



CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

VOL. XXIII.

MONTREAL, FRIDAY, MARCH 14, 1873.

NO. 30

BOOKS SUITED FOR THE HOLY SEASON OF LENT. Holy Week... 50 cents to \$3 00. Clock of the Passion, by St. Ligouri... 0 45. The School of Jesus Crucified, by Father Ignatius Spencer... 0 75. Four Lectures on the Offices and Ceremonies of Holy Week, by his Eminence Cardinal Wiseman, 12mo, cloth... 1 00. Jesus and Jerusalem, or the Way Home, a Book for Spiritual Reading... 1 50. Life Pictures of the Passion of Jesus Christ, from the German of Dr. Veith... 1 50. The Soul on Calvary, Meditations on the Sufferings of Jesus Christ, cloth... 0 75. Introduction to a Devout Life, St. Francis de Sales... 0 75. Lenten Monitor... 0 60. Ligouri on Christian Virtues... 1 00. Do on Commandment and Sacraments... 0 45. Do on Glories of Mary, 16mo... 1 25. Do on Hours of the Passion... 0 60. Do Love of Christ... 0 60. Do Preparation for Death, or Eternal Truths... 0 75. Do Treatise on Prayer... 0 45. Do Visits to the Blessed Sacrament... 0 75. Do Way of Salvation... 0 75. Nouet's Meditations, 1 vol. Manresa, or the Spiritual Exercises of St. Ignatius, for general use... 1 50. Crasset's Meditations... 1 80. Elevation of the Soul to God... 0 75. Following of Christ... 0 40. Lenten Sermons, from the French of Father Segneri, S.J... 1 50. Via Crucis, or the Way of the Cross—Forty-six Meditations for every day in Lent, translated from the German of Rev. Dr. John Emmanuel Veith, cloth, beveled edge. Books sent by mail (postage prepaid) on receipt of prices, marked. Address, D. & J. SADLER & CO., Montreal.

WHICH WAS THE TRAITOR?

A STORY OF '98. (From the Dublin Weekly Freeman)

CHAPTER X.—PLAYING A TRUMP.

Richard Raymond had not left the retreat with his brother and those who accompanied him. He had waited until they made their rush from its cover, and immediately, striking into another path, hastened to the front of the mansion. His precipitate movement had like to cost him his life. The sentry on guard at that side of the premises, seeing a strange figure advancing through the gloom, challenged, and without waiting for a response, fired. It might have been well for the man at whom it was aimed had the bullet found a billet in his heart. Richard, calling out, approached the soldier with more caution, and asked to be taken before the Town Major. This was done by the dragoons who at the sound of the shot had been despatched from the main body. He found the military drawn up in the gravelled sweep before the house, so as to cover every outlet. Two men, armed with heavy sledges, wore beating in the window, which opened, as has been seen, level with the ground. Sirr, when the ten minutes had expired, had shouted a last summons, and, finding its repetition only produced a suspicious silence, he gave orders to break a passage straightway. He now stood near the operators, but out of range from within, and in a fever of impatience and dread lest the caged birds should have played him a trick. An entrance was effected. The besiegers sprang into the breach. They spread through the house, but save the terrified servants there was nobody. Sirr foamed. His suspense was ended by the new arrival, whom he at once recognised. "They are not here," he cried, "they have got off. This way, send your men this way, or you will lose them." Sirr shook his arm loose from the urgent grasp with a deep oath. "Follow me, Major Craddock—follow me, men," he cried, and pointing the way, he rushed to the wicket, to find it locked, and just in time to hear the fugitives galloping away. The Town Major was beside himself. He thundered with his fist at the gate, and swore at himself and the soldiers; he made as if he would have scaled the smooth high wall, and offered large rewards for the death of any of the flying party. Owing to the confusion caused by the excitement it was a considerable time before a passage was effected, and Sirr found himself free of the prison he had been placed in. The troopers mounted the horses as they caught them, and started in pursuit. But it was too late. When they arrived in straggling and disconcerted order at the cross-roads where Charles and his friends had parted, they found themselves at fault. Between four different routes, and without a sign or a sound to guide them, the chase promised to end without fruit. So it did. Dividing their strength they chose the two most likely roads, and explored these for some distance. They rejoined at the cross, empty-handed, crest-fallen, and weary.

