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WHICH WAS THE TRAITOR
story of ${ }^{\prime} 98$.
(From the Dublin Weekly Freman)

## chapter xxxvi.-silade and sun.

 We will not dwell upon the scene which en-sued when the parties to this unespected reacontre had fully reailied the poisition. Craddocot's presence is is asilis esplained. It



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## spaited him. Hisastonishment at firiding himself in the pre- sence of friends

 syperated from the interchange of friendship with hiperated rom the interchange or friendship than that felt by Raymond andand by Marion. EEileen O'Hand and by Marion. Eileon O'Hanlon, startled by the tones of a well-remembered voice, ro
stood regarding the uulooked-for visitor The principals, gazing upen eaoh other, main-
tinined for a few moments the passive attitud tained for a few moments the passive attitude
of a heatrical tableau. Then Craddock advanced into the room, alone, his soldiers, grounding arms of their own accord in the cerridor and
lookiag on with the stolid indifference of their lookigy on with the atolid indifference of their
profession.
Raymond, with his young wife still clasped Raymond, with his young wife still clasped
roond the waist, stepped forward to meet 'the officer, and, dropping the pistol with which he
had threatened Bradey, held out his hand. Craddook accepted the profered salutation, and
the royalist and the rebel exchanged amicable the royalist
salutations.
"thave no heart to be sorry or alarmed at my
capture, major,". cried Raymond. "It is only nom I have found my Marion once more, and to tnow that she is out of danger lifts me above
all chance of fate all chance of fate whioh may befall me now."
"I must deeply regret that I should be instrumental in marring the happiness of your
Jeunion, "returned Craddock. "But I would
say to b the say to both of you-be hopefnl. I cannot be. liere but all the unfortunate succession of
erents which has surrounded you must have bright and happy ending." full of passionate earnesteess, was that betreon Craddook and.
Eileen O'Hanlon. And then ensued explanations relative to the
presence of Bradley, who; with his orossed sands tied in front of him, Ned Fennell still that had passed.
The officer was horrified at the brief narra-
tive of his a search to be made. The bloody work of murder, yet wet on the spot where itt had been
committed, afforded only too ready a olue and on lifting ap i trapdoor through which liquor
barcols were barrols were hoisted from the cellar to the
kthop the body of Riokard Raymond, with the
head formen Whore the assassin had flung it through the aperture overhead. The corpse was removed, the body of Moogen, whioh lay within a eoun-
tor of his own sho tor of his own shop, where it had been placod
That morning by order of Sirr, the lifeless
forms of the two accomplices in evil were laid his visitor welcome and offered a friendly
forms of the
side by side. We should remark here that Roonan's death sonsideration in the neighborhood. People heard of his summary execution by the sol-
diers, they saw the corpse brought by the mi
litary to the house but near enough to perform the last offices of social
duty to the dead. They dreaded to come be tween the tiger and his prey, between the fero-
cious Sirr and his victim. Bradley was given into
Bradley was given into the castody of the
military guard and at once hurried away Newgate; Craddock, to the unmiogled amuse ment of his following, remaining alone with his two prisoners.
It was a sad
It was a sad scene, the parting between these
two ill-starred lovers after so brief a poriod of two ill-starred lovers after so brief a pariod of
reuvion. But Marion, after the first wild
trang transport of her grief, behaved with that forti extreme peril, made her so true a heroine. Slte accompanied her husband to Newgate the streets without a guard, attracted no pub and his wife sat Craddeck and with Raymond lon, while Ned Fennell, perched on the box with the driver, might have made his escape,
had he chosen to do so without opposition But without even a formal parole, and with indeed only a ferr words speaking, this most
ingular capture had been arrayed. Tho ve hicle drew up at Newgate-that grim prison still stand in Green-street, the very ruins, with their rusted gratings, their condemned cells
still marked on the walls, and with the catch still marked on the walls, and with the catch
of the death drop still projecting over the
olind portal, filling the mind of the spectater with dark reteospections of misery and orime. The Irish Bastile was at that moment
crowded beyond even its restricted accommodation with tenants charged with every species of offence. But by the exertions and influence of Cradaock a comfortable place of duressefor Raymond, who, for a large consideration
paid the hend jailer, was, greatly to their mu ual satiofection, allowed to retain
Charles, having bed Fennell.
Charles, having been quietly lodged in his ew abode, took a long, lingering leave of his on, allowed herself to be at length conducted
from the cell of her husband by Major Crad dock, and led to the hackney coach which re mained in waiting. The party drove straight
to Castle Harden, Craddock on the way sug. gesting a little arrangement, which Marion, with a trembling but hopeful heart.
They were reoeived by Norah Donnelly hose excitement and delight at beholding he beloved young mistress safe and sound were
imply unbounded. The poor girl had for the abouts been consumed with anziety count, the sentimeat being aggraty on hed by her
inability to see the Squire with the purpose inability to see the Squire with the purpose of
giving him the information he needed to set bosout the succour of his child. Norah had irascible old gentleman, still suffering from the indisposition which affected him so long, not
only refused her request, but gave peremptory orders that she should be turned out of his
ouren house. Norah's fellow-servants, however, whil they pretended that the mandate was rigorously
obeyed, only made the pretty lady's maid the more welcome, and shared her gypathies in regard of the mistress she had teriporarily lost. Norah, after mueh puzzling, had determined on the bold stroke of seeking out Major Crad
lock either at the Castle or the Royal Barlock either at the Castle or the Royal Bar
racks, and beseeching him to rescue. Miss be a task congenial to the nature of the major $t$ would be undertaken with additional zea
from the knowledge that Eileen O'Hanlo rom the knowledge that Eileen O'Hanlon Norah was, in fact, debating within herself
whether she should not proced that ervening whether she should not proceed that evening
to search out the English officer, or, if she had not better defer aotion till morning, when, re plying to a knock at the hall door, she behel
the throe people then most in her mind, fo Ned Fennell himself had beeome for the time a
shadowy figure to the grateful and generous creature.
cessive.
The Squuire received Craddock with an ex pectancy and erootion which showed how deepy recent domestic occurrenees had affected Him, and how anniously he looked for rellef of bodify ailment, and the moral lessons, also,
inhich sorrow had of late been teaching him He rose from his ohair as the major ontered and, while his epe brightend to see a man
whom le had alimays liked, his. faee wore an agerand ecrutiniving expresmion as he bad
his visitor welcome and offered a friendl
buke for his avoidance of Castle Harden. "I did not avoid your hospitable residence, if I could, to restore to it its mistress and orMiss Harden's whereabouts, and to trace home the villainy which has alike torn her from faThe Squad husband.".
akd at Craddock. "And you have failed to find a clue ?" his voice.
"I did

