



CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

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WHICH WAS THE TRAITOR?

A STORY OF '98.

(From the Dublin Weekly Freeman)

CHAPTER XIX.—(Continued.)

Paddy enjoyed a wonderful command of the English tongue, and had all the relish of his class for the sound of long words. As years and self-consequence increased upon him he had contracted a habit of pressing his lips and inspiring with prolonged deep inhalations, this trick impressing his acquaintance with a sense of the profound character of his contemplations and conclusions. It also procured him the nick-name of Suck the Wind.

Father O'Hanlon had a sincere regard for the eccentric but simple fellow, who had served him so long and faithfully.

None of the party are merry, but all are cheerful. Sinister events are threatening, but over hearts bright with the sunshine of youth, of conscience, or of simplicity, the clouds will lift sometime.

The clerk pauses in his wicker weaving to answer Eileen's last question. Father O'Hanlon is absorbed in his book, and with a glance of admiration at Norah, who, sly coquette, is by no means ignorant of the capture she has made in the amorous functionary, he repeats—

"Why wasn't I married, is it? Why, then, Miss Eileen, that's a solution that often bothers myself. A long time ago, when I was a young man—I mane, he corrected himself hastily, "before I survived at the years of discretion that's on me now—there's no form of conjugality that I wasn't up to. But, as we say in the dead langwidge, pulveris et umbra sumus, which means that no man knows what's forrest him, I went within a shake of a wattie of Hymen's altar, but diakens a fut further could I get; and just to show you, Miss Eileen, the instigations and perplexities of the comely an' ganteel-lookin' sex you belong to, and the obvious treatment they sometimes puts upon us poor craytors of men, I'll tell the story if there's no objection."

Eileen expressed her desire to hear Paddy's experience, and, encouraged by an ogle from the rougish Norah, he went on, pausing only to form a fitting exordium. He began—

"Many and many a time, leedies, when myself and his reverence do be elaboratin' together, as we do be travellin' to a station, or a sick call, or the like, regarden the wonderful trans-morphifications that happens a man in the course of his natural life. Many and many a time have both of us ripated the ainsent parable, 'Ohe, jam satis,' which manes in English, 'Mr. O'Hea it bangs Banagher.' Them same O'Heas must be the wild stock intirely; but that's out of my story. Anyhow, if I was to be told that it would never be my doom to clap a ring on Peggy Macgawley, I'd just interrogate whoever said so with the words of the poet 'Tay litheras doseum'—you lie, my buck—I'd reply, I was so cook sure of bein her husband. Oh! then, 'tis she was the purty girl when I met her first at a patihera beyant in Ballyawlish, with her hair hangin' orimem solata, as Dan Flinn, the hump school-master, said was the way with the carroty locks of some Polish girl or other 'he was, tryin' to put his somethin' upon. I fell to coortin at wanst,

