



CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

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an eye-witness of as well as a performer in, some of the incidents described, and who learned what he was not personally cognisant of at first hand from the other members of our dramatis persone.

The descendants of this man occupy at this day a highly respectable position in our city.

We adopt this interrogative title, and invite our readers to judge, from our record of loyal love and black perfidy, of patriotic devotion and most villainous selfishness—WHICH WAS THE TRAITOR.

CHAPTER I.—CASTLE HARDEN.

"He's a fine fellow as he stands. Six feet if an inch. Speaks what he has to say like a man, an honest eye, as good a seat across country as need be, and as modest as a woman; a noble dog, sir. If he were only a good Protestant, and took more kindly to his claret, I could love him."

The speaker was Squire Harden, the place was Castle Harden, the time early May. It was advanced for the season, and already the green glories of the summer had clothed the deep woods in which the mansion was situated. A mellow sunset lighted the pleasant landscape, and veiled in a soft blue haze the spires and gables of the city, whose irregular outlines broke the horizon. The scene was one of that peculiar beauty and freshness which belongs to the young year.

A short distance from Dublin, and not far off the road, stood Castle Harden. The nomenclature of the dwelling was scarcely in keeping with its appearance, for though large and substantial it had nothing of the lordly in its structure. Its front of many windows and its narrow wings have been replaced within the last few years by one of the handsomest villas in the neighbourhood of the metropolis.

Take him at that moment and you could not find a better type of the country gentleman of his day than Squire Harden. Tall and portly, his snowy shirt-frill expanded over an ample chest, and contrasted well with great bluff cheeks and a dew-lapped chin, all rose purpled with rude health and the glow begot of generous living. With his wavy locks of grey hair, the old man's face was very handsome, and only an occasional curve of the lip, a contraction of the brows, or a sudden emphasis of voice told how quickly that open cast of feature might be changed by the storm of an impetuous temper. Nothing could have better completed the man than his high-collared coat of plain black, his large flapped waist-coat, silver faced, the black silk breeches and stockings of the same hue, with silver-buckled shoes. Such a dress was respectability itself.

The Squire and Major Craddock sat at an open window of the dining-room, overlooking the old-fashioned flower garden, and sipped their wine.

Major Craddock was in uniform. At that time military mufti was almost unknown, and even undress was not much in vogue. Officers were not ashamed to be recognised as soldiers, and as a rule appeared in all the splendour the ugliest of martial costumes permitted. Besides, the cavalry regiment to which Craddock belonged was under perpetual orders in the disturbed state of the country, was incessantly on patrol or detached duty. The Major was an Englishman, rich, travelled, 35 years old, rather tired of things as he had found them. He had entered the service an enthusiast, but a short time in Ireland and his personal experience of the management of that country and the treatment of its people had disgusted him with the profession of arms, applied to purposes which disgraced it. But at such a time he could not leave the army without dishonour.

"I am not a man given to sudden impulses of prejudice or friendship," said Craddock in reply to the blunt criticism of his host, "but I confess I took an immediate liking to this Mr. Raymond. I believe him to be a gentleman with many of the best qualities of his countrymen, and unspoiled by traits which render some Irishmen of his class objectionable."

"I understand," returned Mr. Harden, with a laugh. "You mean the national weakness for hard drinking and the duello. Ah, Major—with a comical sigh—"both are going out of fashion. What with the French revolutions, and union, and the rebellious notions of the common people, ecod! the gentry of the land are frightened out of their wits. Unless these things are put down instantly and with a strong hand, it will be worse for us."

"With a strong hand!" repeated Major Craddock, and there was a bitterness in his tone. "I must say, though little versed in the affairs of State, it seems to me that stronger and more stern measures cannot be employed than are already in force under Government sanction. In fact, Mr. Harden, we are crying out against an enemy who has not opposed

us, and exercising vengeance upon people who have done no overt wrong."

Squire Harden looked in his guest's countenance with astonishment.

"I speak seriously," continued Craddock. "When I came to this unfortunate country, I was prepared to find a blaze of active insurrection. Since I came my duties appear to me to have been of a character more designed to provoke rebellion than to suppress it."

Major Craddock was not aware that the fatal rising of '98 was in fact deliberately provoked by the Castlereagh Government.

The Squire became heated by this unexpected commentary, but the gravity of his visitor held his warmth in check.

"Upon my honour, Major, if you were not an Englishman and a British officer I should almost suspect you of secret sympathies with the rebels."

