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WHICH WAS THE TRAITOR? A STORY OF '98.

(From the Dublin Weekly Freeman)

CHAPTER XVIII.—THE PROVIDENCE OF PANIC.

It was too late to retire. Satisfying himself with a glance that the soldiery belonged to a regiment of Welsh militia, our hero accosted the man whom he took to be the host, and, assuming a manner at once haughty and hurried, demanded some wine and a glass to be served him instantly. In the brief interval of waiting he heard what satisfied him that the party were marching to join a force which was being collected for an attack on the position held by Villemont. He made a mental note of the intelligence. His order was obeyed in the manner it required, and Charles, anxious but calm, and aware that every eye was upon him, left the house with as assumed air as he could put on. To his chagrin and alarm, he found three or four of the military standing by the carriage. Among them was the officer in command, a young, good-looking spark, with an expression of perfect self-complacency, and a swaggering, imperious manner. He affected to be examining the equipage, but, while he expressed his admiration of the splendid horses, he kept his eye on Marion. This piece of double entendre being perceived by his slaves to command, the sergeant and corporal, who stood at a distance sufficient for respect, but not too far to prevent them enjoying the sallies of their superior, or support any pleasantry he might attempt, both these subordinates nudged each other, and chuckled inwardly, as though to say, "O, but his honor is a rare lad." Marion reclined in the carriage, affecting a composure she did not feel. For her lover's sake she struggled against the timidity of her sex. Ned, with looks behind as anxious as those he directed in front, kept his place in rear of the vehicle. The youthful warrior, nettled at Marion's utter indifference to his presence, smitten also by her beauty, which lost nothing in the moonlight, and heated, moreover, by the stage-house liquor, grew bolder in his address, and Charles arrived at his shoulder as he made a direct compliment. "Fine animals, rot me! And a deuced fine woman, by Mars, the god of war!" Charles was stung by the cool insolence of these words, and the impudent leer the youthful sprig bent upon Marion. "I think, sir," said he sternly, as he filled a glass of wine and presented it to Marion, "you might find some more becoming occupation at your leisure than this most ungentlemanly intrusion." The officer surveyed him, with the boldness of a man having a whole company at his back. "Zounds!" he cried, "why, who the dash are you? And might I ask what is your business abroad at this hour?" "Who I am you shall perhaps discover in no pleasant way if you offer any annoyance to this lady. For my business, that is my own affair." Charles got into the carriage and took the reins. He hoped this method of taking things

with a high hand would bring him out of the difficulty. But the Welshman seized the reins. Charles looked round, and saw that several soldiers had by this time gathered round, many firelock in hand. He knew that no soldiers marched at that time with an unloaded musket, otherwise he would have risked with confidence a sudden dash through them. "I must know who you are," cried the now excited subaltern. "I'll teach you that military rule is the law just now, for all your attempting to play the grand signor with me. Come, sir, who are you, and where are you going?" Charles found refuge in a downright lie, for which let those who wish condemn him. "If you must know," said he, "I shall tell you. My name is Harden." "Squire Harden, I have heard of him," replied the officer, in a more respectful tone. "No, not the Squire—his nephew. My uncle's place was attacked scarce an hour since by an immense force of rebels. The house was sacked and burned—you may see the flames from yonder hill. I know not how my uncle has fared; but I have escaped with my cousin. I fear the rebels are in pursuit, and now, that you know all, I pray you let me proceed. My cousin, Miss Harden, is suffering severely from the fright." Marion blushed at this subterfuge. It produced a result not foreseen. The recital seemed to strike the budding warrior with the most abject fear, and most of his command fell into little better plight. Certain recent collisions had taught the Royalists to respect the prowess of the insurgents. The fame of their achievements with the pike had terrified the militia, while the excesses they now and then fell into and the cruelties with which they were falsely credited made them still more dreaded by these raw auxiliaries. The headless warrior let go the reins, "Why did you not tell this before?" he cried. "Did you want the King's troops to be surprised and massacred?" And the speaker was evidently scared by the news, some of his men displaying signs of similar emotion. "For the simple reason that I did not wish my way to be obstructed, as might be the case had I put you in motion before I was prepared to continue, and to put you between ourselves and danger. I tell you now," continued Charles, growing more confident as he observed the effect of his tidings, "and I warn you moreover that you may find yourselves hard pushed. The rebels are many and fierce." "Good lord!" said the stripling, his bearing woefully changed. "Can you tell me if they are far off; my command is weak, and—" "The saints protect us!" cried Ned now seizing the critical moment, and by making his horses prance increasing the panic—"I think I hear them coming." And, urging on his horses, he made as though to break into flight. "Come out of that carriage," shrieked the onsign; "I will not hear a word. I cannot ride or I would take a horse—and I won't stay to be murdered. Men," he cried, addressing his command, now all assembled, "fall in at once. Several thousand rebels are trying to surround us. We must retreat. You, Sergeant Pickering, march off the men, and Corporal Ap Jones, you remain with a guard to protect your officer. Come, madame, no excuses. I must save my life." While he was speaking Marion had whispered to her lover. Both felt that there was no time to be lost in parley, and bitterly regretting the success of his device, Charles assisted Marion to alight, and, mounting the spare horse, helped her to a seat, pillow-fashion, behind him. Without another word they rode away, but, in Marion's uncomfortable position, were compelled to go slowly. Half a mile brought them to a cross road, and as they trotted off in one direction they heard the rattle of wheels on the other highway, and could not help laughing outright at the picture this noise suggested. The valorous subaltern had, in fact, abandoned his command, and with a soldier who knew how to drive, and two others for protection, had fled headlong, he knew not whither and cared little, so he got clear from the neighborhood of those terrible pikemen. The inmates of the stage-house, sharing the general fright, no sooner saw the soldiers depart than they barred every entrance and put out every light. They then sat in the darkness, afraid even to whisper and striving to catch above the beating of their own hearts the sounds of the coming enemy. They were not long in suspense. Scarce ten minutes had elapsed before they heard the thunder of approaching hoofs, then the loud, sharp command, and the drawing-up before the house. In a moment footsteps were heard approaching, and beating with the butt of his riding whip upon the door almost violently enough to break it in, Squire Harden hailed