In the interval, Sirr, waiting at the rendezvous the result of the search, had heard from Richard Raymond the manner in which the escape had been effected. The Town-Major had had an inkling from Informer Bradley of Raymond's interest in the capture of his elder brother, and it was well for him that the Sergeant had so far violated confidence, for had Sirr suspected him of complicity in the flight he might, in his rage, have had him shot upon the spot—an exercise of arbitrary power which officials of a few inferior grades enjoyed in those days. But there was no reason for suspicion. The heart of the Town-Major was not filled more full of the fruits of disappointment than that of Richard Raymond. He ground his teeth savagely, he cursed himself as he recalled the events of the night, and thought how, like a fool and coward, he had allowed his project to be defeated when it was on the point of success, and when a single act of energy and promptitude on his part might have achieved it. Had he but led the soldiers boldly upon the conspirators, the end for which he had been so long and painfully plotting were served. He wondered now at the stupor which lay upon him, and which not only incapacitated him at the crowning moment of his scheme, but actually betrayed him, if not to his brother, to his brother's friends. As it was, his brother was free, and unknown chances between him and his object. Richard Raymond felt no remorse, no sentiment of love or pity for the relative to whom he had done so foul a wrong. He envied Charles his superior position as lord of Raymond Park, and master of revenues which, if limited, were independent. He hated him with the hate of an unsuccessful rival in love. Richard rode home with the detachment detailed to occupy Raymond's Park. Four days after the rebellion broke out. A section of the Catholics, aware of the dangerous prejudice existing against them, lost no time in coming forward with manifestations of their attachment to the existing regime. It was not the insurgents who gave to the civil war that religious complexion which added so terribly to its ferocity and its horrors. The people had entered upon the rebellion for the most part with a single idea. It was only the very ignorant or very bigoted among them who saw in the royalist and the heretic the same enemy. On the other hand, to be a Catholic was almost as bad as being a rebel. The odium of creed was stirred up, and even station, wealth, and character were no guarantee for the safety of any man professing the proscribed faith. The Catholic gentry applied to be allowed to serve in the yeomanry. Their proffered services were insultingly refused. In some corps, however, the ranks were thrown open to them, and it must be said that such as were permitted to take arms for the King distinguished themselves, even among their yeoman comrades, by their zeal and readiness against the foe. Even then they were distrusted. At Luan, a man who had helped to sabre a group of unarmed peasantry, was, later in the day, hanged by his own colleagues. He had incautiously remarked that the victory was cheap, where half the wretches it was guised over had been women and children. He paid with life for this insult to the valour of his corps—this attempt to question the character of a loyal triumph. Among the first to come forward with the tender of his services was Richard Raymond. There was a general muster of the district yeomanry at Castle Harden, including the Castle Harden Hack-heads, Jocelyn's Fox-hounds, the Santry Smashers, and other corps of equally suggestive nomenclature. The citizen soldiers were drawn up on the lawn, having been paraded by their officers. Between the rank and file and their leaders some evolutions were executed not to be found in any book of military discipline. Squire Harden, his portly figure encased in a gorgeous uniform and crowned with a tremendous cocked-hat, with a proportionate plume hinged on the front of it, had just harangued the martial gathering in a fiery speech, which had left his bluff countenance a choking purple, when Richard accosted him. The squire returned his greeting with unwonted cordiality, for he had never previously shown any warmth of manner to the younger Raymond. "Ha, Dick," he cried, "I am glad to see you. All honor to you for your gallant and loyal behaviour. It has made amends for the treason of that scoundrel, your brother. Shake hands again." "Mr. Harden," replied Raymond, "I have simply behaved as a faithful subject of his Majesty, and as such I have now come—there could be no more opportune moment—to offer, through you, my devotion and loyalty in another form. I ask the honor of a place in your corps."