"The rebels!" retorted the Major, one more re-echoing, and in an accent of some impatience, the expressions of his host. "I would we had to do with rebels. To meet men in fair and honest fight would be at least, a soldier's duty. But the warfare which is all on one side, the cabins wantonly burned, the unarmed and, I believe, unoffending wretches daily subjected to the torture of picket and triangle, the punishments awarded without proof and without trial, these are miserable triumphs. I know the country is discontented and disaffected. Since I have seen with my own eyes I do not wonder at it. And I put it to you whether it would not be wiser and kinder policy to concede a little of what an ignorant peasantry, led by a handful of—well, enthusiasts—are clamouring for, than to drive them needlessly to desperation, and it may be open resistance."

Squire Harden was more and more astonished. He filled and emptied his glass twice, surveying his guest with a set, bewildered stare.

"Very good, upon my soul!" he cried at length; "this is something new, ecod! In a word, you take us to task for endeavouring to nip rebellion in the bud, instead of waiting till it should be able to cut our throats. Now, Mister Major, allow me to tell you that, as a resident landholder, a magistrate, and a captain of yeomanry, I should know something more about the concerns of this country than you, and my opinion is that every man I meet is a United Irishman at heart, only waiting for a chance to show it. Every man of them—I would not trust one of the crew—except I knew him to be a down-right true-blue Orangeman—no, Sir, not even one who wore his Majesty's uniform."

The Squire purpled a deeper hue, and panted with excitement and the energy of his declaration. But the Major could not help laughing outright. "Suspicion is scarcely a ground to exercise justice upon, Mr. Harden."

"We have secret information; besides, I maintain, suspicion is sufficient in this case. What! I meet a fellow on the road, I question him, he whines out that he is going to his Mass-house, my troopers search him, and find a Popish prayer-book. Is that no evidence? Of course he is going to swear in some other scoundrels, but we spoil his business that time, and sent him to learn a lesson at Beresford's Riding School. Again, we catch a fellow with some such seditious ballad as the 'Shan Van Vocht,' the Marsellaise of these vagabonds, on his person; or it is another fellow lying a-bed in his cabin and pretending to be sick. We know there is some villainy in this, and so have him dragged out and lashed while we burn his den. My troop took the small-pox from the fellow and blamed me for it, but I believe him still to have been shamming. Why, no longer ago than yesterday, at my own gate, a drunken blackguard, who knew me well, had the audacity to ask me for a day's labour. The insolence of his tone betrayed him, and the consequence was that he won't handle a spade for a month or two. Oh! it is easy enough to detect a rebel if you are only sharp enough, and the instant you find him there is nothing for it but to give him a sound taste of what he may expect, if he goes farther. 'No mercy' is my motto when I fall in with such."

Major Craddock was surprised as well as shocked. Here was a man of ripe years, whose position and education gave him opportunity for calm observation and cool judgment—a man, moreover, of naturally kindly impulses, but whose reason and sense of common justice the vehemence of party spirit, fierce political sentiment, jealous self-interest, and the hostility of class had completely annihilated. It was dangerous as well as futile to pursue the discussion farther, and with difficulty repressing an indignant reply, the officer said, pointing to two figures which opportunely walked into view from the shady alley of the garden, "Pardon me, Mr. Harden. We have wandered from our first subject to one far less pleasant, and our friends appear to recall us to it. You were about to tell me of some gallant achievement of Mr. Raymond."

"Oh, yes," said the old man, not less glad

than his guest to change the theme he had begun to find embarrassing. "I was about to tell you how I first made his acquaintance. It was this way. About three years ago I and Marion—my daughter, you know—we drove into town to see—it was either Siddons or Mossep, at Smock alley. Now, Sir, you must know that our young bloods kept up the Moloch fashion long after it had gone out in London, and it was a favorite pastime of these wild fellows to gather at the theatre door and insult young ladies going in. It was peril to life to interfere for a female's protection, for no watchman would come near, and as for the guard on duty, why—Major, it was, perhaps, the officer of the night who was the first in the frolic. I was a Mohock once myself, ecod, and had some rare fun with Spranger, Barry, and others of that set; but we never affronted women.—Well, sir, when we drew up, and before ever the footman could alight, what we took to be a link-boy opened the door. Marion stepped forth, when the fellow clapped his arms round her and hugged her before my face. Now, I carried a light dress-sword, of course; but when I drew it and was making at the fellow, his comrades, who were laughing by, fell upon me, and would have killed me, for aught I know, had not young Raymond—that fellow you see in the garden now—come up and fallen upon them with a stout eaken towel. He robbed them down, I warrant. He was like a lion, and made no more of their rapiers and staves than if they had been straws. In the end they fled, some with broken pates; but my poor girl was so frightened that we had to leave for home at once. It was then we first knew Raymond, and he and Marion have been like brother and sister since."

