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tion, he was startled himself by an imperative application of the butt of a heavy horseman's whip to the door and a gruff and evidently disguised voice demanded admittance for the king's troops.  
 Father O'Hanlon at once left the room, and the major and his companions who remained heard him undoing the latch of the little "hall-door." Instantly there was a rush, the stamp of heavy boots, and the next moment the parlor door was dashed violently in, and five powerful men burst into the apartment.  
 Without pausing, and with the desperate manner of one who had made up his mind to do the deed at any hazard, the leader of the party advanced straight upon Marion Harden, and, seizing her in his strong arms, lifted her off the ground and bore her shrieking towards the door. Eileen clung to her friend, but at a sign from the man who carried Marion another of the band dragged her rudely from the side of her friend. The young girl when she felt herself in the fellow's hold shrank with terror from his grasp, and, flying to Craddock, besought him, with hands wildly wrung and streaming eyes, to save Marion.  
 Craddock had already taken action. As soon as he had recovered from the momentary stupor into which he had been thrown by an action so unexpectedly bold on the part of those whom he had never seen to dare a movement except at the word of a superior, he rose and crossed the room.  
 Bradley said, "Men advance!" and hurriedly whispering something to his men at the door, delivered the fainting Marion into their arms, and himself turned and faced Craddock.  
 Just then an accident occurred which filled the heart of the latter with honest indignation and anger. Father O'Hanlon, when he opened the door, had been seized by the intruders, two of whom held him under guard in the entrance passage with drawn swords. But, unable to contain himself at the sight of poor Marion borne off before his eyes to he knew not what horrible fate the good priest suddenly rushed from his guardians and attempted to rescue the poor girl. One of the cowardly villains from whose charge he broke followed and struck the old man a terrible blow on the head, his heavy sword laying bare the skull. Father O'Hanlon reeled and fell to the ground, his venerable hair dabbled with blood.  
 Incensed to madness at this brutal assault, Craddock rushed upon the leader, feeling with inward sorrow how greatly his physical weakness kept pace with his excitement. He colored the man, and, with difficulty preserving the calm tone of a superior interrogating a subordinate, asked him if he knew what he was about!  
 "I do, well," was the reply, in the same smothered voice.  
 "You are soldiers, I perceive," said Craddock, "and belong to the Ancient British Regiment. I am Major Craddock, of the King's Dragoons, and I command you, scoundrels, to consider yourselves prisoners, to set that young lady free, and to say on what authority you have dared to perpetrate an outrage for which I swear every man of ye shall pay to the full."  
 Craddock saw that his words were not without effect. Some of the bold and reckless men before him, though their faces were covered, displayed by their attitude fear and apprehension, but one or two laughed outright.  
 Craddock attempted to push aside the man he held, and who stood firmly betwixt him and the door, thus preventing him passing to the rescue of Marion, whom he heard shriek outside, as her captors were forcibly placing her on horseback; but Bradley, suddenly wrenching his coat-collar free of the Major's grasp, followed up his rebellion by fairly striking him a buffet on the cheek, at which Craddock staggered heavily against the table which stood in the centre of the room.  
 He recovered himself instantly, and springing with the fury of a tiger upon his assailant, glared round at the same time for a weapon. But it was no part of Bradley's policy to enter upon a single-handed encounter with an officer of rank in the army, and now that he heard the party retreating with the prize, he made a rush to follow. Craddock attempted to lay hold of him; but he ducked. His movement was a second later, for the Major dragged off the cloth which concealed his face.  
 With a horrid blasphemy, prompted by real fear at the consequence of his disclosure, Bradley dashed at the door, and fled after his companions, who were by this time some distance off. Craddock followed, but, encountering the lifeless form of Father O'Hanlon stretched outside the door of the apartment, turned his attention to his host's injuries.

**WHICH WAS THE TRAITOR?**  
 A STORY OF '98.

(From the Dublin Weekly Freeman)