and before we left the tent that evenin' her father and meself become so thick that he forsook his faction for the sake of a friendly crack or two with me when we got cross in our liquor. Of course the few blows we exchanged only made us the better friends, an' I walked home with my arm extemporised round Peggy's waste, an' my head bound up in her own hankecher. From that day out nothin' circulated in my head but Peggy Mac. It's well I remember the excoitation I brought about when his reverence, wantin' to show the bishop how well I could expunge the catechism, axed me before his lordship what was the juty of a Christian? 'To love Peggy Mac,' sez I, completely forgettin' the rest of the neighbours. I pledge you my solemn integrity, leedies, devil sich a combustion of risibility ever ye heard as there was at the answer I gev. Well, to make a long story short, there I was, everyhour I could beg, borrow, or stale, circumvintin between Father O'Hanlon's house and Macgawley's cabin. Dear knows I was the talk of the whole parish, let alone spendin' all my wages in shoes thrampin' over and hether. But, as we say in the larned tongues *Magnus pondere saxum* (an' that's God's truth anyhow). All my labour went for nothin' in the end. The Macgawley's were as proud as any bodach over their two acres of ground; and the ould existin' parent—I mane the father—was always boastin' in *secula seculorum*—otherwise for ever and a day—about his great ancestor, the Sugawn More, who was a chieftain, or a barony constable, or somethin' of the kind, before the Flood. Still I had no reason to complain, for both father and daughter thrated me with the greatest repletion and circumstantiality; and assure as there's crosses in a cheek apron, she'd be Mrs. Flaherty this day but for the intersection of a tailor from the Liberties of Dublin. This wonderin' vagabone set up in the parish, and whatever enchantment he used, Dickens, be from me but he co-operated every bit of custom in the place. If you saw him, the ugly animal—an' indeed it's long before I'd run down a man because he happened to put a talk on me. But the fellow was a show for trickin' himself out. He never went without a pair o' yalla small clothes, savin' your presence, and was consequently known far and wide be the name of 'Yalla Legs.' He wore a hat with a rim—it bate all. As the poet says, *Rim facias, rim*—which I needn't translate. Well, wan fine evening, this way, I stepped across to Macgawley's, and what do you think I saw? Upon my integrity, leedies, there was Yalla Legs, as high coloured as ever, about the shins, and he sittin' inside, cheek-bejowl with Peggy, both of 'em as exuberant an' frolicsome as you please, an' the ould father residin' hard by the hob, with his duddeen in his mouth, lookin' with the most pervadin' admiration at the pair. What do you say to the imposter in the shape of a woman that promised only the day adjacent to marry me with an inch of candle, supposin' no better illumination could be had? Be my song—or to spake more becominly upon my canticle—I was furious. I connived straight over to them, she sittin' beside the new-comer as bould as brass.

"Is this the way, Peggy Mac," sez I, "you promote the simintims of my soul—is it?" "Go 'long with your goshier," sez the brazen-face. 'Take your long words an' yorself to some other market,' sez she; 'you never intinded to marry me!' "I love you to judge if I wasn't conjugated on the mortal spot." "Be me oath," sez I, 'I did. What does the Latin pote say?—*Litera scripta manet*; an' I did mane it, Peggy—you falsity in petticoats, you!' sez I.

"Maybe the dead langwidge didn't floor the other fellow. It didn't lave him a word in his cheek. All he could do was to give a sort of impatient laugh. Begor, I was at him like shot.

"Yalla-Legs—you rudimentary deluderer," sez I, putting the knowledge into him. 'You philanderin' offsprin' an' baseminded collocator of needles and thread—who do you propagate your lantern-jaws?" "Faix, it was some time before he was able to reverberate at me with the appellation of 'shoeboy'. One word borrowed another, until he riz to his feet, an' we fell to interlardin' each other with the bastinadoes so recondit that, between ourselves, I had sore ribs for a month after, but I left a mark-on his nose that'll remain extant to his dyin' day. After we expatiated in this way for some time, an' when I was gettin' the better of him, the ould fellow supervaned to sunder us.

"Boys, that's plinty," sez he, 'The curl o' Paddy Flaherty's kittogue,' sez he, is undeniable, but begorra, Yalla Legs has a way of puttin' in his fist under the guard that plases me mightily. I can't choose between ye, so I'll tell ye what: come, the both o' ye, after last Mass next Sunday to Father Fennessy, the curate; I and Peggy will meet ye, and who-

ever makes her the present she likes best may take her. Is it a bargain?"

We shook hands upon it there and then. "An' don't forget to bring your br—your small clothes, Yalla-Legs," sez I; "You'll be n'thin without them."

"You may find them too many for you," sez Yalla-Legs.

"Twas true for him. Next Sunday, bright and airly, I was up tittiratin' meself an' rangin' the presents I lost all the week and nearly every pinny I had saved buyin'. There was a brooch an' ear-rings like rare gold; a beautiful piece of stuff, the maskin' of a dress; a bunch o' ribbon for Pegg's hair; a bran-new prayer-book, all gildin' and pictures; an' a nate leather purse, with a thirty shillin' note inside it for handsele.