its occupants, bidding them, with many oaths, to rise and come forth. Making an act of contrition as the only means of shrift within his reach, the seared householder quitted the circle of his trembling family, and answered to the Squire's outcries, giving him at the same time admission. Harden's fury soon procured lights. Without a word he examined the poor cabin, and satisfied himself that nothing was concealed. The children of the house remembered long after the angry face of the Squire bent upon them after he had completed his survey. Regaining the threshold he turned: "Look here, fellow," he cried, "I have a question to ask you. If I find any crookedness in your answers it will be the last roguesy of your life. Now, listen. Did you see a carriage and four pass this way to night?" "I did your honour. I was standing—" "When?" "About a quarter of an hour ago." "Who were in it?" "A lady and gentleman, your honour. But when—" "Take care. Answer me and no more. Was there anybody following the vehicle?" "Yes, a man on horseback with a led horse by the bridle." "You have saved your skin, so far. They passed here?" "The people in the carriage, is it, your honour?" "Damn you, you scoundrel, of whom else am I talking?" "They passed here sir, but not in—" "Again I tell you, take care. Do you know what direction they took?" The man pointed the way they had taken. "I know that they could have gone no other route unless they had turned back. But half a mile further on there are two roads. A hundred pounds if you can tell me which of these that carriage took." "As I hope to be saved," exclaimed the man, "I know nothing about it—from Adam I don't. But, your honour, 'tis right to tell you—" "A speech, if it cost you your life," cried the Squire, as he turned away, and mistaking the man's desire to add something for a propensity for roundabout very characteristic of certain orders of our country people. He tossed the man a handful of guineas and rejoined his companions in no wiser or better mood than when he left them. The pursuit was resumed, and another sharp rally brought the horsemen to the cross. On these broad roads it would be impossible, especially at that hour, to distinguish with certainty a recent tire-mark. A hasty consultation was held. While it was in progress Richard Raymond saw a dark object lying on the road some distance up the bifurcation. He picked it up, and the Squire at once recognised it as one of the splash-boards of his carriage, which had been shaken or otherwise loosened off by the vehement strain upon the vehicle. At this unmistakable indication he actually shouted for joy. The nearly blown horses were once more put into rapid motion, and sped on, no rider taking notice of a body of militia who at the sound of their approach had thrown themselves into the shelter of the ditch. A cheer from the dragoons. They cannot help it—the matter is a chase; all might they were chafing like hounds at fault, and now at length the quarry is in sight. They can hear even the crack or the whip as the driver desperately urges his horses up a steep hill. But the gallant animals have become almost unmanageable in hands, of late at least, more used to the gun-strap than the reins, and ere the summit of the height is gained or the solitary occupant of the carriage can throw himself out and trust to his legs the pursuers have swooped upon the conveyance and surrounded it on all sides. The driver lies on the road, knocked over with a blow from a carbine. The horses, seized by the heads, stand still, snorting and panting. The Squire dashes forward and discovers he has run down, not Raymond and his daughter, but a pale and terrified onsign of militia. Things are explained after some time; and Major Craddock, collecting the scattered Cambrins, assumes the command, placing the weak-headed officer who had demoralised them under arrest. The Major returned with his new command to the quarters they had quitted in such extraordinary fashion. On the way he tried to impress upon the abstracted and disappointed Squire, the necessity which made it imperative upon him to undertake an unexpected duty, offering him and his lieutenant, at the same time, the protection to Castle Harden of the escort with which they had left it. One word used by Craddock struck the Squire with an idea which flashed through his mind like lightning in the darkness. It was the name of the region in which Villemont's