**CHAPTER XXV.—THE OUTRAGE.**

When Bradley, at the head of his accomplices, approached the cottage of Father O'Hanlon, he halted within a hundred yards of the dwelling, and advanced alone to reconnoitre the premises. In the little parlor he saw the reverend priest himself and his guest, Major Craddock. At sight of the latter the sergeant of Ancient Britons muttered a deep oath. He would have given half his bribe not to encounter Craddock, whose high moral nature exercised the same sort of influence over the brutal ruffian that the nobler animals hold over the baser creatures.  
 However, Bradley was not a man to be daunted in the face of difficulties. He felt that Craddock, despite his weakness, would not sit tamely by and see violence committed on his entertainers by a portion of the army in which he held command. Bradley determined to meet the officer by a stratagem.  
 Having satisfied himself by the sound of female voices and indeed by catching sight of the young lady herself, that Marion Harden was in her chamber at the other side of the entrance door—for the little tenement was but of one story, and contained in all just rooms enough to accommodate the number of inmates at present occupying it—Bradley cautiously retreated to where his assistants awaited him, and, winding one of the large pocket handkerchiefs then in use round his face, and just under his eyes, drew his helmet down upon his brow, and thus defied facial recognition. Selecting four of his following, these men imitated the example of their leader, and muffled in their great cloaks, it was impossible for Craddock or anybody else to identify them on subsequent inquiry, unless his effort was aided by the return of the roll-call of that day, or some other military reference, which, however, it was quite within the power of Bradley to render useless.  
 Having thus prepared for the onset, Bradley left three men to guard the road, and himself riding at the head of the remainder, boldly advanced to the door.  
 Father O'Hanlon heard the clatter of boots and the jingle of accoutrements, and looking out saw seven or eight mounted men, troopers by their aspect, but of what corps it was impossible to learn, since, besides the dusky hour, their uniform was completely concealed by their cloaks, while they wore only the forage cap common to several cavalry regiments of the day. At the same time Craddock, hearing the martial sounds which had attracted his reverend host, rose, and, coming to the window surveyed the strangers.  
 By the time these had reached the door and were dismounting, the noise of their approach had alarmed Marion Harden and her companion Eileen, who hastened from the room in which the bride of an hour and her friend were exchanging the girlish confidences of their novel situation. The two ladies hurried into the apartment where the priest and his military guest were.  
 Craddock smiled to see the pale and excited countenances of Marion and Eileen, but before he could rally them upon their apprehen-

equally humble but more becoming locality of the parlour. Poor Eileen, half scared out of her senses by the events of the night, helped the removal of her uncle, in a speechless agony of terror and grief. The gentle girl did not lack a womanly firmness of mind upon the occasion, but the sight of her beloved uncle's blood deprived her of all coolness, and left room in her mind for only the sensations we have named as possessing her.  
 Father O'Hanlon was placed on a sofa, and soon gave signs of returning consciousness. His niece saw his restoration with a joy which for the moment excluded the recollection of poor Marion's fate, and Craddock, who had watched with a lover's interest the affection of the beautiful girl, felt a satisfaction which almost surprised himself at beholding evidence of the venerable clergyman's vitality.  
 With sense immediately returned the knowledge of the atrocity which had been perpetrated under his roof, and the priest, forgetting his own hurt, wrung his hands, and besought Heaven to protect and succour the young bride, whose wedding was marked by so strange a tribulation.  
 Aided by the dexterous and intelligent fingers of Norah, Ellen O'Hanlon succeeded in performing such simple acts of surgery as two perfectly unexperienced women, acting on the advice of a soldier who knew little more about wounds than that he had borne some and inflicted many, could achieve, and the old priest, though dizzy from a stroke which had shaken his brain, felt easier in body, but miserable in mind at a calamity which his sagacity taught him portended the destruction of two young and generous lives, unless Heaven should mercifully interfere to protect them. For such was the savage licence which loyalty allowed itself in those times, that no act of recklessness and brutality was too heinous but a man might perpetrate it, provided he injured a rebel thereby, and we know innumerable instances where the most outrageous violations of private right and personal security were perpetrated with impunity upon people against whom there lay nothing stronger than mere suspicion.  
 It was while the priest and his companions were discussing, with perceptions and reasoning powers still somewhat bewildered, the sudden and stunning visitation of Bradley and his associates, that Charles Raymond made his appearance as described in the last chapter.  
 Momentarily overwhelmed by the discovery which awaited him, our hero swooned away. This yielding of the physical faculties before the rush of some irresistible emotion is not rare in natures where great strength of body is accompanied by corresponding strength of soul.  
 But Raymond yielded only for an instant. Springing to his feet apparently unconscious that he had fainted, he called upon Craddock to relate all he knew of the occurrence.  
 The Major was as laconic as might be desired. Again it was strange to see these two men, mortal enemies by the law of arms and the state, yet emulating each other in amicable and enthusiastic concern for the welfare of a common object. Craddock was seized with the energy and ardour of the rebel chief. It was only when a slight circumstance recalled his recent injury that he was aware how greatly altered a man he had become in a few minutes. His debility seemed to have left him; the abduction of Marion Harden had been a ministrations more effective to restore his strength than even the delicate and assiduous nursings of the woman he loved best.  
 "Now Raymond," he concluded, "it only remains for me to tell you that the leader in this outrage is that same scoundrel Bradley whom you have such a good reason to know. You may, perhaps, be able to judge from this fact what are the motives which have led to an act which is certainly not by direction of the lady's father, and who the persons are whose instrument Bradley is."  
 Charles Raymond in a few words informed the Major of what he had seen from his shelter by the roadside, and added his conviction that the sergeant was but executing the commands of his brother Richard.  
 "I suspected as much," observed Craddock. "However, what we require now is immediate action. What course do you propose?"  
 "Are you so far recovered that you can sit a horse, Major?"  
 "Fully. I am ready to start with you this moment, and the just powers favouring us, I don't see why we shall not overtake these villains before they have got off with their prize."  
 "I forget, major, 'rebel' that I am, we may not be seen in company. Oh," he continued, "what a world it is, in which true and gallant men cannot join to help one another in their extremity."  
 "True; but I can help you. To be plain with you, I do not, on calmer reflection, see how we can hope to run Bradley down. But do you, if you choose, make the experiment.