"Come," sez I to myself, 'let Yalla-Legs bate that, if he can,' and bundlin' up my repository, off I started for Father Fennessy's. Glory to me, if the pack of 'em weren't there before me—the tailor, with a grin on his face and a bundle under his arm.

"Errah, where's the articles, Yalla-Legs?" sez I, seein' his spider shanks eased in decent black.

"Nabooklish!" sez he with the same grin. Father Fennessy came out to us. When Macgawley indoctrinated him into the concurrence of affairs, he was for turnin' us from the door at first, but when the ould fellow began to negotiate about bad work bein' likely to come out of a refusal, he consented to marry the pair that would be chosen there and then; and biddin' us be quick, with what he called our absurdities.

"Come, sez Macgawley to me, 'if you're for business, prejuice your gathering."

I conceded, at once, drawing forth the presents one by one to make them look the more, and takin' care to show what was in the purse. Peggy and her father looked as if they didn't expect the tailor could perturbate such a demonstration as that.

"Prejuice, Yalla-Legs!" sez Macgawley, with contempt, the priest lookin' and laughin'.

"Yalla-Legs unfolded his bundle, and handed over his present. Macgawley took it, not knowin' whether to drop it an' hit him or not. Upon my contiguity, leedies, it was his—ahem—his Yalla unmentionables. I was just goin' to disintegrate into a cacination of triumph an' mendacity when the fellow reaches over his penknife.

"Open the waistband," he sez.

"Macgawley ripped up the raiment, and out drops a guinea, then another, and so on till the enormous numeration of nineteen was reached. The ould fellow counted them, then converged on me, and said:

"Paddy Flaherty, the man who wears a small clothes like this must be my son-in-law."

"Before he was done I was off. The tailor and Peggy wor married then and there. Signs on, they lived like cat and dog afterwards, till Yalla-Legs took to drink and demolished his wife's eye with the edge of his goose. Therefore," concluded Suck-the-Wind, drawing a moral from his story which he directed with a languishing look at Norah, "never marry for money, ladies, but always preponderate towards the heart that iterates you."

The clerk's narrative so diverted his hearers that none of them noticed the stopping of a farmer's cart at the cottage. It was only when its occupants descended and approached that they were recognized. Father O'Hanlon rose and welcomed Charles Raymond and his female companion whom the good priest regarded with benevolent surprise.

CHAPTER XX.—NOT YET.

Though our fugitives were so favoured on their flight that pursuit was diverted almost at the moment they were rendered less capable of baffling it then when they had set out from Castle Harden, yet the vicissitudes of a night to be memorable in their lives thenceforth were by no means overcome. Marion, an excellent horsewoman, as we have already said, was, of course, unused to riding without a saddle, and in the next place she was physically unable to bear the fatigue of her present mode of travelling, so greatly had the experience of late days affected her health as well as her spirits.

The trio were, therefore, obliged to travel at a pace which consorted ill with the anxiety and impatience to reach some haven which possessed each of them. And since it was impossible to move with the celerity they had hoped, Charles, feeling that any lesser speed would leave them at the mercy of their pursuers, resolved to travel at such a pace as might distress Marion as little as possible.

For some time after they had been so summarily dispossessed of their carriage, the three moved on in a condition little better than one of absolute despair. They did not embarrass each other still further by communicating their fears, but each felt that if Harden but his the scent, their present pace would never save them from capture.

The hope that no pursuit had been attempted did not enter the mind of either Raymond or Marion. Fennessy ventured an assuring hypothesis of the kind, but his hearers knew too well the determined, and when he fancied an injury done him, the vindictive, temperament of the Squire to encourage the speculation with which their attendant comforted himself.

Marion, though in the debility of nerve which affected her, she started at all the noises of the night, the whirr of some bird frightened from his roost, or the croaking of the frogs at conclave in the reedy marsh, struggled bravely to show no sign of weakness to her lover. He saw her endurance, and pressing the two small hands prayed a fervent prayer that God would protect the devoted girl who had so readily braved great peril for his sake.