camp lay, and where was also the residence of Father O'Hanon. "I have it," he cried, "Why, what a fool was I never to have thought of this before! I wager I might have ridden straight to this priest O'Hanon's house and caught the pair there, if I only knew the way to it." By no means to the delight of Craddock, Squire Harden insisted in accompanying his party, which he said would be at the same time a guide, a protection, and an assistance to him. Richard Raymond had no choice but to go with his patron. The old Squire sat all night booted and spurred in a chair, in the stage house, and at dawn he was in his saddle—never having closed an eye through the night. CHAPTER XIX.—SUCK THE WIND'S STORY.—The insurgents still occupied the Hill of Arda, and have, since last we visited it, strengthened their position by the addition of two field pieces, trophies of the valour and skill of the Irish pikemen. Villemont has received decisive information of an imminent attack, and has ascertained the neighborhood of a strong force, who, in all probability, only wait reinforcements to march upon the camp. The French man is in doubt whether to await the struggle on his present ground, or to endeavor a retreat to Wexford. Battles are being lost, and are on every side; the wave of fight has ebbed and flowed round the Hill of Arda, but no evening's fire has opened upon it yet; and the rebel leader, convinced that reaction would be no longer prudent, awaits with impatience the arrival of Charles Raymond. Rumors of the coming conflict had spread through the district, exciting all the disquiet and apprehension which the anticipation of ravage and bloodshed produces in non-combative minds. The humble home of Father O'Hanon offers a picture in striking contrast to the aspect of the eminence which it fronts. On the wooden bench at one side of the trellised porch, now gay with the bright sproutings of the vine-like clematis, is seated his Reverence, brevity on knee, but ere he addresses himself to his office, listening with kindly countenance to a narrative which is in act of recital. It was early dawn this morning when Father O'Hanon, in his priestly robes, on the crown of Arda-hill, and in the midst of the kneeling hundreds who garnished it, before an altar, rudely built of huge stones, read the Mass of the day, invoking peace and happiness for the distracted and miserable land. He would have performed the same function though he knew the certain penalty was death, for royalist or rebel. The minister of religion, he held, could make no distinction in the allotment of spiritual graces. There was no more popular man in the whole island. His own flock adored him, men of opposite creeds respected and liked him. The bluest Orangeman in the four parishes near by would not dream of insult to a man whose genuine goodness and simplicity of heart all "men might behold. He was the model of one devoted to the service of Heaven, yet obliged to live in the world. He was reserved without being gloomy, and his self-contained manner had no sullen asceticism in it. He was listening to the conversation of a group at a little distance. They were his niece Ellen, her elegant form unconsciously stammering as she leaned against the porch, plying her busy knitting-needles. Norah Donnelly, knife in hand, was peeling off oysters which she handed to a man who, squated at his ease on a straw "wad," wrought them into a basket of homely but neat construction. The operator was a character. He was a dapper active little fellow with pudgy cheeks and twinkling grey eyes. At first sight you took him for a stout lad; at nearer acquaintance you concluded him to be somewhat about fifty. If you added five years to your guess nothing could be more accurate. There was a laughable mockery of importance and dignity in every movement he made, and when he spoke the matter and manner of his delivery were so inflated, so pompous, and withal so extravagant and singular that no gravity could resist the effect. Paddy Flaherty had begun life as "priest's boy," a station from which he had advanced during his forty years' service to the more responsible office of parish clerk and sexton. Like many others who lost their heads through prosperity, Paddy Flaherty gradually altered under the influences of a situation so altered and honourable. He cut his old acquaintances and aspired to an acquaintance on terms of equality with small farmers and the village shopkeepers. He aped his reverend master as much as possible in his voice and motions; but the imitation was changed to caricature by the circumstance that Paddy, reckoning among the emoluments of his post the priest's cast-off habiliments, never considered that coats and trousers which might become the figure of a very large