"A place in my corps! Good, you'll be more than welcome, my brave Dick. My lord, Captain Brinkley," he continued, addressing his brother commanders, "I have great pleasure in introducing to you a brother-in-arms, Mr. Richard Raymond. I don't wonder at that start, my lord. He is like his ruffian of a brother—but only in face, my lord—only in face, I am happy to say. This is the gentleman, as you may have heard, who preferred King before kindred, and refused to join his wretched rebel of a brother in his treasurable designs. Dick has shown himself a famous fellow in this business." The old squire further eulogised the conduct of his visitor, and ended by calling for three cheers for the new recruit whom he introduced to his company. Lord Jocelyn and Captain Brinkley also complimented Raymond. "Raymond has been in the army," said the squire, "and a man who knows his drill is badly wanted among my rascals just now." "The man who can teach it is more needed still," said Brinkley. "Since Mr. Raymond has taken service with me, I think, with his military knowledge, he is just the man for your vacant lieutenantcy." "A most happy thought," added his lordship. "You are fortunate, Mr. Harden, in securing Mr. Raymond so soon after the loss of your second officer." The squire was delighted. Without the recommendation of his colleagues he would have been glad to give the post to Richard, but the idea not having struck himself, he spent some minutes in rough expressions of admiration and thanks respecting the shrewdness which had suggested it. He offered the vacant commission, which was accepted, and Richard Raymond, now lieutenant of Colonel Harden, went home to dine with his superior officer. CHAPTER XI.—THE REBEL CAMP. Guided by trusty pioneers to whom every foot of the country was familiar, Charles Raymond conducted his band of patriots in safety through the dangers of the march, and by evening had effected a junction with Villemont at Arda, distant some four and twenty miles from the capital. The veteran, who had learned the art of war under Dumourier, had made the best disposition with the materials at his command. Finding his retreat had not been followed, he halted soon after day-break, and selecting a strong position, fortified himself in it, and there determined to wait the course of events. As Charles led his weary followers through the rude encampment, he was struck with the aspects of a scene such as he had never witnessed before. Villemont had occupied the slope of a hill skirted at the base by a thick growth of furze and bramble, which presented a natural *chevaux de frise* to the advance of an enemy. The flanks of this eminence were steep and so rough with masses of rocks lying on their surface, and matter with tough brier and other brush-wood, as to render them extremely difficult to ascent. The eminence found its level at the rear in a wide plateau, the extent of which was concealed by numerous groves of fir and mountain ash, the only things which flourished in this wild and lonely region, and offered favourable cover in case of a compulsory retreat. This position, which the veteran of the Republic had still further strengthened by a breast-work, overlooked an immense stretch of country, and was defended by fifteen hundred men, including the auxiliaries with whom our hero had supplemented that force. Numbers, worn out by the toils of the previous night lay sleeping in every attitude. Others passed their time in card-playing or discussing the situation, and the peals of laughter which rose now and then from these staidward groups told how readily the reckless national spirit could find matter for jest even on a topic so serious. Some, stretched at ease upon the grass, listened while a comrade spelled over the directions in a drill-book, or read from a newspaper the progress of the history of the previous days. Others were more sternly employed in fixing pike-heads to their shafts, cleaning their firearms, or refurbishing their swords. The armory of the insurgents was utterly heterogeneous, including, besides the few weapons of regular warfare in their possession, a motley collection of pitchforks, scythes, and even reaping hooks fixed on poles. As for swords, they eked out their arsenal in this department by fitting handles to suitable lengths of iron hoops, which wore then ground and sharpened. Armed with no better weapon than this latter, the rebel cavalry, formed chiefly of the sons of small farmers who possessed and could ride their horses, more than once repulsed the pick of the British cavalry. To complete the spectacle we must glance at the commissariat. This included several bags

