle was over. Some of the rebels still held the heights, for it was not till the day after Ireland's last great battle that Johnson endeavored to carry Enniscorthy. The dead lay scattered in hundreds at the base of the hill, and on its face, which him. fronted the Royalist position, red uniforms and green emblems lay soaking in the blood of the

subordinate and a few troopers, was slowly could reach Villemont that he opened his eyes. walking his horse amid the sad relies of man's An ejaculation of surprise and delight was cut hate and vengeance. He came where the rebel short on his lips by the appearance of Crad- voices in the next room shook upon their ears, tendant, where we are about to remove her to; dead lay thick as they had fallen under the dock, with half a dozen King's troopers. No- and then light shone through slits in the warped so, if you, Rooman, know of any female whom

encountered two female forms stooping over a before, and this Fennell did with the result body which, by the feathered cap and sash, was narrated. that of an insurgent leader. He saw the tender, solicitous motion with which one of the women put aside the long hair which half the cool evening air soon relieved. covered the face of the dead man, and heard her sob as she rose and said-

"He is dead."

Craddock touched her. "Eileen-Miss appeared.

Eileen, for it was she turned, and as she offered her hand her tears burst forth unre-

In a few words Craddock let her know that he was not ignorant of the awful bereavement which she had suffered, and after a few words of consolation, ventured to ask how she had come to such a place at such a time.

"I was alone," she cried. "My uncle had gone to heaven. I could not better please the dear saint than to undertake a work of mercy which only his age and infirmity prevented him from pursuing."

Eileen was the precursor of those heroic women who ministered to the sick and wounded of later campaigns.

"But you must leave this. Our soldiers are, I am sorry to say, rude to your sex. In a few minutes I shall have performed the duty on which I have come here. I shall then, with your permission, place you out of the reach of insult or annoyance.'

Eileen's reply was interrupted by a shriek from her companion, who at a little distance had thrown herself upon a prostrate body, and with gesticulations of wild grief was orying a

loud and vehement ullagone. Startled by this demonstration, Craddock and Eileen involuntarily moved forward, and discovered Norah Donnelly, for it was she, venting her wee over the body of Ned Fennell, which lay stiff and motionless on the fatal field.

Both turned away, pitying the girl's distress, and knowing how useless it would be to remonstrate. At the same time Craddock's eye happened to fall on the face over which Eileen had been stooping when he saw her. The Major started. He had often noticed that face in Dublin when the rebellion was threatening, and had been struck with its expression, so martial and so French.

It was, in fact, Villemont who lay there dead, with a bullet in the brain. The pupil and unwise, at least precipitate.

Mived their pieces would make one laugh, if it ... I beseech you to remain here for two or here not so melameholy. These thirteen small three minutes, my dearest Bileen," said Crad- hands

In face of all disadvantages the fight at performed my round then. Nobody will molest something of a most serious character could Vinegar Hill was well and stubbornly main- you meanwhile, and I shall insist upon remov- account for his master's absence from an en-

He gave the word, and moved away at the head of his party. Eileen approached her faithful attendant, whose loud weeping and vociferous sorrow touched the gentle heart of the young lady. But as Eileen approached she was attracted by a sudden movement on the part of Norah, who all at once ceased to shriek, and with staring eyes and hands fixed in act to wring, looked a picture of doubt, sur-

tempted to step the discharge of the cannon by Ned Fennell's face was settled in the expression of a most roguish wink, a comical smile played on his lips, while he kept his eye stead-

"Eh!" cried Norah, "Goodness, heavens!"
Is he alive, after all? Oh! merciful Heaven be thanked! My darling Ned," and she threw herself upon her lover and kissed him heartily. Then, suddenly recovering all her maiden mo-

ers killed.

"Bad luck to you, you soheming villain," she cried, "Deluding people that way, with your making believe to be dead. It's a burning shame for you, Ned Fennell," and conscious At Vinegar Hill the fight was as between a that she had, unasked, betrayed her affection man in armour and a naked champion. The for him, as well as overjoyed at his safety, the poor girl burst into tears.

Ned prudently surveyed the field, and seeing no enemy nigh, sat up, rubbing his head, and feeling his body, as if to ascertain whether or not any of his bones were broken. He then caught and kissed Norah, and excused himself so heartily for his ruse that she soon forgave

The fact was Fennell could have done nothing else. A sweep of cavalry had overwhelmed him just as the rebels were retreating. He Major Craddock had been despatched to sur- fell senseless, and it was only while Eileen and vey the field, and that officer, attended by a Norah were assuring themselves that no aid plunging fire of Loftus's batteries.

Craddock suddenly reined up his horse as he lessness in which he had lain for the two hours room.

