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Our hero was for a moment confounded by this statement, and the extent of Sirr's information. He soon spoke. "What crime has Charles Raymond committed?" "Treason." "The penalty of treason is death, is it not?" "That is no affair of mine. Open." "But it is my affair. I will not open." "Resistance is useless." "I shall try it." "See, Raymond, I am not here to parley. I ask you for the last time—will you surrender quietly? The house is guarded on all sides, and you and your brother rebels cannot escape. Open in the King's name." "For the last time, no. Not for your King." "Then, Major Craddock, do your duty." Charles heard the officer's voice calling his command to attention, and next addressing himself: "Mr. Raymond!" "Major Craddock." "I have a duty to perform, which I regret has fallen to my lot. I call upon you to admit the King's troops. I assure you resistance is entirely out of the question. I have forty men with me, and you and the gentlemen with you must feel that opposition to us can have but one result." "Major Craddock," replied Charles, "I know you to be a man of honor. Myself I might yield, but those who are my guests, never. We are all well armed and desperate." Charles, though he spoke with an assumed confidence, felt all the extremity in which he and his friends were placed. Fortunately his last words made an impression on Sirr, who neither liked the prospect of a struggle in which he might find himself directly engaged, nor cared to take his prisoners otherwise than alive. There would have been little glory in feeding justice with ready-made corpses. "Raymond," he said, "I give you and those with you ten minutes to come to your senses." Ned Fennell almost shouted for joy at this reprieve. "Just the time we want," he whispered with sparkling eyes.

WHICH WAS THE TRAITOR? A STORY OF '93.

(From the Dublin Weekly Freeman)

CHAPTER VII.—(Continued.)

Charles placed the billet to his lips, and rising, said:—"Gentlemen, I need not say I hope our plans will not be disarranged by the intelligence I have just received. I am now reduced to the position of each of you, for my name has been compromised. I regret it merely because the opportunities I might employ, were my movements free as they have been, are lost." "Heaven reward the friend who gave you timely warning, and find us each such a one at our need," cried Aylmer. "Is the matter pressing Charles," inquired Richard Raymond. His agitation did not escape the notice of Norah Donnelly. She confronted him sharply. "It is pressing, and I'm afraid you know it better than anybody here. What was your business on the road just now, Master Richard?" she continued. Norah turned from him, and was about to describe what she had seen. "The soldiers, the soldiers! Save yourself, Master Charles. Hide, gentlemen!" Ned's ejaculations were cut short by a loud crash. The window sash had been burst in by a blow from a musket-butt, just too late to prevent his securing the aperture. The occupants of the room were for a while utterly disconcerted by this unexpected visitation. They stood regarding each other in silence, and too bewildered to collect words suitable to the circumstances. It was for a brief space. There was a formidable arsenal on the premises, for Raymond desired to arm his followers from his own house, and the collection of guns and other weapons ostensibly decorating the apartment would have of themselves furnished a company. He signed to his companions, and, following his example, each possessed himself of a fire-arm, and proceeded as noiselessly as possible to load and prime it. Assisted by Ned Fennell, Charles hastened through the building, and made fast every means of ingress in the front. These were all secured by shutters and bars of great length, for at this period a man's house needed to be also his castle, since the outrage and daring of the lawless were supplemented by the domiciliary visits of men who often committed equal violence under the sanction of the law. Charles, having completed his defences, re-entered the room just as an authoritative knock was delivered through the broken glass, upon the window shutter, and a voice cried—"Charles Raymond, open to the King's officers, in the King's name!" Charles asked who it was demanded admission. "Town Major Sirr." "What is your business here?" "I hold a warrant for the arrest of Charles Raymond—the man I am now speaking to. I hold a warrant also for the arrest of John Shears, Henry Shears, and the Frenchman, Villemont. The two others in this house must take the consequences of their company!"

