

HRON

VOL. XXIII

MONTREAL, FRIDAY, MAY 23, 1873.

NO. 40

BOOKS FOR THE MONTH OF MAY. The Graces of Mary: or, Instructions and Devotions for the Month of Mary. With Examples, chiefly of graces recently ob-tained through Mary's Intercession. 32mo. cloth, 504 pages...... \$0 45

rick. 18mo., cloth...... 0.55 The Child's Month of Mary. Paper, 12 cents,

Convents, Colleges, Schools, etc. The Glories of Mary. By Alphonsus Liguori,

18mo., cloth, 802 pages. Our Lady of Lourdes. A Work honored with 1 25

s special brief addressed to the Author, by His Holiness the Pope, Pius IX. New edition, one vol. 12mo., cloth, 497 pages... 1 25 NEW BOOKS.

My Clerical Friends and Their Relations to Modera Thought. By the Author of the "Comedy of Convocation," etc. 12mo.,

cloth. The "Old Catholics" at Cologne. A Sketch in Three Scenes. By Herr Frolich. 18mo.,

1 50

0 75 1 00

Single number..... 1 25

Sent by mail (postage propaid) on receipt of price. Address, D. & J. SADLIER & CO.,

Montreal.

WHICH WAS THE TRAITOR

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

CHAPTER XXXIII.-THE FRIENDS.

When we parted Eileen O'Hanlon upon the threshold of the Roost, she was going to fill the place of attendant upon the dearest female friend she had upon earth. It is needless to remind our readers that Roonan, when he engaged the girl whom he took to be a simple rustic, was wholly ignorant of the intimacy which existed between the two women.

duction when Roonan presented himself, and in gathered beneath a window in rere of the esterms of profound respect, and with a crafty assumption of sympathy and commiseration in his voice and manner, formally introduced Eileen to Marion as "her honor's new lady's

The two young girls acquitted themselves admirably under the trying circumstances of the moment, and Roonan, satisfied that he had window of his wife's room; and were he able secured a very treasure of a country handmaid, to force the stanchions which fastened this retired to rub his hands over the new prospect of sharing the bribes which Lieutenant Dick by a fresh body of foes. was paying for the furtherance of his designs. As soon as he had secur d the door, Marion and Eileen threw themselves into each other's arms, and wept the fulness of many emotions. When the ardour of their first greetings had cooled down, the two friends proceeded to mutually enlighten each other, From Marion's narrative it appeared that, though a close prisoner, she had been subjected to no other violence, except the occasional intrusion of Richard Raymond, whose advances, however, she repelled each time with such added contempt and indignation as, she could perceive, stung him to the soul with humiliation as well as the loar the hold of the stamping and struggling of men, evidently bearing some chard Raymond, whose advances, however, she and indignation as, she could perceive, stung him to the soul with humiliation as well as the bitterness of disappointed love. What incensed Marion most was her jailer's affectation of doubt, rather of downright disbelief, of her assurance that she was the wedded wife of his brother. She was unaware how terribly the lieutenant was striving to undo the bond which had given her to another.

But when Eileen detailed the villainous arrangements she had overheard, the horror and fear of the poor captive were extreme. She then remembered the plausible professions of pity and devotion by which Roonan had in-duced her to write to Charles, with whom he pretended to have established a communication.

Even the knowledge that Ned Fennell and Norsh were at large and in possession of the secret of her enemies, failed to entirely reassure the mind of the alarmed young wife, who tortured herself with pictures of a thousand accidents, which might prevent both these trusty friends from putting her fugitive husband on his guard.

Eileen did her best to comfort her companion, and at last had the satisfaction to observe Marion's strong good sense overcome her apprehensions. After partaking of a well coming of Ned Fennell, for she had a presenti-served supper, fetched by the host himself, and ment that some attempt at communication having settled a plan of operations in preparation for the crisis they knew to be impending, they commended themselves to God, each after | the fashion of their creed, and prepared for With the evening there befell a change, the rest. It was about midnight. A low and cautious whistle, so peculiar that both women, who had often heard it, recognised the sound, was heard outside. 'Eileen put out the candle, and tried to lift the window sash. But not only was it fast and firm, but it was also close barred outside with thick irons. Her efforts were, however, not without result, for the noise she made inch a trooper in the King's service, but as the was heard without, and she saw in the bright moonlight Ned Fennell, gesticulating and signing at her from the lonely laneway which ran ed backward with his hand over his shoulder, such a place and at the mercy of such people. Ing at her from the Roost, on which the window looked. At length she comprehended his meaning, and drew aside from the window. Her movement was followed by the crash of a broken pane and the disappearance of Neddy. The girls waited till certain that the nocturnal clatter had excited no alerte, and then, lighting the candle, picked up a small stone with a written paper tied round it.

tablishment, and awaited the signal.