man might look the reverse of well on the person of a very small one. Paddy, therefore, swaggered about in a swallow tail, a foot of which he trailed on the ground as he strutted like a peacock, trailing his train. But it was in his discourse that this original individual outshined all his other vagaries, feeling that one so intimately connected as he was with the church and the clergy, owed it to different interests to exhibit a fitting extent of learning. He had a secret visit to the hedge schoolmaster, who, for the lute of a glass of whiskey to every phrase, taught him by note a number of examples out of the Latin syntax. These Paddy employed with so much tact as actually to demolish his preceptor, in a controversy which befel between them at a wedding, the pedagogue being as confounded by the impudence of the proceeding as to be incapable of a retort, the fact being, moreover, that his opponent had no idea of the meaning of his quotations, but invented a translation for each as he used it. (To be Continued.) LECTURE OF REV. FATHER STENSON, OF PEMBROKE, ONT., ON ST. PATRICK'S DAY. "IRELAND'S STORY AS TOLD IN THE LIFE OF ST. PATRICK." (Specially Reported for THE TIME WITNESS.) LADIES AND GENTLEMEN.—I think I could offer no more fitting apology for my appearance on this evening, than that deduced from the simple fact that I am an Irishman, with Celtic blood within my veins, and Irish principles inscribed upon my heart. When I was asked to speak by certain of your respected townsmen, I naturally feared the task, but, when I thought of St. Patrick, and the dear old Shamrock, I felt myself willing, knowing full well that your courtesy would supply for me anything of wanting ability. I beg then ladies and gentlemen, to introduce my lecture:—viz.—Ireland's story as told in the life of St. Patrick. There is one truth, now so well established that even the most sceptical can not think of calling it into question, it is, that the history of a country is one of the sources, whence that country derives her vitality and her strength. Take for example any country you wish. Look to her former years to ages gone forever, these, and the men that lived during their existence, have gone into the vast ocean of eternity; all the brilliant epochs, all the great successes, all the mighty efforts to gain strength; and all the exertions of that country's warriors, whether by pen or sword, have passed along; yet, the very narration of such stately times, of such happy fortune, of such great endeavors, of such working minds and hands, remain; fare you in the face; and hence the man of that country, as he reads, cannot fail to feel his blood grow warmer, nor can he fail to put into action the great truth once spoken by the poet:—"The lives of great men all remind us, We can make our lives sublime, And departing leave behind us, Foot-prints on the sands of time." Yes, this fact is incontrovertible: there may have been nations, through whose veins, was flowing no longer the quick strong blood of old; there have been nations so perfectly paralyzed as to resemble children of a day; there are nations, sitting quietly and with drooped heads mourning over the bright, great days of old, but every country, every power, if at present known and at present strong, has caused the knowledge of herself to exist, and her strength to be felt, simply because her women heard of the great ones of old, and because her men have striven to follow their example. But, my friends, if this be true, and true it is, if this be a general truth regarding nations, I fear not to assert, and proud I am to be able to say it, that in a positive manner, in a most marked and striking way does this truth hold good for Ireland. Not another nation under the sun; not another people under heaven can look with greater consolation at their past history than can Ireland and the Irish. Yes! the pious maiden may look up into the clear blue sky and as her pure breast is heaving with gentle thought, she may think of the days long since gone by, when her sisters of the fourth century, let fall, at Patrick's word, the golden sickle of the priestess, and the sheaves of straw into the rippling waters at their feet and kneeling down did promise never again to worship false gods, but evermore to know "the Great One of Sion" and to live a life of purity. And so it is that Ireland's former history tells her, (even had she no other friend to warn her) that she, an Irish maiden, is symbolic of purity! The young man, too, as he stands upon his native hills, looking at the dwelling sun (unwilling, as it were, to withdraw from warming up so green and fair a soil), that young man, with the leading facts of ancient mother history in his mind, feels his blood to warm up, his heart to beat more quickly, and his eye to glisten more brightly as he thinks of Ireland's former glory, of her virtue and her fame! So it is my friends, so it is, and hence, the Irishman of to-day is as quick in resenting an insult, and as willing to help a wanting one as were his forefathers in the brave days of old; hence it is that the Irish maiden to-day, as in times gone by, with the flush of health upon her cheek, and the peerless gem of purity in her eye, wanders by the banks of the Smir, the Shannon or Blackwater, fortified by the same assurance of safety as that which the lady of the "rich and rare gems" had, when she answered the Knight solicitous in her regard, when she answered him in these beautiful and noble words:—"Sir Knight, I feel not the least alarm, No son of Erin will offer me harm For though they love woman and golden store, Sir Knight, they love honor and virtue more." (Prolonged applause.) Thus it is, my friends, indeed so it is, that Ireland has stamped upon her own brow, a beautiful truth: it is, that the virtue of centuries gone, by is yet her own; that the noble manly feelings of a holy and a chosen race of God, are in all truth hers! We come now, my friends, to consider the story of Ireland as told in her Patron's life. I find in the