Marion's nature was marked by all the sensitive modesty which is the brightest ornament of her sex. She loved her father dearly too, and it is not to be supposed that she regarded flight simply as an elopement with the man of her choice from a home which had been made intolerable to her, and from the impertinencies of a love which she regarded with loathing. On the contrary, she felt the gravity of the step she had taken, but full of confidence in Raymond, she addressed herself at the same time with him, imploring a blessing on the parent whom she pitied, beseeching forgiveness for her filial disobedience, and guidance and succour for herself and the man to whose honor and affection she had now entrusted everything.

They rode on slowly, Ned Fennessy some distance in the rear, with ears on the strain for any sound behind. Often his heart bounded as the preternatural tension of his faculties exaggerated the sough of the night breeze through the leaves, or the splash of some waterfowl, into the rush of burying horses or the sally of a hidden opponent.

But as time passed, and no graver omens than these befel, the dread of pursuit abated. Unfortunately, however, so much of the night had flown by, that no hope remained of being able to reach, even with swifter means of motion than those they had been reduced to, the end of their journey before the morning should have far advanced.

Relieved, however, from the pressure of imminent peril, they travelled more cheerfully, and could even enjoy the levities with which Ned Fennessy strove to enliven the route.

But now the dusk hour before the dawn was beginning to lighten greyly, and Charles was cudgelling his brains on the formidable question whether three such wayfarers would be allowed to pass without scrutiny, should they fall in with the yeomanry or troops.

Charles considered the plight they were in, the singularity of their appearance, and, worse than all, the fact that the horses they rode carried military trappings. He was forced to own that the prospect was indeed discouraging.

His cogitations were brought to an abrupt termination. At the mouth of a gorge through which the road wound, a number of men sprung suddenly out of the shadow. Whispering to Marion to hold fast and fear not, he put spurs to his horse, and dashed past, Fennessy calmly maintaining his place behind.

Three or four shots were fired after them, one bullet whizzing past Raymond's head. His stout heart winced at the thought of the woman sitting behind him, but he kept on. All at once his horse stumbled, staggered on, fell on its knees, and Raymond had only time to throw himself off and snatch Marion to his arms, when the wounded animal, with a deep groan, rolled over dead.

The new assailants, seeing the success of their last volley, came in at a run. Ned Fennessy dashed in upon them, but his desperate charge was worse than useless. In a twinkling he was knocked off his horse, and held a prisoner in half a dozen strong arms.

Charles, standing in the middle of the road, with Marion clinging to him, saw the strangers rush forward, and he groaned in spirit. Kissing the forehead of his mistress, he said to himself—

"God's will be done!" and then himself drew up to face his captors. They advanced, covering him with their guns, which glittered cold and deadly in the waning moonlight.

"Remove your weapons," cried Charles, advancing so as to shield Marion from the fatal muzzles. "I yield myself your prisoner, but as ye are men offer no indignity to this lady."

"Charles Raymond?" interrogated the foremost of the ambuscade, in a voice of surprise, he stepped nearer.

"That is my name, sir. I ask you not to mistake my name surrender—"

The man burst into a roar of laughter. "Why, Mr. Raymond, don't you know me," and he seized our hero's hand.

Charles had by this recognized him. It was our old acquaintance Thomas Duigenan, whom the reader may remember as one of the insurgent leaders at the interrupted conference at

Raymond's Park. He was now leading the handful of men whom he was able to keep together after a series of reverses to the common centre of all routed rebels who still retained spirit for another blow—Villemont's camp; and in their guerilla progress had performed the exploit which had brought two friends face to face again.