Voice. fail_up to this evening."
What !" cried old Harden, almost bound ing from his chair with excitement and hope "Do you say you have traced her?-that you
have-tell me all, for God's sake, and at once:' ored him by his very gesture
plored him by his very gesture.
The major, in as brief terms as the nature of
his communication would allow, told Squire
his communication would allow, told Squire
Harden all with which the reader is acquainted Harden all with which the reader is acquainted
of the last ircidents at Roonan's Roost. The Squire listened with increasing impatience and avergrowing interest and delight to the end
and
"And Marion-where is my child?"
"Here, my dearest father." s full as that of her father, oould no loager
control herself. Parent and child sobbed for joy in each. other's arms. Presently, his
daughter still embracing him as he gat, sank to er knees at his feet, and began to plead for imprisoned husband, imploring her father
save him from the great peril in which he But, because he was human, there still lin "nquerable of passions, pride.
"He lies in a cell-a prison, for my sake and save him. I've loved him always, and be
sides he is niy lusbsod. If he dies, shall di
too." fer father pressed her in his arms, and shuddered at the bare thought. But he did
not respond to her prayer in words.
"Mr. Harden," eried Craddook, "I may tell you now that it is my intention to use not only a respite, but a free pardon froc Mre
Raymond, and I do not despair of it either.
R Surely when I, who admire the nobility and unselishnoss of soul of this man, set about
such a task in his favor, you, the father of his
wedded wifo, as you loven him of old may well join with me as you toven him of ol, may well join wita me
in what is not your friendly office, but your
bounden duty." "But," muttered the obstinate but pielding
squire, whatever he was, he is now a "traitor," "He is a traitor,perbaps, and we must purge him from that crime. But, after all, there is a him from that crime. But, after all, there is a
question here. Charles Raymond believing he served the cause of his native country and the
creed of his fathers took up arms, wrongly foolishly if you will, but, I solemnly think, with
out one thought that was base or selfish aspiration that was not heroic and noble-on aspiration thas not for the univeraral liberties and
aimpiat
happiness of mankind. Fis brother Riohard Rapmosid, remgined, or pretonded to remain loyal; he entered into possession of tho property o his outlawed brother. He tried to hunt that
brother to death; he employed paid upies and brother to death; he employed paid spies and
hired nssassins, by whose hands he fell him-
self. He was false to bis friends to his instruments, to was filse to his friends, to his instru
me was at one time United Irishman; to his fellow conspiralors--fo he formed a plot for their capture. Listen
me, Mr. Harden ; of these two men, I ask you -Whici was the Traitor?
"Say no more," cried the squire, and onoe
more he seized Cradock's hand and squeezed it veliemently. "I'll visit Charles, and the dog shall not ha
save his neck."
There "as more embracing, more kissing and it was a a late hour when Craddock took
leave, lingering to say a last word to Eileen leave, lingering to say a last word to Eilee
$O^{\prime}$ Hanlon haring arranged to meet the squir at the entrance to Newgate next morning. airapter Xxxvir. - clearing clouds.
There had been two wretches hanged tha morning from the drop in front of Newgate,
and though Squire Harden had postponed his and though Squire Harden had postponed hid
visit till an hour when the dead bodies had visit till an hour when the dead bodies hap
been remored ho found on his arrival the ap proaches to the dismal prison filled with loit-
erers belonging to the lomest class of the popuerers belonging to the lowest class of the popu-
lation, who assembled to enjoy the sight of the lation, who assembled to enjoy the sigh had been frequently regaled of late, but which they rel.
ighed with \& keener zest at every repetition of the treat. These people, having nothing elso to do and no attractions in the miserable sumps
