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WHICH WAS THE TRAITOR

A STORY OF '98.

(From the Dublin Weekly Freeman)

CHAPTER XII.—MARION'S TRIAL.

Spuire Harden's new lieutenant entered upon his duties with a zeal and energy which delighted the commander of yeomanry, who never tired of his commending his adjutant and

two-fold—he wished to defy and overbear the by herself yonder, you might do worse than contempt and dislike which his attitude break the ice at once." had caused among some of his new circle. He mask of his friends, to so thoroughly enter opinion. upon his new character that there should reappeal to them.

that his brother was at large he would have considered the first part of his purpose accomplished. As it was, he was now master of Ray-mond Park and lord of an estate which would enable him to gratify tastes denied inhim vantage ground from which to spring into perusal of which had occupied her for a long a situation more desirable still.

When he calculated his postion, what he had on one thing-Charles Raymond should never | this case they did.

more rule his inheritance.

The lieutenant was now a constant guest at him, and showed him hourly more favour. Here he had frequent opportunities of meeting Marion, and could indulge, in the contemplation of its object, a passion which every visit lovely. fanned into a fiercer fiame. He was, in fact, desperately in love.

Marion had of course heard from Norah Donnelly her convictions regarding her lover's younger brother, while her own knowledge of his proceedings confirmed the statements of the | path. waiting maid. Her feelings towards Richard Raymond may, therefore, be imagined But Marion had all the tact ofher sex, and did her utmost for the take of the absent one to suppress her sentiments. She knew her father's anger towards Charles, and judged that it would le increased by any show of resentment or

dislike on her part towards the new favourite. Richard Raymond misunderstood her demeanour. He imagined that nothing more obstructive then a coldness of manner stood between if he would. "Still, if you knew what con-

Only one person at Castle Harden disconcercerted the latest addition to its circle. This was Major Craddock, who, with his detachment, was at present quartered on the premises for Squire, Harden had sagacity enough to know that his youman were not to be depended upon in case of an attack upon his dwelling, a visitation which, in common with the neighbouring gentry, he had then reason to fear. Craddock took no pains to conceal his dislike for Richard Raymond; and always treated him with a distant hauteur which the yeoman officer was sometimes disposed to resent.

At such times Marion blessed the Mujor. Squire Harden's temperament was as changeable as it was vehement. The first transports of his rage having cooled down, he now treated Marion with more gentleness. The fire, how-ever, only smouldered in his breast, and beceptible estrangement.

The decisive explosion occurred suddenly. Squire Harden and his military assistant were riding home through the Castle grounds from an expedition, when they caught sight of his daughter, in tears and with shame and af-Marion seated on a rustic bench commanding fronted feelings depicted on her countenance. father.' the picturesque of the demesne.

"Look at the hussy!" said the Squire, a sion. curious mixture of fondness and bitterness in his tone. "Ever since that fellow has turned nothing but moan and mope in holes and corners. They were so like brother and sister, she cannot help being lonely. D-n the fellow! how he has disappointed me!" ejaculated the impetuous old man.

"I am sorry to say," remarked Raymond, inclined to feel his way somehow, "that the friendship Miss Harden seems to entertain for my brother by no means extends to myself."

"You and she never appeared to pull well together. I wish you would try and cheer her up a bit, now you meet so often. The poor girl cannot help fretting after that brother of had hurriedly thrust it, on the approach of yours. She is the best natured girl in the Raymond. Ho recognised the handwriting. world."

"Indeed, Mr. Harden, nothing could give me greater pleasure. I have no dearer ambition than to render my society agreeable to Miss Harden," and he cast a sidelong glance at the horseman riding beside him.

"Well, why the devil don't you try it, then?" was the blunt retort.

"And, should I succeed in doing so, might I hope for the approval of Miss Harden's father?" Raymond gave point to the inquiry by bowing from his saddle. The squire reined up and looked at him. The tone and manner of the question enlightened him. He laughed.