bery, and favoured by this and the darkness, he succeeded, encumbered as he was with the firearms, in reaching the shelter of the great trees which grew almost up to the dwelling at its opposite side. How the hearts of the fugitives beat, and their breath came and went, as they watched with strained eyes his figure stealing into the shadows happily unseen by the watchful sentinels, a group of whom stood almost right in his path. Charles could perceive no guards between his hiding place and the wicket, which was the point to be gained. The difficulty was to effect a good start. Wrought to their keenest every sense and every sinew, they crept clear of the close laurels, but still in their friendly shade, and waited the signal. It came soon enough, for they had scarcely set themselves for the final endeavour, when the strident voice of Sirr was heard, notifying that the time of grace had expired. At the same moment a shot was from the trees, then another, and a third. They heard the bullets crashing against the face of the mansion, evidently little above the heads of its besiegers. The soldiers bewildered by this attack, and not knowing the strength or whereabouts of their assailants, drew themselves together, and delivered a volley in the direction of the foe. In after years Ned Fennell loved to show the great elm behind which he ambushed that night. It bore three gun-shot wounds, so well did chance direct the aim of Craddock's dragoons. Ned replied, with the remainder of his firearms. In the distraction of this episode, no notice was taken of the group which stole warily towards the wicket. They reached it, to find the four dragoons, who guarded it, on the road without. The firing had alarmed them and, fearing a surprise in that quarter, they had quitted their post, in a panic which was not lessened by the appearance of our hero and his companions, who rushed desperately upon them. Charles knocked down one with his fist. It was Bradley, who went down with a curse. Aylmer ran a second through the arm. The two others made a terrified retreat. Charles immediately turned the lock in the stout wicket, and thereby caused a delay in the pursuit. To untense and mount a trooper's horse was with each the work of a moment. Norah Donnelly, as good a horse woman as her mistress, the daughter of a famous fox-hunter, was in no way embarrassed by her military seat. Away! Ten minutes of a gallant burst brought them to cross-roads. Here they drew rein, and here for the first time they missed Richard Raymond. On comparison of memories, they found that he had never left the shrubbery with them. "Poor Dick," cried Charles, "I hope he has not fallen into their hands." "If he did," said Norah, "he'll be among friends—the villain!" "What does the girl mean?" asked Raymond, marvelling at her warmth. "She is right, Mr. Raymond," said Aylmer. "Your brother is the man who has betrayed you." They separated at the cross-roads, each to find such home or refuge as he might. The two Sheares returned to Dublin, to be arrested and lodged in Newgate next day. Aylmer rode the cavalry horse all that night and half the next day. From that time the stout animal had the honor to bear the rebel commander, and served him as nobly as the royal cavalier whose trappings still continued to bedeck it. Norah reached her mistress without adventure, and excited Marion to mingled horror and delight by the recital of her experiences since she had set out upon her mission. Our hero, accompanied by Villemont, found shelter in the house of a mutual friend, well affected to the cause which had now made Raymond an exile from his own hearth. Ned Fennell, having acquitted himself as we have seen, quickly climbed the park wall, and put himself upon the track of his master. CHAPTER IX.—THE TERROR. How the rebellion burst forth no reader wants to be informed, nor of the disasters which were its immediate prelude. On the 19th May Lord Edward Fitzgerald, the Sheares, and others were taken. Without a leader, without a directorate, the United Irishmen undertook their desperate enterprise. The Government as has been said, knew even the hour fixed upon for the rising. A week before it took place the Lord Lieutenant officially announced it. This is a strange and significant fact. It may be said that the notification of a tragedy to be performed comes with more authority from the author. Dublin, on the night of May 23rd, bore tokens everywhere that the fateful moment had at last arrived. On the 22nd the Commons of Ireland, in response to the startling Viceregal