Craddock smiled at the naïveté of the story. Like brother and sister! That was surely not the relation existing betwixt the couple at this moment, all unconscious that they are a topic, lingering among the flower beds just beginning to bloom, and talking in low and earnest tones.

The Major observed their motions with a sort of pitying interest. He had had his own affaire de coeur; it was a disappointment, and he had sworn that woman, false and cruel, should give his life no more disquiet. Nevertheless, something like a sigh passed his lips as he recalled glances of his own trance, and looked upon the pair all happy in the rosy light of youth and love.

How seriously it seemed to him they talked for people whose world was so radiant. The young man, plucking a flower to pieces, stood beside Miss Harden, and Craddock saw his face was sad and anxious, as he spoke with a passionate energy, subdued to the almost whispered tone of his voice. The young girl suddenly seemed struck with alarm, her face paled, and looking up into her companion's over-banding face, she sunk upon his arm—with a quick glance towards the window where the Squire sat carelessly holding a glass of old port between his eye and the horizon, and a gesture which the Major roughly interpreting caused him to remain silent in his place. Raymond supported the fainting girl beyond sight of the window, leaving one of its occupants sorely perplexed at what he has just witnessed.

CHAPTER II.—IN THE GARDEN.

Charles Raymond has been roughly, but not inaptly introduced by the Squire.

The inheritor of an estate which had been once extensive, but which political and religious forfeitures had grievously diminished, the representative of a family which through all vicissitudes had maintained, since its foundation at the Conquest, a high place among the neighboring gentry—in person and character our hero became his station. He was twenty-six, and in the splendid vigor of an early and promising manhood. He had lost his parents while he and his brother, two years younger than himself, were youths; and the death of the uncle, to whose protection this double fatality entrusted them, left the brothers the sole descendants of their race.

For the character of Charles Raymond we prefer to let the events of our tale develop it.

Marion Harden was partly an orphan. Her mother died when she was a child. It is sometimes more than total orphanage that bereavement which leaves a child to the charge of the one parent, who loves but does not understand it. Fortunately Squire Harden, though a parent of this class, avoided the frequent error by leaving his daughter to herself. It is a dangerous experiment, but where nature is kind, one which produces great results. We are talking of human creatures here, and only the man who is now in Marion's company could be expected to regard her as a being of a superior order. That she was, however, more than beautiful in other eyes than Raymond's we have evidence. "In the various clubs of the city, and at the private festivals of the time, Miss Harden was responsible for preserving a custom then fast becoming obsolete, in accordance with which some lady, famous for grace of person or of spirits, was elected, reigning

toast, and her attractions celebrated in deep potatoes. "The maid Marion" was the euphemism by which she was named after dinner. The theme had sometimes inappropriate consequences. Two gentlemen fought a duel in the attempt to settle the question, whether the term "Matchless" were not a more correctly descriptive qualification than the merely poetical one employed. Seventy years ago civility permitted these half barbarous, half chivalric freedoms with the names of ladies whom those who drank to their charms had, perhaps, never seen. This was particularly the case in Ireland, which produced—and is still producing—the tribe of buxks, penniless gentry, younger sons, poor nobles, idle and proud squires—all the species of fortune-hunters who then infested London and the chief resorts of the Continent, where they effected some notable success among the wealthy and weak-headed of the sex.

But those who took with Miss Harden's name a liberty which she time permitted, and which many a fashionable belle invited, sighed in vain to know herself. Whether it was her face, all fair and innocent, or the reputation of her dowry—for was she not the rich Squire's only child?—that fixed their fancy, her modesty and extreme reserve foiled their approach, and the boldest spirit shrunk from using the impudent devices the gallants of the day did not scruple to employ in the effort to make a lady's acquaintance.

The truth is, Marion's heart was satisfied, and her mind, occupied with one object, desired to know no other. All the world knew that she and Charles Raymond were lovers; all the world except one. Need we say the exception was the young girl's father? Squire Harden, rough, but not willfully ill-natured as he was, liked the young man who had so bravely rescued his daughter from insult, and whose frank bearing and manly countenance had their insensible effects on the old fox-hunter. He favored the intimacy of the young people, and saw in it only the friendship of children, or, as he had expressed himself, the relation of a brother with a sister. He had never dreamt of any possible love, much less a closer tie between his daughter and one who, with all his good qualities, was a "Papist" born and bred.

