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BOOKS FOR THE MONTH OF MAY. The Graces of Mary: or, Instructions and Devotions for the Month of Mary. With Examples, chiefly of graces recently obtained through Mary's Intercession. 32mo. cloth, 504 pages. \$0 45

field guns and howitzers were all they had to oppose the numerous and splendid artillery of the king's army. In face of all disadvantages the fight at Vinegar Hill was well and stubbornly maintained 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 retaliation.

dock, in a whisper, that his troopers, who sat motionless on their saddles a few yards off all this time, should not hear him. "I shall have performed my round then. Nobody will molest you meanwhile, and I shall insist upon removing you from the dangers and lawlessness of the battle-field."

made no more ado, but set themselves to accompany her. Fennell knew the danger of such a step on his part, but feeling that only something of a most serious character could account for his master's absence from an engagement so important as that last fought, he was determined at all hazards to find how it fared with Charles Raymond.

"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."

WHICH WAS THE TRAITOR? A STORY OF '98.

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 Hill. 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.

At Vinegar Hill the fight was as between a man in armour and a naked champion. The 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 Ennis-corthy. The dead lay scattered in hundreds at the base of the hill, and on its face, which fronted the Royalist position, red uniforms and green emblems lay soaking in the blood of the slain.

The fact was Fennell could have done nothing else. A sweep of cavalry had overwhelmed him just as the rebels were retreating. He fell senseless, and it was only while Eileen and Norah were assuring themselves that no aid could reach Vilemont that he opened his eyes. An ejaculation of surprise and delight was cut short on his lips by the appearance of Craddock, with half a dozen King's troopers. Nothing remained for it but to stimulate the lifelessness in which he had lain for the two hours before, and this Fennell did with the result narrated.

Fennell started as the first accents from the other side of the wainscot fell upon his ears, 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 uttered was audible to the three who sat within a yard of them, and caught the sounds through the boarding.

"Whoever waits upon her," said Roonan, "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 lunatic."

These thirteen small... I beseech you to remain here for two or three minutes, my dearest Eileen, said Crad-