I will at once set out for Castle Harden and try to secure the aid of Mr. Harden in punishing this monstrous villain, and detecting its perpetrators.  
 Charles here caught sight of something which he picked off the floor. It was a military forage cap, and on taking it up a small bit of paper crumpled and dirty, fell from it. Raymond brought this scrap to the light and uttered an exclamation as he recognised his brother's handwriting. Unfortunately the document was torn right down the centre and one half was gone. From the remaining manuscript our hero easily collected that it contained the directions by which Bradley was to proceed in seizing and securing his prize.  
 Nothing could be more tantalizing than the loss of half the concluding line which was the address to which Marion was to be borne.  
 Enough of this remained, however to show that Marion Harden had been carried not to any remote and lonely hiding place, but to Dublin. This was a great discovery, and our hero's heart bounded with delight and hope as he felt how much it was possible to make of a clue so valuable.  
 Soon after having resolved on a line of action, those singular foemen Charles Raymond and Major Craddock, took leave of each other.  
 "Adieu! Raymond," said Craddock, "I shall aid you to my utmost in this, but we must meet no more—as friends. It is impossible, I have already sorely wronged my King and my own house by my attitude towards you."  
 "Major Craddock," replied Raymond, "I have witnessed your noble generosity, and the successes of which you are capable. I can only say accept my thanks, and however men judge your actions towards me and others in ill-plaint, you are a Christian man, and know that God will hold you free of wrong in what you have done. Adieu! when next we meet I know I shall meet a gallant enemy."  
 Craddock set out next day for Castle Harden, where he found the Squire, though it was hot summer, seated in his easy chair by a blazing sea-coal fire. The Major was shocked at the change which had taken place in Mr. Harden. The portly outlines, the jovial colouring had vanished, and a broken down, feeble old man huddled over the artificial warmth. He received Craddock with the testiness of the invalid superadded to the roughness of his natural manner. The Major saw there was but one way of dealing with such a man, and therefore in terms as brief as he had used in his relation to Raymond, and with a tone and manner, cold, indifferent, and business-like, narrated his tale.  
 Had the Major manifested the interest he really felt the old man in his spite and the chronic anger which now possessed him, would have delighted to show himself irreconcilable. As it was he burst into a passion of rage and indignation at the violence offered to his beloved though erring child. He cursed his own cruelty that had exposed her to such treatment, and actually reproached the messenger for the want of sympathy with which he appeared to regard the heavy calamity that had befallen a family with whom he had been on terms of particular intimacy.  
 The tempest of Squire Harden's passion ended in a flood of tears, the first the man had shed since his infancy. Craddock, respecting the parent's grief, waited till it had exhausted itself, and then requested permission to undertake the recovery of Miss Harden. The old man grasped the soldier's hand, and something of his old fire returned to him as he thanked him for his offer.  
 "I am not so confesbled after all, Ecod, but I can bestir myself for my darling. To think that this scoundrel Lieutenant of mine should be at the bottom of all this! By the heavens above me when I meet him I'll blow his traitor's brains out."  
 "Has he been here lately?"  
 "No; never since I turned him out of this room, after my return from the hands of those rebel rascals. I forgot that."  
 "Then he is not likely to seek your presence voluntarily again. Now, Mr. Harden, I must leave you, in the first place, to report myself at headquarters, and in the second to set as speedily as I can about the rescue of Miss Harden."  
 It was not till Craddock had promised to communicate without delay the first tidings he should glean that the anxious father permitted him to leave.  
**CHAPTER XXVII.—IN SUSPENSE.**  
 Faithful to the promise he had made, Craddock lost no time in instituting a search after Marion. But even he felt how desperate were his chances as against the men whose plots he had taken upon himself to baffle. He was a stranger in a strange city, knowing not a dozen people of its entire community, and wholly ignorant of its localities.  
 Craddock spent a week in making enquiries and wandering about the streets in the hope of

