VOL. XXIII.

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WHICH WAS THE TRAITOR?

A STORY OF '98.

(From the Dublin Weekly Freeman)

CHAPTER XXIII .- THE PLOT.

We find ourselves once more in the chamber his worthy colleague, the spy Bradley.

aspect of the hostelry. Since the outbreak of the rebellion the nocturnal crowds who visited it have disappeared, and no secret conclave now Dick—beg pardon—Master Raymond? It United Irishmen to muster to council or other better for it." business within the precincts of the metropolis. Richard winced under the leer and manner They have learned by bitter experience that of the man, but he could do nothing every citizen holding national sentiments is per- Bradley, and therefore smothered his anger. feetly well known to the officers of the law, and | I have strong reasons for not attempting it. every place known or suspected to have been try it myself at the risk of bungling it." trequented by the brotherhood has been placed under vigilant surveillance.

amongst the two or three other resorts once used by the United Irishmen, which have attained an evil reputation. Sirr descended upon it one night, sweeping off the entire members of a large meeting, though careful watch you. I have paid you half our original agreehad been set on all the approaches. How the Major could have effected so complete a surprise has been a question of perfect mystery | pounds. since the exploit. Roonan himself was included among the prisoners, but he was the only one

In a week after his arrest he was liberated, and resumed his old function of host, full of gratitude to the Government who had given him the benefit of the doubt raised by his defence, which was a profession of utter ignorance of the objects for which the conspirators as-

sembled on his premises. A few were inclined to believe the ill-favoured host when, with many winks and chuckles at his own eleverness, and a thousand eloquent gestures, he detailed, in what seemed to be his of the tyrant, while he remained true at heart to the cause.

But the vast majority of the rebels, though his arrest afforded negative evidence of his gether. There is only one way of winning it." perfidy. As for his acquittal, they laughed at the notion of such a plea as he had set up sufficiently to establish his innocence before conscious connection with the insurgents.

The Roost was shunned by its former customers, even by those among them who had taken no part in the insurrection, and whase sympathies were directly hostile to it. Two becomes from the hour of the occurence hateful | bold stroke." and deserted.

appeared in dresses which were disguises, eyes. 100 of the little of the secret agents of the Government, infermers from

the Castle, soldiers off duty. Sometimes a fugi- since I took employment with you and the as artless and unaffected as she was gentle and guests as amongst the old, and occasionally exercised the secretive faculties which had tavern-keeper.

As we have said, Richard Raymond and Sergeant Bradley are in the room in which the reader first met both. It is dusk, and the tallow candles, flaring from their sconces on the wall, cust a sickly glow on the pale, sinister countenance of the lieutenant, whose naturally unplea-1 50 sant expression is rendered still less prepossessing by the influence of the excitement and passion under which he has for some time past existed. The feeble glimmer betrays no change 1 00 in Bradley. Bearded and bronzed, his powerful frame wrapped in a long cavalry riding cloak, the clasp of which, from the continual Rownson's Quarterly Review. Last Series.
vol. 1. No. II. April, 1873. Per year... 5 00 habit of going concealed, he has not undone, the Antient Briton looks the same cool and Sent by mail (postage prepaid) on receipt of sturdy ruffian as when we first set eyes upon

He had listened steadily while Raymond set forth the business on which he required his services, and preserved the same imperturable demeanour while the lieutenant endeavoured to enlist his zeal in furtherance of his design.

"I have told you all now, Bradley," said Richard. "You see it is easy to a man of your courage and acuteness. Miss Harden is at this priest's house, which is wholly undefended. With a party of the troop to which you are attached, and which I will have placed at your in Rooman's Roost, where the reader first made orders, there is nothing to prevent you making the acquaintance of Richard Raymond, and a dash upon the house and carrying her off. Will you aid me in this?" he concluded, There has come a great change upon the surveying with anxiety the impassive face before him.

gathers under its roof. In the first place it would be the part of a gallant gentleman, you would be a hazardous action on the part of the know, and the lady would like you all the

are, moreover, aware that in any part of the To be frank with you, Sergeant, I prefer to country is a safer refuge than the capital where trust the business to your hand rather than to

If it is so easily done there ought to be no In the second place, Roonan's Roost is the job? That's the question."

"Then you agree?" "I don't say that. I ask what will you pay

for the job?" "You know, Bradley, I have been liberal to

ment, and intend to pay the remainder. Secure Miss Harden and you shall have a hundred

"Say five hundred. Your brother left you, besides his property, six thousands pounds in among them who escaped the cord or the tran- money. You never laid out your cash at better interest than in catching the Squire's daughter, and you know it."