of potatoes and flour heaped in a recess of the rock, besides the carcasses of two cows and several sheep. The rough and ready cooks of the camp were engaged round several fires of bramble and brushwood in preparing messes from these stores, in a variety of culinary utensils. Villemont did not allow the inaction of his command to imperil his safety. The encampment was guarded on every side by numerous sentinels. Having seen his men occupy the post allotted to them, Charles accompanied his friend and brother-in-arms to his head-quarters. These were simply a cavalry horse-cloth spread on the grass, in the shadow of a huge projecting boulder, which made a cool spot amid the blazing sunshine. Charles was too exhausted and too anxious to enjoy the homely fare his conferees pressed upon him. Besides he was engrossed by the novelty of the scene, and taking the field-glass the Frenchman had been using, he surveyed the prospect before him. Bright and peaceful as it had looked to his unaided eye, he now discovered that it had already fallen under the terrible reign of the twin-fiends—fire and sword on the numerous roads which intersected the district, clouds of dust, through which the glint of arms and the vivid hue of scarlet sparkled and glared, showed where the troops and their allies, the yeomanry, were scouring the country. As they drew more into view their path was seen to be proceeded by numbers of the terrified peasantry, rushing everywhere to seek a hiding place from the merciless hands of the soldiery. Every pause in the pursuit was marked by columns of smoke, until the fair light of a summer day was obscured by the ruin of blazing homesteads. The havoc swept on, men, women, and children flying before it. Many of the fugitives as if by common instinct, sought refuge in the same place. This was a cottage of neat though humble appearance, scarce a quarter a mile distant. Raymond had noticed before the quiet beauty of this dwelling, its cosy thatched roof and white walls peeping through the hawthorn shade, whose charming fragrance spread itself as far as the camp. A venerable figure in the dark garb of a Roman Catholic priest was visible in the doorway of the cottage, and by his gestures it was evident that he was giving the frightened people assurance as well as a reception. Raymond, his heart swelling with a mindful desire to avenge the horrors he saw in perpetration, sprang to his feet. Unnoticed by him a remarkable change had taken place. The lounging groups, the slumbering idlers had disappeared, the cooks had abandoned their flesh-pots to seize their weapons. The musketeers lined the base of the hill, ambushed behind its scrubby covering, while their comrades, variously armed as they were, buried themselves in the concealments with which their position abounded. Villemont beckoned Charles out of his conspicuous location. The insurgents grasped their weapons and watched alternately, with faces full of fierce resolve, their leaders and the enemy. The latter came on ravaging and slaughtering. Their scattered order and careless array spoke ignorance of a foe in their front. Raymond's cheek glowed redder as he saw, beside a strong party of a southern militia regiment, of notorious ill repute, a troop of Hessians. These brutal foreigners were never named except with a shudder by the women of Ireland. As they advanced upon the cottage he had before observed, the insurgents became excited, and impatient murmurs were heard. Raymond looked from the advancing soldiery to Villemont. "They are seven hundred men, if they are seven," observed the last named, replying to the glance. "We have but two hundred guns. Let us be cautious, therefore." "As you will. Only do not permit a massacre. The house these ruffianly Germans are now approaching is full of poor people, and I think there is a clergyman there also. Can we not help them?" "Save Father Hanlon!" "We'll do it or die!" "Let us at those bloody-minded Hessians!" Such exclamations rose on every side from Villemont's followers. They had not yet learned the military rule which prescribes silence in the ranks. "Mes enfants—my lads," said the Frenchman, "I am only considering how we may do it successfully. See, there is no time to be lost. To you, Charles, *mon ami*, I give the *pas de guerre* in this achievement." Raymond grasped his friend's hand in gratitude, and then, smiling, saluted his commanding officer. A minute sufficed to arrange the tactics, and our hero, hastening to the first defence, called upon the "gunsman" to follow him. These active fellows scrambled through the thorny brake, and aided by the nature of the ground, approached undiscovered within half the distance of the unsuspecting enemy.