"Call a spade a spade, Dick," he cried Don't beat about the bush. I tell you at congratulating the corps upon the good fortune once, if Marien will have you, I won't say nay. which had found it so active and efficient an There now! Ecod! man, you deserve a good wife for the part you have played. And as The secret of Richard Raymond's zeal was there is an hour to dinner, and my daughter is

Richard Raymond, clated beyond measure 1630lved also, now that he had thrown off the this unexpected encouragement, was of the same

They had by this reached the house, and demain no possibility of a renewal of previous re- laying only to arrange those details of the toilations, no chance for the influences of fraternal lette which, however the wise may contemn sentiments, and no hope for those who might | them for trifles, often form the hinges on which turn the affairs of love, he set out upon his en-So far his perfidy had succeeded, and but | terprise, with pulses beating faster and faster as he approached the white-robed figure of Marion Harden.

Hearing footsteps she turned at sight of him. A flush of surprise, and displeasure overspread her face, and, with a slight inclination of the dulgence previously, and would, besides, give head, she resumed the reading of a letter the

time before. It was from Charles-written on the chance done and what he had gained, he determined | that the mails might escape capture, which in

Richard Raymond, his ardour considerably cooled by his reception, nevertheless acknow-Castle Harden, where his host made much of ledged it with a profound bow; and advancing, hat in hand, mustered courage to stammer forth a common-place on the beauty of the evening. Marion, still flushed, was looking extremely

Had she been a beggar at that moment, he would have joyfully laid his fortune and himself at her feet.

She rose and made a movement away. But he remained standing before her, barring the

"Forgive me Miss Harden," he said, "if I venture to ask what is the reason of your

studied coldness to me?" An explicit reply arose to her lips, but she withheld it, and said:

"I am not aware, sir, that our acquaintance has been of a character to warrant such a question."

"I must allow that," he said; and added, with a sigh which he could not suppress, even

ward, she said: "Allow me to pass."

"Have you no pity? Will you neither ex plain your demeanour to me, nor alter it -?" "Allow me to pass, Mr. Raymond. This is

ungentlemanly.' "Certainly, madame. But, first, will you

let me say one word?" She looked round, but no champion was in sight. She appealed to him again: "Your conduct is offensive to me," she said.

"Ah, if you knew all, you would forgive it. May I say one word?"

"You can say nothing to interest me, Mr. Raymond."

"I love you;" and, seizing her hand, he covered it with kisses.

She shricked with the fair shock of this incident. Raymond shrank before the eye of tween father and daughter there was a per- maidenly scorn and indignation she turned upon him. She could only say:

"How dure you, fellow?" and bursting into tears, rushed to the house.

The squire was startled by the entrance of She told him all. He heard her with confu-

"Why, girl," said be, "it was I sent him to "There is but one line more, and then it is you. If I dreamed you would have taken it all over. Tell him—'I hereby withdraw my out and made off with himself she has done this way I should not have done so. I intended he should supply the place of his blackguard brother."

> " Father, you will not allow this man to insult me. If you will force his acquaintance on me, at least protect me from the consequences."

"Mighty fine! Now, if it had been that rebel rascal," oried the Squire, with sudden anger, "I'll engage I should hear no complaints about his love speeches or his handkissings. Stay, what is this?" and he plucked her lover's letter from her bosom, where she

Squire Harden had not read half a dozen ines before Marion saw that all the demon in him was roused. He looked from the letter to his daughter.

"Are you this man's plighted wife?" he isked.

"I am, father !"

He stood white and speechless, CHAPTER XIII.

The squire was utterly confounded by the emergency which thus unexpectedly befell. In the effort to recollect himself he resumed the reading of the luckless missive. Its perusal did not help him, for with an imprecation he repeated its conclusion, which was thus:-

" Address, under cover, to Reverend Father O'Hanlon''—A Popish priest, too, in the plot!''
This was the last drep in the cup of wrath.

It acted like a spell and inspired the old man with a sudden determination. There was an ominous determination in his words and manner when he spoke.

"Do you know this priest, girl?"

"No, father."

"Have you answered this letter?"

"Sit down and answer it, now." Marion obeyed, and at his mandate took a

pen in her hand. "Write as I tell you, 'Raymond.'"

She hesitated. "Well, then, 'Sir' if you will be polite to

the Croppy—go on." She began-"Sir," " My father has discovered our correspon-

dence, as well as the nature of the relations which existed between us.' "

She wrote this, the squire sternly overlooking her: "A rebel against your lawful King, and a

traitor to the man who was your friend.' Her pen refused to move. "Well, Marion, you shall not say I was too

pleased him. He changed the tenor of his dictation-

"It is needless to remind you of my father's opinion of the part you have taken in the present wicked rebellion.