"But I risk the money, Bradley. I swear become less friendly, and it is not at all certain of the priest's niece, who, seated by him, is ever. He advanced and took Raymond's profnow that he would approve of my marriage reading in a voice most soft and musical the wite his daughter, even if she did not hate me —I mean if she were to accept me."

"Which she never will of her own choice." Raymond ground his teeth for rage and disappointed love, as he remembered the unconquerable antipathy Marion had always evinced confidential moments, the history of his capture | for him, and recalled with the vision of her and escape. These people gave him credit for beauty and grace the utter hopelessness of his being an acute fellow who had baffled the laws passion, Bradley watched him with a face beauty and grace the utter hopelessness of his which betrayed contempt.

"To tell you the truth, Mr. Raymond," he oried, "you are not the sort of man to have a without proof positive of his guilt, regarded girl like Miss Harden. Excuse me if I say him as a traitor. The very circumstances of you have played too crooked a game alto-

power, I pity you if you can't make the rest dream. He had met women lovely in feature on much lighter grounds than that of an un- safe. Come, I know you have brought the and captivating in manner, but only to dis-

"I don't know how it is," said Raymond, "but the presence of that woman unmans me. to the quick, had converted him into a misc-She has foiled me by her very aspect, even gynist. All the sex to him were but counterwhen I had her father at my back. But all I feits of her who had played him so cruelly Ireland, even to this day, the house or haunt haved gained would be worth nothing unless I false, and, true gentleman that he was by inin which human life has been violently taken shared it with her, and I am determined on a

He counted over the sum demanded by A new set of habitues succeeded-men who Bradley, who pocketed the notes with glistening almost offensive.

eyes. But in the new of the new of the second secon

tive seeking his home in the city, after a brief Town Major. It might have been better gifted. His heart, so long pent in a lonely but disasterous campaign in the country, ven- carned I allow, but once I have placed the solitude, went forth from him at the sound of tured into the Roost for shelter and refresh- Squire's daughter in your hands I intend to her voice, her eyes awakened in his breast the days might dawn, or until her husband, in case ment. He was received with the cordiality leave this country and settle down somewhere affections which lay sleeping, not extinct; a

brother still menaces me.'

"I forget that, and I forget also that there is good sum to be made out of that gentleman placed him so high in the confidence of the | yet. Well, I think that the job I am about to patriots in conference with some of his new do now will be killing two birds with the one friends. These conferences generally ended stone. I wager that Mr. Charles Raymond with the payment of a sum of money to the won't be long a trouble to you once Miss Harden is in the toils."

"My brother will be a greater danger then than ever I fear."

"Licutenant, you're a coward. Don't start, sir-I say it and believe it. You know me, and know there's no use in putting on high gentry airs with me. Why, man, it will be by and express the greatest of passions. enough to let Master Charles hear that his Marion is carried off to make him stick his head in any trap we lay for him."

Richard saw the force of his companion's argument, and flushed with the sudden prospect f all his hopes realised.

"By my soul," exclaimed the sergeant, " I begin to take an interest in the matter now on my own account. It's a splendid plot, and I'm curious to find how far I shall be able to work

He rubbed his hands, and laughed like a man who, having planned a practical joke against another, delights himself with the anticipation of a pleasant scene.

"I trust everything to you, Bradley," said Richard, whose spirits were raised by the confidence of his instrument. "This proud girl has treated me badly, and I will yet humble

"To say nothing of her property?"

"Her property!" exclaimed the lieutenant, with a revulsion of feeling. "By heaven! if she were a beggar I would be only too blest in her smiles. I love her-I can't help it-in spite of her dislike and her contempt."

"I'll put it in your power to change her tune," said the brutal sergeant. "Bolieve me you will have the Squire's daughter on her knees before you, or my name is not Bradley.' "But we have forgotten one thing. Where

are we to brind her to?" "Right, faith! We forgot that. Bring her

to Raymondsville." much as if I were seen in the abduction my-

There was a short reflective pause, and then Bradley said, with a sneering smile,

"What would you do without me? The best hiding hole in Dublin or out of it is the very house you are in at this moment. You sec, lieutenant, everything favours you."
Roonan was summoned, and soon after Lieu-

tenant Raymond took his departure with a light step and reckless carriage, entirely assured of the success of his arrangements, and resolved to peril everything to prevent their failure. CHAPTER XXIV. - TILL DEATH DOES PART.