meeting either Richard Raymond or Bradley.  
 One evening, as he was slowly returning through one of the suburbs, he came face to face with the lieutenant, who stared at seeing him, and seemed irresolute whether to turn and avoid or to confront him boldly. He had no time to decide, for Craddock at once stepped close and, looking him sternly in the face, said—  
 "Where is Miss Harden?"  
 Raymond could not conceal his agitation, but he managed to stammer a reply intended to be haughty, and attempted to pass by. Craddock, without hesitation, laid his hand on the lieutenant's collar.  
 "I have been looking for you these days back, I have called several times to Raymondsville, but you were denied. You must answer me—what have you done with Miss Harden?"  
 "What do I know of Miss Harden? If a band of rebels in royal uniform carried her off, as I have heard, you don't suppose I employed them?"  
 "No; but the men who carried her off were employed by you. I have in my possession your letter to your fellow-scoundrel, Bradley, which is proof enough of your complicity. It is evidence to hang you, and I tell you that, great as your power is in these times, you shall suffer for the crime you have committed."  
 Raymond's countenance, which had fallen as he heard of the letter, recovered a confident expression as the major proceeded. He felt that with such a clue as the letter, Marion's whereabouts should long before have been discovered by her friends.  
 He ventured to make a sneering observation to this effect, and, roughly shaking off Craddock's hold, asked him in plain terms how he dared to question a gentleman in such language and manner.  
 Craddock surveyed him for a moment with utter contempt, and then deliberately raising his cane, laid it smartly across the shoulders of the lieutenant, amid the laughter and delight of a crowd whom the spectacle soon brought together. In these days such an occurrence between gentlemen could have only one result, and the spectators listened eagerly to hear the place of meeting appointed, that they might follow and enjoy the duel.  
 But they were disappointed. Craddock, inflicting a final blow, which broke his slim cane across, cried:  
 "That is my reply to your question, and my punishment for your insolence. And if you be the gentleman you claim to be, and which I know you are not, you know your course, and will adopt it."  
 Craddock was determined to force Richard to fight. There was a good deal of savagery in the best ton of the day. The Major would have shot his man had it come to a duel.  
 Raymond felt this, and avoided conclusions by turning away, livid with shame, rage, and fear and making his way through the crowd, which mocked and jeered at him, and actually tried to prevent his escape. He turned down a lane, and when he got out of sight gave himself up to a fury of weeping, gnashing his teeth, tearing at his hair, and stamping upon the ground, like one possessed.  
 The Major proceeded to Castle Harden, where he told the old Squire the result of his interview with Richard Raymond. The unhappy Squire had all along buoyed himself with the hope that could only his lieutenant, who since his last visit to the Castle and his ill-welcome there had not made his appearance, be encountered by some friend of Marion's the mystery enveloping her fate would in some way be solved.  
 He was greatly depressed, therefore, to learn the futile issue of Craddock's meeting with him.  
 Some days after this incident Craddock resolved to reconnoitre in the neighborhood of Raymondsville, though with small hope of discovering any trace of the missing girl, whom her abductors would never have brought to a house constantly in military occupation, for Lieutenant Dick entertained, more for his own security than upon public grounds, a whole company of infantry under his roof.  
 The Major arrived alone, and, sealing the "demesne" wall at a retired place, made his way through the plantation to a thick bit of shrubbery beside the house. He forced through this to its centre, and there encountered Charles Raymond, who stood pistol in hand ready to receive him. At sight of Craddock, the outlaw's stern face relaxed, his haggard and anxious countenance brightened, and, casting his weapon upon the grass, he held forth his hand, which, Craddock, inwardly pitying the sad change which grieving and watching had made in the poor young man, shook without hesitation.  
 "When last we parted, Major," cried Charles, "it was agreed that we should meet as friends no more while this struggle lasted. But I must beg a further truce, not for my own sake, but for Marion's, whose best friend you were."

CHAPTER XXVIII.—A DISCOVERY.  
 It was with some difficulty that Craddock, in his weakened physical condition, aggravated by the frustrating influences of the occurrence which had just taken place, succeeded in removing the inanimate body of the priest from where it had fallen in the humble entry to the