message, went in solemn procession, preceded by the Speaker, the Sergeant-at-Arms, and all the officers of the House, to express to his Excellency their "horror and indignation," their "determined resolution and energy." The premonitions of the impending struggle were not to be mistaken. Servants quitted their masters, clerks their country houses, the tradesman found himself deserted by his assistants and porters, the artificer followed his journeyman, the laborer went in masse to swell the battalions, formidable in nothing but their numbers and their courage, for they were nearly all unarmed, which had begun to threaten the city on every side. Few people the succeeding night had the coolness or indifference to seek their pillows. The whole city kept anxious vigil, her population were divided between hope and fear. The metropolis would be, it was known, the first point of attack; but where the assault would be delivered no man could tell. Strangers brought into the city appalling stories of the strength and ferocity of the insurgents by whom every road was beset. Parliament was paralysed with panic, as the record of its proceedings show. Only a few members retained their courage. Many of their colleagues got drunk, in the endeavor to drown their apprehensions, at Daly's Coffee-house. But the most abject terror was to be witnessed where it was least expected. The volunteer army of the capital, composed of barristers attorneys, merchants, bankers, revenue officers, shopkeepers, students, doctors, apothecaries, corporators, and a few warlike persons, remained all night under arms in Smithfield. Their collected valour oozed away with a rumour that an immense force of the rebels had urged their way into the town, and were advancing to attack them. A distant susilade confirmed the tidings and one-third of the gallant yeomanry sneaked home, and were found, some of them, in full accoutrements, concealed under beds and other ignominious retreats. Even the regular troops were affected by the prevailing dismay, which extended to their commanders. They obeyed with readiness the beat of the drums; every man was at his post, and ready for action, but all was disorganization in the plans of their leaders. No soldier knew his station, or could tell his duties, and there was nobody to direct him. In this state of things had the insurgents made their attack as originally arranged, even under the incapable chiefs who succeeded Lord Edward, it is probable the capital would have fallen into their hands. But it was found next day that all their ostentation of warfare had ended in nought. There had been some desultory skirmishing with the royal troops, some military posts had been surprised, some towns near the metropolitan district attacked and obstructions more or less formidable which interposed between the capital and from outside. These small successes were dearly paid for next day and that following, by the disasters at Naas and Carlow. For these repulses there were two sufficient causes—one, the want of leaders, and the other the want of arms. When news of them reached Dublin, fear and hope changed places. All was elation, and a cruel thirst for vengeance among the Royalists, all was despair in the ranks of the Union. Military executions were recommenced. Batches of prisoners were brought straight from the place of their capture to the lump irons or the signposts, where their convulsed corpses were allowed to swing till some hand, from charity or disgust cut them down. The summary process of court-martial was considered a too tedious formality. All the usual places of torture being insufficient for the disposal of the subjects on hand, men were seized, stripped, and flogged in the streets; so that sometimes the path of the executioners could be tracked by the pools of blood which marked it at intervals. Some wretches, maddened by the pitch-cap or gun-powder torture, rushed through the city, their heads on fire, to plunge their baking brains in the Liffey, in whose waters they deliberately drowned themselves rather than trust once more to the mercies of the tormentors who enjoyed the spectacle of the suicide which was their doing. It was such acts as these that saved the Confederacy from the dissolution which threatened it. Charles Raymond escaped the demoralisation of initial defeat. The dispersion of his associates in the leaderships had rendered a combined general movement impossible. The force and pressure of the insurrection he felt to be for this reason wholly neutralised. The loss of the store of arms at Raymond's Park he also lamented. It was the most valuable arsenal by far at command of the Union, and he would have endeavoured to rescue it at