It is an interesting scene which presents itself to us this beautiful summer evening in the neat though simply furnished parlor of Father O'Hanlon's cottage. Craddock, still an inva-lid, but needing only a little repose to restore him to complete convalescence, reclines upon a sofa, his eyes fixed with an expression of more a man who was, at the same time, his friend to you I do. Lately old Harden and I have than gratitude upon the fair and spiritual face and enemy. It was only for an instant, howhistory of Telemaque.

It is the lightest work in the grave library of the elergyman, and suffices for its purpose, since the patient hears nothing of the story. Fenelon's graceful periods, uttered in French pure as his own, for Eileen's early life had been spent in a Parisian convent, fall unnoticed on the ear of the English officer. He is thinking not of the romance but of its beauti-

ful and amiable reader. Let us say at once that Craddock is in love. The blase man of the world, he whose experience had ranged through many climes and among many peoples, had met in Eileen O'Hanlon all the graces that had formed his ideal of perfect wemanhood. The society to which he time robing, the pair knelt. The old pastor "Just the thing you are huckstering about.

I'll seize the girl, and ence she is in your is now to present to him the reality of his money with you. Hand it over, and I set cover that all that had first charmed him was about the work this very night." disappointment, in which his heart was pierced fully conscious that his manner in female so. Vincement of religion, for the sake of Christian ciety was marked by a reserve and distaste

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nature formed for love assumed its proper as-"You forget," cried Raymond, "that my peet, and in yielding himself without resistance to the influences of her sweet presence, Craddock felt that the gloom which had overshadowed his life might yet be illumined by the radiance of happiness.

So he loved Eileen. The young girl, innocent as she was, and unlearned in the ways and wisdom of the world, yet quickly detected, by that ineffable prescience which the sex possesses in affairs of the heart, the direction to which tended the sentiments of her wounded guest. No susceptible girl can misinterpret the meaning which lurks in sighs and looks of tenderness, the accents and actions which are dictated

Eileen's discovery filled her at first with virgin confusion. Then succeeded that sweet satisfaction which every girl feels at the homage of a worthy man. And in the end, from pity to the wounded soldier, she began to love the gallant and high-minded gentleman.

Eileen is dressed to-day with more than ordinary care. Besides herself and the Major, Father O'Hanlon himself is in the room. The old priest's face expresses a mixture of anxiety and pleasure, as he sits by the window, breviary in hand, but with his mind evidently distracted from the perusal of his "office" by the consideration of some weighty subject. Every now and then he adjusts his spectacles to survey the distant road, which stretches a mile in full view till it winds round the base of the hill of Arda.

From one of these inspections the venerable clergyman turned with a beaming countenance and a cheering voice.

"Here comes the bridegroom," he cries; at such a pace."

Eileen flies to the window and clasps her

"It is Mr. Raymond," she says, turning to the Major, and dropping her eyes with a sudden flush as she encounters his gaze. "I must of a field which left him only barren honour. tell Marion." She left the room and speedily returned, leading Marion Harden.

superb and winning beauty in the neat, and be then occupying. As the little cottage which exquisitely simple bridal dress she wore. Like contained all that was dearest to him on earth "Impossible. That would give a clue as Father O'Hanlon, she looked happy, and yet faded from his sight, our here, willing to escape anxious-a matter little to be wondered at in from the sadness with which his parting opview of the singular circumstances under which | pressed him, put spurs to his horse, and soon she was about to take the most serious step of all her life.

Craddock rose, and, warmly greeting Marion, deliberately endeavored to excite her to a more lively frame of mind by some graceful compliments upon her appearance. But before she had time to reply, the sound of galloping hoofs was heard outside, and the next moment Charles Raymond, followed by his friend low fence which bordered the roadside, and Duigenan and Neddy Fennell, entered. Clasping Marion in his arms, our hero greeted the priest with the respect of a son for a beloved father, and Eileen, as a brother might his sister. To Craddock he offered his hand.

The major for an instant hesitated, he had not seen Charles since the night he had been taken prisoner, and, notwithstanding his coolness and experience, was at a loss how to meet fered hand. The two men exchanged a warm

"I am sorry for your hurt, Craddock, and this day, to see that you have so far recovered. Unfortunate circumstances have arrayed us against each other, but I shall never cease to hold the highest regard for your character."

"Thank you, Raymond; I assure you I only regret that the circumstance you mention should have made us foes. However, there is a truce for the present," he added gaily, "and I have become your ally in the soft engagement on which you are about to enter.".