Bradley was to give the word as soon as Charles should have entered the passage leading from the public passage to Marion's chamber. Here his retreat would be cut off by the soldiery issuing from the taproom. There was but one means of flight, which was through the egress, it would be to find himself confronted

These arrangements were, of course, wholly overthrown.

The morning waned, and Marion at last commented on the lateness of the hour, and the unusual dilatoriness of Boonan, who had always hitherto waited at a much earlier time to proffer his services in proparing breakfast. Nor was her surprise at all relieved shortly afterwards when there was a tremendous knocking at the front door of the premises, and, after heavy burden along the passage. The sounds came nearer and nearer, and both women, rushing to the door, prepared to appeal for help and deliverance, when a peremptory voice was heard outside, and at Bradley's command the heavy footsteps retraced their way back through the window, without having approached sufficiently near for Marion's purpose.

In a few minutes the noise of individual footsteps caught their ears, and almost before they noticed that these had stopped at the door Bradley made his appearance. The ladies recoiled before the expression of his face; but betraying only satisfaction that the captive had not flown, he turned away, and, relocking the door, retired as he had come.

Nobody else appeared throughout the day, and the young women would have been left to feel the pangs of hunger were not anxiety and suspence more powerful than food to take the edge off appetite. Even the remains of last night's supper, which had not been removed from the room, though they included some palatable morsels, were not tonched by either of the friends.

Eilcen occupied herself throughout the afternoon in watching from the window for the ment that some attempt at communication would be made before the great effort was attempted. But though she kept an eager watch it was unrewarded until evening had well set iv. sky grew suddenly overcast, and a heavy and continuous rain accompanied by high wind set in. Eileen blessed the elements, which in such straits as the present are most benignant in proportion as they are most violent. At length, about seven o'clock, she caught sight of a figure cautiously advancing towards the Roost; it was in uniform and looked every man passed the window and threw up a quick glance, she recognised Ned Fennell. He pointand, continuing his walk, Eileen saw him disappear over the fence further on, and knew that his purpose was to return at the other side. and, thus sheltered from view of the house, to your money." take his position opposite till the moment for action should have arrived. But what meant that sign he made as he passed the window? Did it signify that a friend was to follow, or that an enemy was upon the trail? It can surely be no enemy who now appears-a gentleman in clerical costume, scemingly a Catholic priest. He comes on, his tall and stalwart form well displayed by his sombre but well-fitting habiliments. He arrived under the window, and with just such another look of intelligence as Fennell had There were other windows looking upon the enemies unawares and unprepared, he relied on back of the Roost, which might have keen eyes here. What do you say to that ?" looking abroad from them, and the utmost caution was necessary. Eileen followed the second retreating figure till she saw it disappear o'clock instead of half-past eight for the arrival after the example set by Ned Fennell, and then turning to Marion, said : "I have seen Charles. Stay! it is no use your looking, for I waited till he had vanished before telling you how strong, and handsome, a couple of wax candles, reading. The apart-ment was comfortably furnished, and it was face of an immediate contingency, though at and hopeful he looks. Forgive me, Marion; apparent that care was taken to leave the least twelve hours lay between them and the I know it was cruel of me, but I dreaded the emotions of both of you at seeing one another. It was arranged that Charles should appear and you know how careful and guarded we must be for a little while longer." Marion first reproached, and then thanked her friend for her foresight and coolness. Looking at her, watch, she saw it wanted only twenty minutes to eight. In twenty minutes her fate and that of her husband would be on the balance of a moment.

the Roost. She called Eilees to her, and both straining their ears, listened.

They recognised the voice which had addressed to them but one gruff sentence that morning. It was Bradley. For the other they had no donbt-one of them at least. Marion had heard Richard Raymond speak too often not to know his accents now.

Apparently forgetting in the warmth of their contention that they were within hearing of any, the two men continued their dispute, waxing each instant more heated and more full of wrath.

"I know you now, Raymond," cied Bradley. You little thought I stood by and saw you last night hold your peace, when a word from you would have saved the man who lost his life in your service, you scoundrel, and, no doubt, you think to get rid of me in the same way-do you ?"

"Look here, Bradley," retorted the lieutenant; "let us have no more of this. Roonan is dead, and so much the better for you and me-

"Of course. And so much the better for you when I am disposed of too. But you won't put me out of the way so easily."

"I have borne your insolence too long, fellow, and will endure it no longer. I tell you I don't require your services at all, and could have done better without you in this business from the beginning."

There was a silence for some moments after this declaration. Bradley, overwhelmed by what he considered the audacity and ingratitude of the speaker, was absolutely struck dumb. At last he spoke in a voice hoarse with concentrated but subdued rage.