She wrote the sentence. "He considers you have betrayed his hos- band." pitality and friendship, as well as the loyalty

you owed to your Sovereign." She committed this hard sentence to paper.

"You have abused his confidence, and omployed base treachery in your endeavor to win sued by you from mercenary motives.".

"O, father, I cannot write these cruel words," cried poor Marion, and, dropping the pen, her overcharged feelings found vent .-She leaned her head on her hands and burst

Squire Harden forced the pen between her fingers, and lifting her head, said sternly :-"Write, girl. This must end, once for all.
If you respect this scoundrel's feelings more than mine-so be it. I will gratify you once more. Put it this way:

"'Outlawed rebel that you are, I cast you from my thoughts for ever." " Father, I cannot write an untruth," sobbed

"You have acted one—a most shameless one -towards me. But I will indulge you still." And with a self-control wonderful to him, the Squire cogitated a new form.

"Tell the fellow this- As a felen in arms. and an enemy to the State-whose best deserving is a halter.' Go on."

His daughter wrote the first part of the sentence, but omitted its sinister conclusion, shudjudging in his own rough way her situation, did not insist upon its record.

"'I now inform you that all communication between us must cease for ever."

Marion tried to write, but the pen once more fell from her hold.

"'Come, Come, girl, if you cannot do a duti-ful act from yourself say.... By command of my

Half urging her pen, he got her to make the addition.

promise to become your wife, which you dishonestly extorted from me.1"

"Never! never!" said Marion rising from her seat and facing her father. Her love thus driven as it were at bay, gave her strength and resolution. She cast what she had written on

" No," she exclaimed with an enthusiasm almost estatie; "I will not dishonour myself. Charles Raymond stole no false plight from me. Before I had pledged him my hand I had given him my heart, and both are his till death divides us. I tell you, my father, if I did not love this man as I do, I cannot hold my vows so lightly as to break them in a breath. No, I will not do this thing. I would die freely first, for, indeed, dear father, Charles is not the wretch you think him. His brave and generous soul pitied the miscries of others, and he has hazarded everything, even life, for their salvation. You loved him once, and you cannot forget the gallant deed which begot that friendship. If he has erred now it is no act of crime, but the impulse of a noble nature, and come weal or woe, as he is true to me, shall I be true to him."

Her paroxysm excited another of a different kind in her father. He approached her, and actually clenched his fist in her face.

"Disgrace of my house," he exclaimed.
"Dare you say this to my face? Are there no loyal gentlemen in this land that you must link the name of Harden in infamy with that of a rebel rascal, a midnight robbor—an assas ita !"

"Rebel he is alas! Robber and assassin he is not-any more than they against whom he tries the fortune of battle. Forgive me, father, but I am his plighted wife."

"No, by Heaven! That will never be. I would sooner a thousand times see you stretched dead at my feet. Why, what trifling Is this,' he said with fresh vehemence, "that I ullow myself to be defied in such a matter bg my own daughter!"

As he spoke the words an evil agency conducted Richard Raymond to the spot. He had followed Marion, chafing at the failure of his attempt to address her. Seeing an animated conference in progress between the squire and his daughter, he was about to withdraw when he was arrested by the summons of his host.

"Ha! Well come on my soul! In here with you-I want you. Now, Marion Harden," he added, indicating the intruder to his daughter
—" you see this man. This is the husband you are to marry-go, give him your hand."

At this imperative direction Marion drew harsh with you," said her father, with some back with an expression of repugnance which, gentleness, for her compliance so far had had her father been less excited, would have warned him to desist. But he was determined.

"Why don't you meet her, Dick Raymond? Are you white-livered before a woman that you stand so sheepishly there? I command you Marion Harden, to greet your future hus-

He placed a hand, trembling with passion which agitated him, on his daughter's shoulder and most rudely urged her towards Raymond. He, at a loss, in a position to singular, halted ployed base treachery in your endeavor to win and shuffled, but at last mechanically stepped the affections of his only child, an object purtrembling girl.

It received a smart slap aside, and Norah Donnelly, interposing between the parties, supplemented her assault upon Raymond by surveying him from head to foot, with a look of feminine ferocity, while her fingers took the place of claws and worked suggestively. She next turned upon the squire, her nostrils dilating and her saucy face glowing with excitement.