all hazards from the custody of the soldiers, who since his flight had occupied it, but in fear, perhaps, of such attempt, the entire collection had been removed, and lodged in the Castle. Though conscious of the hopelessness of the struggle begun under such disappointments, Raymond never felt one selfish regret for having entered upon it. He believed in the justice of his cause, and trusted to Heaven to strengthen the battle of its champions. Even the defection of his followers did not dishearten him. Disappointed at his failure to provide them with arms, and deterred also by the exaggerated reports of the military preparations made for their reception, the contingents of Santry and Rathfarnham made on the night of muster but a small despondent show. During the night their numbers dwindled to a still less figure, and ultimately the remaining malcontents, repudiating his leadership, elected a commander of their own, and marched off, to be attacked on their unguarded advance by Lord Jocelyn's cavalry, by whom they were almost cut to pieces. His lordship, flushed with his cheap triumph, next encountered Raymond's band, to which only the best spirits now adhered. Gallantly headed by their young leader, who fleshed his maiden sword on the buttock of a flying squireen, the brave pikemen of the suburbs drove back and routed the Orange yeomanry. Seeing that all was lost so far as the metropolis could be regarded, Charles, leading the faithful remnant party out to join Villemont, who had been stationed with a strong force on the dividing line between Dublin and Wicklow, with instructions to move to the support of the county which should be most hardily pressed, sent before hand with intelligence of the failure before the capital, and knew this news would detain the reserve till he should find it. To be continued.

FATHER BURKE'S LECTURE ON THE "Catholic Church in America." (From the New Orleans Daily Times)

The following lecture was delivered by the Rev. Father Burke, in St. Patrick's Church, New Orleans. Dear Friends,—Any one who wishes to mark attentively the course of events of this world must recognize in all that he sees around him the hand of God and the hand of the devil, God influencing all things for good, and the devil coming in on all sides and trying to spoil God's work. Now, amongst the works of God, the greatest is the Christian religion and the Catholic Church; and amongst the many means the devil employs to gain his end, namely, that of spoiling the work—of God—our great lover that he makes use of is, to inspire the nations and the peoples with a kind of dread and fear of the Catholic Church. He says to the nations: "Don't listen to her; don't hear her voice at all; don't have anything to say to her. She is bad. She will corrupt you; she will bewitch you." He gives them no reason for this. He has no reason for it. Nothing must strike a man more at first sight than the strange repugnance and unreasoning fear with which so many sectarians, Protestants and others, regard the Catholic Church. I remember, some years ago, a very enlightened, highly cultivated English lady came to Rome with her daughter. The daughter became a Catholic, and I received her into the Church. Her mother came to me the same day, wild with grief, the tears streaming from her eyes—a heart-broken woman. She says: "What have you done to my child? Oh! you wicked man, what have you done to my child? You have ruined my child and broken my heart." I said, "How is that?" "Well," she said, "you have made a Catholic of my daughter." "Yes; that is true. Under God, I have been the means of making a Catholic of her. But, do you think that is sufficient reason for breaking your heart?" "Yes, it is," said she. I said to her, "You are a well educated lady; I simply ask you one question: What point is there in the teachings or in the practice of the Catholic Church that you object to?" She paused for a moment. "Well," she said, "I don't know; but I know that you have bewitched my child and broken my heart." "Can you find fault?" I said, "with any one doctrine of the Catholic Church that your child has embraced?" She said she could not. And yet the woman acknowledged to me, "If my child," she said, "had renounced God and had declared herself an atheist, I would not be so grieved as I am for her to become a Catholic;" and that without any reason under heaven, without knowing the why or the wherefore,—without being able to find the slightest cause. Well, as it happened, within twelve months I had the happiness to receive the old woman into Church, and make a good Catholic of her. My friends, amongst the nations among which I have travelled, nowhere have I found that distrust and fear of the Catholic Church more unreasoning and more powerful than in America. I generally enter freely into conversation with people—strangers with whom I am thrown. But sometimes I have found people, and I will say "good morning," and they will move off as if they heard the rattle of a rattlesnake. Sometimes I have been obliged to say, "You needn't be afraid of me; I am a priest, but I will not eat you." "Well, this is the first time in my life that I ever spoke to a Catholic priest. Do you know, I think I would rather not have anything more to say to you." But I reason with him: I ask him "What fault have you to find? Why are you afraid of me?" "Well, nothing particular; but I don't know. It is a subject I avoid; I will not have anything to say." Then, by a little pressing, I get the man into a little argument, and I find that he hasn't a single idea about the Catholic Church; that he doesn't know a thing about it; that he is frightened at a bug-bear—an imagination.