The Hessians, considerably in advance of the North Cork Regiment, had now reached the dwelling of Father O'Hanlon. Raymond could discern the mild, benevolent face of the old pastor as he stood at his own door-way to receive his unwelcome visitors, who drew up on the road. A number of them dismounted and followed their officers, who marched up to the cottage entrance and, seizing the priest, without a word, dragged him by his long gray hair, out on the road. His men at the same moment rushing into the house through the passage thus summarily made for them. Shrieks of dismay, cries of terror and agony instantly resounded from within. Charles took his gun from the man nearest him, and bidding the word be passed along that the shot would be the signal, took aim and fired. The Hessian, who had lifted his sword, fell dead at the feet of the man he was about to smite. At the sound his musketeers rushed forward, their anger and emulation carrying them over the obstacles of the ground so quickly that before the astonished Germans could assume a posture of defence they found themselves attacked. Discharging their firearms at close quarters, it was owing solely to their inexperience and consequent awkwardness in handling such weapons, that the rebels did not annihilate the foreign cavalry with a single volley. As it was, few were hit, but the rout was complete. They fled, leaving half a dozen dead and several wounded and prisoners in the hands of the rebels, whose quality they now tested for the first time. Such of the enemy as had penetrated to the cottage were easily overpowered, fortunately before they had committed any outrage. Had they shed blood or insulted a female, they would have perished to a man. Alarmed by the firing and the flight of their allies, the militia, supported by a small party of regulars, now cautiously advanced. The insurgents had lined the hedge, and already warned the troops by one formidable volley, of the reception they might anticipate, when a fresh development decided the day. This was the appearance of Villemont and his pikemen. Under his guidance they came on with so steady a front, and a bearing so determined, that the royalist commanders, already impressed by the heavy fusillade, and disconcerted by the overthrow of the horse, called a halt, and after a short deliberation ordered a retreat, a command which their followers obeyed with an alacrity more than military. Charles and Villemont, victors of the field, entered the cottage, where they were embraced by the blessings and joyful tears of the poor people they rescued. Father O'Hanlon led out of an inner room a charming young girl, and introduced her to the insurgent chiefs. "My niece Eileen O'Hanlon, gentlemen. You see I have reason to thank my good God and you for the protection vouchsafed to me and mine this day." Charles was not more struck with the beauty of Miss O'Hanlon than with her mental graces and the refinement of her manner. She recalled to his mind the image of his betrothed, and all martial elation departed. How much worse it would have been with him could he have seen poor Marion's situation at that moment! To be continued. FATHER BURKE'S SERMON OR "Divine Faith, the Principle of Christian Life." (From the New York Irish American.) The following sermon was preached by the Rev. Father Burke, at High Mass, in St. Paul's Church, Brooklyn, to a densely crowded congregation. The Gospel of this Sunday is taken from the ninth chapter of the Gospel, according to St. Matthew:—"As He was speaking these things unto them, behold a certain ruler came and adored Him, saying: 'Lord, my daughter is even now dead; but come, lay thy hand upon her, and she shall live.' And Jesus, rising up, followed him, with His disciples. And, behold, a woman, who was troubled with an issue of blood, twelve years, came behind Him and touched the hem of His garment. For she said within herself, 'If I shall but touch His garment, I shall be healed.' But Jesus, turning about, and seeing her, said: 'Be of good heart, daughter, thy faith hath made thee whole.' And the woman was healed from that hour. And when Jesus was come into the house of the ruler, and saw the minstrels and the multitude making a rout, He said: 'Give place; the girl is not dead, but sleeping.' And they laughed him to scorn. And when the multitude was put forth, He went and took her by the hand, and said: 'Arise,' and the girl arose. And the fame hereof went abroad into all that country." The two miracles which are commemorated in this day's Gospel, alike invite our attention to the great virtue of faith. Mark, dearly beloved brethren, the ruler came, with a sorrowing, broken heart, to our Lord. His daughter, a beautiful young maiden, was dead. The father saw her dead; the fight was gone from her eyes; her heart was stilled, so that it beat no more. The man looked upon his