> He now sprang to his feet, nothing the worse for his mishap, save a slight dizziness, which

> Craddock was not many minutes more on duty than he had said. But when he returned Eileen O'Hanlon and her attendant had dis-

CHAPTER XXIX.

The more important prisoners captured at Vinegar Hill and during the disasters of the day immediately succeeding that memorable actions were sent to Dublin under a strong es. plan, and all you can do is to reject it. But cort, commanded by Major Craddock. That remember one thing-I shall expect to be paid officer had requested to be put on this special | in full, whether or no. I am tired of the sort duty, partly because he felt a presentment that of life I lead. It's not a safe one, and I feel Eileen O'Hanlon had taken her way from the myself growing old and want to take things battle-field to the metropolis, and also, but, to easy-which I shall be able to do after a few speak truth, in a lesser degree, because he felt | years more work of an honester kind in Amerianxious to engage again in the search for |ca. "Now look here," he continued, "what's Marion Harden, the more so that he com. the use of making arrangements if you go back miserated the helplessness of the invalided of them as soon as you agree to them. All Squire. In fact, he had now a double search | through this business you have hung fire at the upon his hands, and both the objects were very moment you should have brought down

Though it was two days after the battle when Dublin only an hour sooner than Miss O'Hanlon and her companions.

When Craddock parted her on the fatal flank of the Wexford hill, promising to return in a few minutes, the modesty, the delicate sense of the young girl took alarm at the bare for protection to a man, who with all his good qualities, and even though he was her declared and accepted lover, yet stood to her in the re. By the way when have you seen her?" lationship of a stranger. It was because she loved the man so well that Eileen could not bring herself to accept the aid she would perhaps have gratefully taken from one with whom her acquaintance was of a different character.

Miss O'Hanlon was a girl of sense, and though she turned a deaf ear to the counsels of Neddy Fennell and Norah Donnelly, both of whom urged her to wait the arrival of Craddock, yet she had not gone far on her journey when she began to doubt whether the step she chuckle. had taken was not, if ungrateful, unnecessary

But once Fennell and Norsh found the "Thank me for that, lieutenant. And if young lady resolute in seeking shelter at other you will only do your part. I'll win the game bit of road behind him since morning. Am I hands of Major Craddock, they for you yet. But I can't depend on you.

field guns and howitzers were all they had to dock, in a whisper, that his troopers, who sat oppose the numerous and splendid artillery of the king's army.

dock, in a whisper, that his troopers, who sat made no more ado, but set themselves to accompany her. Fennell knew the danger of this time, should not hear him. "I shall have such a step on his part, but, feeling that only ing you from the dangers and lawlessness of the gagement so important as that last fought, he with her. It is not that I am not determined battle-field."

was determined at all hazards to find how it to win the game as you say, if I can, but I find was determined at all hazards to find how it fared with Charles Raymond.

Badly enough in truth. The poor young fellow, overcome by the incessant and excessive mental and nervous strain of many weeks, at last succumbed and was now lying in a very prostrate condition at the cottage of Tom Butler, the faithful groom mentioned in a former

It was dusk and a sultry midsummer evening when the three travellers, wearied with many anxieties as well as with bodily fatigue, arrived in a suburb of Dublin. The city wore an aspect very different from its customary appearance on the summer afternoons of these days. The streets were silent and descried. There were few promenaders, scarcely a man of any age was to be met with, and such citizens as did venture abroad had a timid and deprecating look. All the gaiety and bustle which rendered the Dublin of three-quarters of a century since one of the liveliest cities in the world had vanished. They never reappeared, for ere the old time could return the Union blighted for ever the life of Dublin.

Almost exhausted, Eileen besought Ned Fennell, who had acquitted himself with all gallantry and devotion during the journey, to find a place wherein refreshment and rest might be obtained. A house familiar to him presented itself to him as he spoke. But he hesitated to enter. He was excellently disguised, however, so calling on his female companions to follow, he boldly entered Rooman's Roost, and, entering a large public room or "tap," ordered the unkempt slattern who officiated as waiter to bring some bread and milk for the females, with the addition of a little whiskey for him-

There were no persons in the taproom save the three who now occupied seats at a table in one corner. The waitress, having brought the food and drink, retired, leaving the hungry travellers to regale on fare, which the circumstances of the moment made highly palatable.

Fennell started as the first accents from the other side of the wainscot fell upon his cars, and quickly turning, he applied his eye to a chink, and perceived Richard Raymond and Bradley. The two men, little suspecting the situation, approached quite near the partition and there stood. Every word they uttored was audible to the three who sat within a yard of them, and caught the sounds through the as an insult, and would make things more diffi-

boarding.
"Well," quoth Bradley in a tone of impatience, and in answer to some declaration of the Lieutenant, "all I can do is to offer my your bird."