"What men ye are," she almost screamed, "two of ye against one weak girl. If you had one bit of the father's heart in you, Squire Harden, you'd just kick that snake out of your house, and then fall down on your knees and ask pardon of God and Miss Marion for your treatment of her this day. Come to me, my darling mistress," she added, her eyes filling with sudden tears, as she wound her arms round Marion and gently drew her from her father's side towards the door.

Beth the Squire and Raymond were completely disconcerted. Neither knew how to | "Death."

encounter an ally of this character. The part she had taken in the flight of Charles Raydering as she mentally rehearsed it. The mond had not come to the ears of the squire, squire noticed the omission, but, perhaps, for Richard had obvious reasons for remaining silent on it.

> Squire Harden could only order his mutinous servant to quit the room and his house instantly. She turned, and snapped her fingers boldly in his face.

"And you, madam," said the old man to Marion, "hear my final resolve before you leave the room. Delay is dangerous in this affair, and for my own sake as well as yours it must be arranged as soon as possible. This is Monday. On Saturday you marcy Richard Raymond."

"He'll never put a finger on her," shricked Norah, and with a Parthian glance of defiance at the two men, she led off her young mistress, who was scarcely able to totter to her cham-

The same evening Jack Butler, the squire's head groom, was taken into confidence, and soon afterwards a female figure was seen wellmounted, galloping at speed from Castle Har-

CHAPTER XIV .- THE COURT OF CROSS-PIKE,

Villemont, after the successful debut of his force related in a preceding chapter, retained possession of the camp he had occupied at that time. No definite intelligence had reached him from the other inflamed districts. He had heard of a disaster at Tara Hill, in Meath, and of a brilliant victory at Oulart, in Wexford, in which the detachment of militia his men had overawed a couple of days previously, and compelled to turn out of their line of march, were all but exterminated. In the variety of rumors which reached him, he determined, with the concurrence of his second in command, Charles Raymond, to await further

developments in his present favorable position. Upon our second visit to the camp we find it agitated by an extraordinary ceremonial.

This is the Court of Cross-Pike. On the plateau which crowns the encampment and on a clear grassy space, surmounted by the dense high gorse and bramble which covers most of the eminences, are gathered two or three hundred men. All save those immediately conducting the proceedings sit or stand round the margin of the enclosure, so as to leave the central ground as unobstructed as possible.

Here the tribunal is fixed. The president, an intelligent-looking fellow of martial mien, is stated on a drum. In front of him, three on each hand, squat the jury, and directly before him, completing the small square disposition of the court, two pikes stand, an extremity of each fixed in the ground, and crossed midway the length of their shafts,

This instrument gave its name to the court. Taking his place at the intersection of the poles, and confronting the president, the de-ponent laid his right hand upon the junction, and uttered the following formula:-

"By my faith, as an Irishman, and upon this cross, I swear to speak the truth!"

The president looked grave, like a man conscious that he held a difficult and responsible position. The jury had the expression of all jurors—that of people rousing their intellects to the consideration of matters unusual to them. As for the spectators, they were all attention. It was evident that every man present had a personal interest in the questions to be tried.

The president, in the midst of a deep silence. read from a written list the name, "John Hunter, Ballyin," and after a short pause, asked, in the Irish language first, and then in Eng-"Who accuses John Hunter of Ballyin?"

An old man stepped forward, and, uncovering his head, laid his hand upon the cross. repenting the oath after the president. "What is your charge against this man?

Speak loudly, that all may hear you." "A curse light upon him and his. May his race and memory perish off the face of the carth!" The greybeard spoke in the national tongue, which every man present understood. "On the tenth of this month 1 was in my cabin; I had an only son, an idiot, and crippled in both his legs; I saw Hunter and his bloodhounds coming, and hid myself, thinking that no harm would come to my helpless boy; they entered; they questioned him, and because he did not answer to their satisfaction, Hunter had him dragged out upon the road

and shot. May he have a bloody end!" "Retire." Does any other man present accuse John Hunter of Ballvin?"

A stalwart young fellow came forward this time, and repeated the oath. "Hunter came in search of me; he caught my

sister, a girl of seventeen; she refused to tell him where I was, and for that he had her stripped and flogged with a lash of wire; my sister is dying, and if it is in mortal hand to do it, Hunter dies too."

Retire Brothers you have heard, what do you say? Is this man guilty or not?" "He is guilty," said the jury in one voice.

"Your sentence?"