Raymond took Marion's hand, and leading her before Father O'Hanlon, who had been the blessed them fervently.

"My children," he cried, "it is not, indeed, without a grave and solemn sense of the weighty responsibility this act places upon me that I mates." now make you man and wife. But as things have been explained, and truly explained to me, concerning the position in which you are both placed, I am satisfied that I take a step perfectly justifiable in the sight of Heaven, how-ever it may be questioned by the laws of man. I call you to witness that the ceremony I am about to perform is for the honour and adcharity, and in the interests of humanity."

But in Eileen O'Hanlon he met for the first marriage was ended, and Charles, clasping priming.

"Mine now, beyond the reach of Fate!" It was agreed that Marion was to make her dwelling at Father O'Hanlon's until better the rebellion should collapso-for the insurgent prospects, despite some partial successes, were daily waning-should have effected his escape out of the country, when his wife could join him, provided her refuge were not meanwhile. discovered by the enemies of the rebel chief.

Placing a farewell kiss upon her brow, and commending his bride to the protection of Father O'Hanlon, our hero took a lingering leave, often turning in his saddle to wave a fond adieu to Marion, who followed his departing figure with moist eyes and a sorrowful heart.

Craddock as he signed the marriage register, vowed a silent vow, come what might, to do all in his power to befriend the young couple before whose wedded life lay so uncertain a future. Part of the resolution was due to the generous nature of the man, and part, it must be owned, to the state of his own mind, than pervaded by that fellow-feeling, the effect of which is pro-

It is necessary here to inform the reader that since the successful ambuscade in which Major Craddock and Squire Harden had been taken, the insurgent army had quitted their entrenched position on the Hill of Arda. The Royalist commanders, busied in other quarters had been unpleasantly awakened by a surprise in which so many of their soldiery had perished, that there existed between their line of operations and the capital a hostile force more formidable than most of the larger bodies they were contending against. Two strong bodies of troops were, therefore, directed to converge by retrograde marches upon the rebel position, and by a simultaneous attack to sweep the danger from the rear of the King's troops. Villemont's scouts brought word of the impending storm, and that able commander, satisfied with what "no man but a lover or a fugitive would gallop he had done, took off his men in safety, passing unnoticed between the two forces, which were moving upon his position from different directions. The British general arrived in front of the Hill of Arda only to find that the foe had abandoned it. He took formal possession

Charles Raymond, occompanied by Duigenan and the faithful Ned Fennell, moved off in the Miss Harden, though pale, looked all her direction of the ground they knew Villement to reached the turn where the road wound round the base of the hill.

Here his quick eye caught sight of something which caused him to reign up quickly, and seizing the bridle of Duigenan's horse, brought that animal also to a stand still. His ejaculation sufficed for Ned Fennell, who rode behind. In a moment the three outlaws had leaped the were hidden in a leafy screen.

This movement was occasioned by the sight of a party of a dozen horsemen in the uniform of the Antient Britons. Charles had not recognised the corps; for it was dusk, but he saw by the regular march of the party that they were Royal cavalry. Fortunately the turn was sharp, and the screen of brambles through which our hero had seen the troopers had prevented their catching sight of his single figure.

They passed close to Raymond and his companions, who stood with hands ready to curb a motion or a snort from their impatient horses. Raymond, peeping eagerly through the covert, marked them as they went by, stern and silent, it is no small part of the joy which fills me like men bound upon a dark errand. In the leading horseman he thought he recognised a familiar figure, which, however, passed from his gaze ere he could bring his memory sufficiently to bear upon its identity. The lurking trio waited till the sounds of horses' hoofs had become faint in the distance, and then emerged

cautiously upon the highway.
"Now," said Raymond, "I would give a yellow guinea to know where these fellows are

going to."
"I would wager fifty if I had them that they are going to visit the cottage we have only just left," cried Duigenan.

"That fear struck my mind at once," said Charles. "However, with Major Craddock un-der its roof we need have no fear for its in-

"Master Charles," said Ned, "did you notice the man who rode first?"

"I noticed him, and thought I knew him. but could not see him clearly in the twilight.'

"That was Bradley," said Fennell.
"Bradley! Then, I am satisfied that some evil deed is in progress. Duigenan! Ned! will you follow me? I shall return to the cottage. Don't question me. I know this man and I know his master. If you refuse I'll go alone," In a few minutes more the sublime rite of and, drawing forth his pistols, he arranged the

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