The Squire, like all the gentry of Plantation origin, exhibited a haughty intolerance towards the professors of the national creed. He rather patronised Raymond than treated him as an equal—a piece of demeanor which amused the young man, who accepted it as an eccentricity.

The conversation in which, at our first introduction to them, the young couple were engaged, need not be reported. The language of love does not bear writing down, and we should pass over the interview were it not that in the course of it Raymond made an avowal which dismayed his mistress, and spurs us the necessity of enlightening the reader at second hand.

She had rallied him on his abstracted manner and troubled countenance; but, seeing the weight at his heart was more than he could conceal, her lively mood soon changed into one of concern: and she entreated him to say what it was that made his mind so ill at ease.

He had come to tell her, but failed ten times in the endeavor. At length as they paced slowly side by side along the trim and quaintly-hedged path, he took her hand in his, and said: "Marion, what I have to say I must say in few words, or not at all. You are my pledged wife, dear love. For me—you know my heart. It is yours. But, Marion—"

"Raymond!"

"My country has also a place in it. Do you understand?"

But she looked at him, not comprehending. "Dearest, this is my agony—that I have not courage to tell you at once. Do you remember but yesterday we talked of Leonidas and his Spartans, and you praised all who die like them for freedom and their native land?"

"I do, Raymond. But what do you mean? Surely—"

"Hear me out," he continued, impetuously. "Never was land more cruelly cursed than this, and never in the world's history languished a more persecuted people. In your own sweet eyes I have seen tears for wretched and innocent victims, tortured in the court-yard of this house. Have I not seen you, at your father's feet, pray him to spare their torments, while I stood by, a coward, and saw them suffer?"

"Heaven knows I pitied them, poor creatures," sobbed Marion, overcome by agitation and his excitement.

"Marion, three things must end for ever. We have endured too long a tyranny without pity and without sad." He looked into her moist eyes as he added, "Would you not, neck-on his heroic part who strove to save his country, and in that holy cause risked life itself?"

She began to understand him now, and trembled as she caught his arm. She tried to speak, but could not utter a word.

"I have seen deeds done in cold blood, and under the shadow of law, within the two months past

WHICH WAS THE TRAITOR?

A STORY OF '98.

(From the Dublin Weekly Freeman)

Every great crisis, like that of '98, abounds with episodes of personal adventure and theromance of fact. The ordinary current of life quickens with the time, but the greater history absorbs all small individual experiences.

Everything which we can preserve out of the oblivion is of interest to us. It is so much of our humanity snatched from the wave which has buried our fathers and is overwhelming ourselves.

The main incidents of the present narrative are founded on facts. We have here and there added a passage or altered the shape of a circumstance, with the view to preserve coherency in the detail, and to place the sequence of events in an order proper for our readers.

For the rest we have merely put into form, in the best manner we are able, matters of real occurrence—things which compose the intimate chronicle of a time about which so much remains to be written.

If any reader be led to doubt the truth of our story by any features of seeming improbability, our reply is—We are not responsible for these; our material we believe to be authentic.

Besides, we see every day that come to pass which outdoes fiction. Coincidences and coincidences incessantly befall within our knowledge more strange and startling than the wildest fancy has conceived.

We have changed the names of each actor in our drama. All the players, men and women, are dead, it is true, but we know not what interest survives which the clue of even a name might affect. Every name employed, however, represents some person who lived and acted what is here ascribed to him or her.

Believing that nobody will be prejudiced by it, we venture to re-publish a reference in a Dublin paper of the period, which came into our possession with other documents relating to the circumstances out of which we have formed our tale. The paragraph reads thus:—

"Last night the notorious Sergeant Bradley, of the Ancient Britons, strangled himself with his garter in his cell at Newgate, where he was lying awaiting his trial for the murder of Richard Raymond Esq., the dreadful particulars of which atrocity appeared in a recent issue. Bradley was a man of the most infamous character, being, it is well ascertained, not only a spy and informer of the most unscrupulous and unmerciful nature, but also a principal instrument in the misfortunes which so heavily visited the families of Squire H—, of H— Castle, and of R—; one member of the latter having perished by the miscreant's hand, while the surviving brother is at present a fugitive from justice on account of his active connection with the late rebellion. We are informed that, had the wretch not anticipated by suicide the fate which inevitably awaited him, revelations of an extraordinary kind would probably have been made in the course of his trial."

In conclusion, let us say what follows has been in part compiled from the autograph MS. of a chief part of the story, one who was

(Not to be continued)

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