There was no time to be lost in congratulations. Ultimately a farm-house was roused up, a common cart—the only vehicle procurable—hired for three times the value of the equipage and the animal which drew it, and Raymond, divested of the last coin he had brought with him from his home—making a part exchange of clothing with the humble agriculturist—sprung into the cart, in which Marion, wrapped in a large-hooded peasant's cloak, was already seated. The cart being laden with potatoes as for market; they set out, having taken leave of Duigenan and his men, whom Noddy Fennessy undertook to guide to Arda. It was agreed that the honest fellow's presence would be likely to lessen the chances of final escape.

Raymond and Marion, jogging along leisurely on their cargo of potatoes covered with straw, reached Father O'Hanlon's without further adventure.

The good priest did not expect the visit of a lady, for Raymond, by no means certain that the position of Marion Harden would excuse her in his eyes, only confided his intent to Eileen.

Eileen, prepared for her reception, gave Marion an affectionate greeting which was warmly returned by the weary stranger, to whom, moreover, the friendship and sympathy of one of her own sex was now a boon beyond price.

The two young ladies became friends at first sight.

To be Continued.

ONTARIO LEGISLATURE.

THE ORANGE BILL.

Mr. C. F. Fraser's Speech.

The following speech was delivered by Mr. C. F. Fraser, in the Ontario Legislature, in opposition to the incorporation of the Orange Secret Society.—

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 19.

Mr. Fraser said he intended at this stage to give the measure his firmest and most determined opposition. He had no desire to create ill-feeling, nor yet to be in any sense a party to what might perhaps be unwise agitation. It has been said by some of the hon. gentlemen opposite that he had made an inflammatory speech on the occasion of his opposing the recommitting of this measure back to committee, but hon. gentlemen should not forget that he was discussing this measure from his stand-point and not from that of those who were promoting this Bill. Those who either belonged to this Association or who, not being members, supported this Bill from pure indifference or perhaps from expediency, could not understand his feelings upon such a subject, and he submitted that members of this organization as a rule were just as capable of pronouncing correct judgments upon what might be tolerated and what not tolerated or what might be inflammatory and that which was not inflammatory, as the man who, drunk himself, imagined he was perfectly sober and all about him intoxicated. If it had been desired by his friends or himself, they might have raised an agitation in the country and flooded the House with petitions and protests against this measure, but he had all along counselled the advisability of confining the subject and its discussions within the walls of Parliament, hoping that without agitation this House would wisely decide to negative the passage of the Bill. He had hoped also to have had the assistance of the hon. member for South Brant, who when the Bill had been introduced for its first reading had so plainly stated that if the Association was in any sense political, a Bill for its incorporation could not be entertained even for a moment, but that hon. gentleman had thought fit to shift his ground since then, and now, though he could not help admitting that in a certain sense the Orange Society is a political society, the hon. member from South Brant had intimated his intention to support the measure under discussion. (Mr. Fraser) would still endeavour to persuade that hon. member that the Association was, in the very strictest sense, political, and the proofs upon the point would be overwhelming, and therefore there might still be hope that the hon. gentleman from South Brant would lend his voice towards arresting legislation that he had so sturdily pronounced could not be entertained even for a moment. Others of the hon. gentlemen on the opposite side of the house had over and over, in great apparent sincerity regretted the introduction of this measure, but their regrets were only apparent and did not appear to be very sincere. Notably amongst these hon. gentlemen, were the member for East Toronto, the member for Lincoln, and the member for South Grey. The former had attempted as some excuse for his present position, to make a comparison between the Bill for the incorporation of the Christian Brothers, a body of what might very properly be called poor school teachers, and the measure for the incorporation of the Orange Association. He would not waste a moment by refuting this position and showing its absurdity. In factious words from him on that score had been rendered unnecessary, by the remarks of other hon. gentlemen who, though supporting the incorporation of the Orange Association, had not only frankly admitted that the Christian Brothers' Bill was in no matter a justification for the measure under discussion, but had gone further and shown conclusively that the position of the hon. member from East Toronto and others, who appeared to excuse their vote in the same way, was wholly untenable. He hoped that his hon. gentle-