"Smart fellow, Lieutenant Dick-now don't you think you are? You miserable idiot, you know you couldn't have stirred hand or foot without me. But now that your brother is walking into the snare, and the soldiers are on the march to seize him, you think you can cast me off, and that all will be ended in this lonely tenement. See, lieutenant." he continued in a tone of mingled contempt and malice, " perhaps I don't perceive how you intend to make things safe with your brother. Eh ! Perhaps I don't

understand the meaning of that pair of loaded pistols that are peeping from your pocket. No, indeed, by my soul! Our brother is not the boy to struggle, and we are not the man to take and despair, bounded out of the room. What advantage of the contest and confusion to slip a bullet in him, eh? You murdering sneak." "See, by Heaven, Bradley, if you mock me, you ruffian, I'll blow your brains out."

altercation in some neighbouring apartment of sounding like the tolling of death-bells upon the dismal and gusty twilight.

Paralysed with horror, the two females huddled at the door, glaring at each other with terrified faces. They were unable to exchange a whisper, or to move a limb.

Hark, a stealthy footstep outside! They hear a deep, labored breathing at the door, as of one who endeavors to suppress the panting caused by real exertion, lest it should interfere with the office of his ears. Somebody is listening, to find whether they have caught the alarm of what has just passed.

It was a brief but unspeakable agony, to crouch motionless, breathless, while one's heart throbbed with overwhelming emotion. It was the impulse of each of these helpless girls to relieve their feelings by screaming outright.

The grating of the key as it was turned in the lock startled them from their position, and, recoiling, they stood in the middle of the apartment, clinging to each other for safety and sup-port, as the door was flung open, and Bradley, pale, blood upon his face, and an iron bolt, red and dripping, in his hand, stood upon the threshold.

CHAPTER XXXV.-A CRISIS.

With a visage still bearing the scowl which Murder had imprinted upon it, the Spy confronted the trembling pair.

"I thought so," he cried hoarsely. "You have been listening."

The women clung closer, but did not reply. Bradley was about to speak again, but he stopped and, bending his ear, listened.

There was a knock at the door most certainly this time. Marion felt herself regaining cour-

"Look here," said Bradley, hurriedly, "what you have heard, you have heard. I tell you I did it in self-defence, though I must hang for it. Hang," he repeated, with a shudder; "no, I am not fit to die. Listen, both of you; my life is precious to me, and there is no time to lose if I would save it. Swear without delay that you will say nothing of what has happened, at least before to-morrow morn-The secret may keep till then, for I have ing. hidden IT."

This latter sentence Bradley seemed to utter in soliloquy.

Marion was about to reply she knew not what when there was a crash as if the bursting of a oor, and Bradley, with a very roar of frig

Eileen followed the host with a heart to the room which was Marion Harden's chamber of captivity. The ruffianly aspect of the tavern-keeper, as he preceded her through the intricacies of the wandering old fabric which the candle he carried could light up only with a feeble and ghastly glimmer; the strange and unexpected position in which she found herself all at once placed, the novelty and the very possible danger of her situation, all combined to impress her with alarm and doubt; and she for a moment debated whether she had not better turn, ere it was too late, and fly beyoud the doorway of the dismal dwelling to the friends whom she had only just parted, and whose company might yet be regained. But then she thought of her friend, immured in The image of Marion, and the realities of her condition, gave strength to the heart of Eileen ; and despising herself for what she mentally deolared to be her selfish fears, determined to share at all risks the lot of her friend, and so calmly and resolutely followed the landlord.

One thing only remained to cause her apprehension. What if Marion should betray her recognition as soon as they should come face to face? Anything of this kind in presence of 80 sharp a spectator as Roonan would be infallibly futal to her project. Nothing, however, remained as regarded this contingency but to trust to chance, for while trying to devise some expedient by which she might make the prisoner aware of her presence without exciting the suspicions of the host, they arrived at a door at the extreme end of one of the long and tortuous corridors of the rambling structure, and Roonan, taking a key out of his pocket, un. locked the door and opening it cautiously, signed the new attendant to enter, while he turned to re-fasten the entrance.

Squire's daughter no reason to complain of her fateful moment. lodgings.

hearing the key turn in the lock. She scru- the time which had been settled between him tinised with curiosity the female stranger who and the traitor Roonan. It was at nine o'clock entered, and stepped hastily towards her, but his brother and Bradley expected him, and for when Eileen, throwing back the hooded cloak, this hour they had made the necessary prepara-disclosed her foatures, it was only the finger tions. At half-past eight, soldiers disguised Pressed upon her lip, and her significant glance, in civilian uniform, were to drop in by ones which recalled Marion to herself in sufficient and twos at the Roost, while a few lounged in time to prevent a cry of surprise and joy. the lane behind. Nine o'clock would find a Hardly had she recovered the semblance of the dozen stout linesmen, with arms concealed, usual demeanour she observed since her ab- drinking in the taproom, while their comrades

This was a letter from Charles, and communicated his intentions and his confidence to his wife. Satisfied of his safety, Marion's fears disappeared, and that night both women slept sounder than they had done for a long time.