"But, Bradley," replied Richard. "it is Craddock set out, such was the speed with not that I don't think your plan a good one, Lest however; any mischance might befall either which he moved (the prisoners being conveyed only I fear that it will make this girl still mere on light, well-horsed vehicles), that he reached stubborn against me. Once she finds that it is through me my brother-her husband-d-n him—has been taken how do you suppose she will regard me?"

"All that is a matter to by settled afterwards. What we have to do at present is to have the man who stands in your way taken idea of seeking refuge from or being beholden and hanged, as he will be-soon and sudden. You will then have a widow to deal with, not a wife, and your work will be so much the easier.

> " Half an hour since." "Is she still Harden's daughter?"

"Still the same. When I entered the room she turned from me, and never vouchsafed a word in reply to all I ventured to say to her. At last she burst into tears as usual, and made the only answer she will give, 'Oh, I am Charles tentional change of position, interposed to egress Raymond's wife,' of course.

"Well, it. is our business to make her his widow," said the sergeant, with his sardonic

"How well we have succeeded in baffling all scent of her hiding-place."

"I haven't failed after all. The fact is, I find the girl so different from others-" "From the kind of women you know, you mean."

"Perhaps so. But I don't knew how to act to win the game as you say, if I can, but I find in Marion Harden a person whom I do not

know how to play against."
"Never mind that. I told you before you had but to follow my bidding and give yourself no trouble to better my work, Now listen to what I propose for our finishing blow."

The three people in the taproom heard every syllable of the villainous conspiracy which was arranged as we briefly describe it. It was settled that Rooman, the host whose cunning and remorselessness Bradley highly extolled, should, in the guise of a fugitive rebel, carry a cemmunication purporting to be from Marion Harden to Charles Raymond. Fennell smothered a cry of rage and terror when he discovered that the hiding place of his sick master was known to the crafty serpent, who, indeed, only deferred setting the Town Major on his retreat that his capture might be the more of a coup. In the message Raymond was to be implored, as from his wife, to deliver her; and Roonan, under the guise of an ally, was directed to give such misleading information as would throw our hero off his guard. An hour was fixed for the arrival of Charles at the Roost, where, however, he would find instead of his wife a party of soldiers awaiting him, care having been taken to remove Marion shortly before his appearance.

Fennell was horror-stricken as he heard, but his emotion was increased when Rooman himself having been summoned to the council, produced a letter which he had induced the unsuspecting Marion, who was completely de-luded by his professions and artifices, to address to her husband, stating her whereabouts and calling upon him to hasten to her aid.

From the tenor of the conversation the eavesdroppers gathered that, though a close prisoner, Marion was treated with respect and attention. Roonan, however, observed that the young lady lacked a suitable attendant, the old woman employed to wait upon her not having appeared for a day or two past.

while they are in silence, the murmur of cried Dick Raymond. "She will need an atvoices in the next room shook upon their ears, | tendant, where we are about to remove her to wooden partition into the twilight of the tap- | we need not fear, let her be got without de-

> "Whoever waits upon her," said Rooman, "can do you no harm; for she will be too well watched, and must remain in doors. Old Mother Martin was deaf and dumb, and took Miss Harden for a lunatio."

> "Well, you must tell the same story to the next," replied the Lieutenant, "but find somebody, for neglect in this matter would be taken

The conspirators left the room, and Fennell and his companions, astonished and dismayed, rose, and full of what they had heard, hastened to leave the Roost.

CHAPTER XXX.—A FALSE STEP.

Hurrying out into the entry leading to the door of the Roost, Fennell saw the three conspirators at the threshold, where Raymond and Bradley, with a parting injunction to their scoundrel host, set off to finish the laying of the train elsewhere. Roonan lingered at the doorway looking after his associates as they walked off into the gloomy street.

Fennell had been one or twice at the meetings of which the Roost was the rendezvous, but had no reason to think that the landlord knew either him or any of his companions. from a recognition or a suspicion, the shrewdservant drew his cont over his eyes, pulled up his huge coat collars, and whispering Eileen and Norah to mantle their faces in the great hoods appended to the cloak which was then almost a universal garment, stepped into the

He felt his own safety depended upon his coolness, for the ill-reputation which the Roost attained after the political explosion was known far and wide, and Fennell was one of those who believed the best to be a traitor.

Rooman turned on the threshold as his three guests approached, scanning them sharply by the light of the feeble tallow-fed-lamp which swung from teree wires fixed to a beam on the ceiling. Fennell attempted to pass out, but the host, by a sufficient and apparently unin-

his broad body.
"Good night, friend," said he; still continuing close examination of Fennell's attire.

"God save you, neighbour."
"By your leave," and Neddy made a motion to pass. But Roonan did not stir.
"You have the look of one who put a good.