The point of the note from Charles was this. He had resolved to anticipate by an hour the time fixed for his visit in the pretended letter given to him by Roonan, and thus taking his rescuing his wife.

CHAPTER XXXIV .- WHEN ROGUES FALL OUT.

Sound as was their sleep, the friends arose with the dawn, for with the light of day, there Eileen was equal to the occasion. Stepping comes, to the restless, anticipative mind the quickly into the room, she beheld Marion longing to ease its anxiety by action. They Harden seated at a small table, on which were dressed, and secured such trinkets, money, and

Marion had looked up from her book on at eight o'clock in the evening, an hour before

11

She approached the door of her prison and listened, trembling with excitement, but with a plates his work. heart firm and bold.

Her ear caught the sound of voices in angry

Bradley laughed, a taunting, scornful laugh. "You would if you dared, I know. You would give a triffe now, I'll be bound, to see me lying stark and stiff beside poor Roonan behind his own counter. But there are some little matters to be settled before you can have that pleasure. In the first place, pay me over on the spot every penny you owe me."

"Not a farthing. I have your share and Roonan's in my pocket but not a penny shall you receive more than the dead man. You have had enough out of me."

"You speak with the courage of a man who carries a loaded brace of pistols. Well, keep

"I shall. You can retire as soon as you like; the game is in my hands, and I need you no longer.'

"That's worth a chuckle. But suppose I walked out to meet your brother, and put him on his guard ?"

"Try it; I have provided for that, and if you were caught at it you would meet as little mercy as your brother scoundrel."

"Brother scoundrel! That's good. Well, then, I'll try a safer and more paying business. It is an hour to nine o'clock. I can easily regiven, and with a slight salutation, passed on. | move Miss Harden, or rather Mrs. Raymond, to her father's house before the soldiers arrive

of the soldiers. They will be here directly.

Hark! I hear a knocking." "The wind on the shutters, Lieutenant. Well, you played the traitor as far as you could go; but I'll try it, at all events. Mr. Harden will pay me better than you seem disposed to do, and my life will be safe in dealing. with him. What do you say to that?" "This !"

The two women heard the sharp snap of a pistol lock, followed by a dreadful imprecation. The weapon had missed fire. Then there was the sound of a furious struggle, and the dull crash of blows, followed by a heavy fall which shook the woodwork of the rickety dwelling. A deep, long-drawn groan, and then the awful stillness, during which the murderer contem-

At this instant the clocks of the city began to strike the hour of eight, their measured beats

his eyes beheld in the passage seemed to deprive him of all self-possession. He sprang into the apartment again, and, rushing to the window, smote the sash with the ponderous instrument he carried. Two blows broke the woodwork to pieces, but there remained outside the stout, close-laid stanchions. He seized two of these, and made a desperate effort to shake them loose, but they resisted, and with a groan he turned away and stood like a statue beside the shattered casement, his eyes fixed on the door.

All this was but a few seconds of time, and scarcely had the terrifled women space to observe the incident ere there was a tread of approaching feet, a shadow darkened the doorway, and Charles Raymond, a loaded pistol in his hand, appeared.

Marion fainted into his arms, and Eileen would have fallen to the ground had not Ned Fennell, who followed his master, caught her as she swooned, and, placing her upon the couch, advanced upon Bradley, whom he seized by the throat.

The sergeant of Ancient Britons made no resistance. He seemed like one in a dream. and stood stock still, the gory instrument of

bis crime still in his grasp. Fennell observed the weapon, and his exclamation roused Marion.

"Hold him," she cried ; "he has murdered Richard Raymond."

Whatever course events might have taken from the effects of this announcement upon Charles, was changed by a startling incident.

Fennell, standing by his prisoner at the window, saw a number of men gathered outside, and his intelligent eye detected beneath their disguises the unmistakable military physique.

"Master Charles," he said, "we are surrounded. The house is guarded by soldiers."

"Fly, Charles," cried Marion. "Do not. fear for me now. Fly before it is too late."

"Surrender in the King's name!" The voice was that of an officer, who stood with. drawn sword in the doorway, supported by a. party of men similar in outward guise to those who kept watch outside.

Oharles turned and found himself face to face with Craddock.

To be Continued.

Almanacs were first published in 1460. As you give yourself, so the world takes you. Vanity is a strong drink that makes all the virtues. stagger. Some men of means are sometimes the meanest of men.