among which the burrowd, had lingered faftar
sation of the morning. One of the criminals had
been conricted of high treason, his fellow sufferer was executed for sheep-stealing, and the crowd
exercised that power exercised that porver of funcy so characteristic fall classes of their countrymen in relating parious achievements performed by the men
whose dha they had just witnessed, or contrasting their bearing on the scaffold. Groups gathered here and there round the street minatrels, who bawled in sturdiest tones
the "Lamentations" and "Last Pying words" hich were not uttered; while others employed hemselves in circulatiog and giving form to a
umor that the sheep-stealer had mounted the ecaffold provided against strangulation with a silver tube in his throat, and was at that moment
alive and rell, having been resuscitated by his alive and rell, having been resuscitated by his
relatives after his apparently lifeless corpse had been delivered to thent The well known equipage of Squire Harden, ments and gaudy-liveried footmen, occasioned onsiderable stir among the lounging concourse it clattered dirongh the dingy precincts drew op at the prison gate ; and the mob, exhibiting urst, to see what might "t the old rebel-hunter" want at such a place. No good, they were sure.
Squire Harden, little heeding the excitement caused by his appearanee, descended, with the assistance of difficulty oving with difficulty and evident pain, reached the great iron-bound door of the prison, the of their bated enengy. But how were the pooular speculation and interest quickened to be
old two young and beautiful women emerg fom the chariot, and follow the squire. What could these butterfies want in the gloomy buil-
ding? Marion Harden many of them knew, and her Mame and character all respected; for the he reputation of their lovely benefactress far and wide. But who was her companion-the
sweet, sad-looking girl, in mourning garb? traightway the popular fancy and the invention of the multitude were set to work to read tho riddle of the phenomenon
Meanwhile, ia response to a knock which tesuan's arm, the ponderous gute Fas swung open, aperture. But at sight of the squire they drew aside, respectfully touching their caps as he passed, and not even demanding.to see the adThese offleials were little less puzzled than the ter crowd by the visit, but they hastened at mond's call, and the Squire, followed by his female companiona, hobbled along the narrow,
damp, stone-flagged corridor till they reached At this door the warder stoppad, and, with arn of the huge key flung open
"og in a loud voice " Visitors."
"You need not remain" said the squire, moioning him out, and the jailer, who had pro bserve the ino himself, accordirg to rule, to observe the intervisw, retired immediately.-
For was it not Squire Harden \#ho commanded im, the famous lopalist, the honoured of the Castle, the most active and iafluential magisOharles Rounty
mingle Raymond, who had spent the night in mingled temper of suspense and gladness, ad panced to meet his visitors. He was not unprehis plan of conduct had gave way to the joy of seing his wife once more, and she springing to
neet him, they embraced mith all the ardour of two loving hearts. Then Marion, disengaging herself from his arms, drew her husband
towards her father, who stood, a half ludicrous xpression of hesitation and assumed steraness on his countenance. Charles reached out his
"Am I forgiven, sir ?" he asked. The squire behaved in a manner whioh be e made a motion to take the offored hana then cew back his own, then repeated the approach, ike an oatb: He took out his sauff box, openit, shut it without using it, and replaced it anis pocket. Then more confused at the consciousness of his behayiour, he cleared his
throat, and, surveying Charles, solumnly began,
He got no further in that strain. The man's nature was blunt aud honest, and, prejudice and passion apart, kindly as it was impet uous. Suddenly lurching out his hand, he piting the friendly grasp
"Come, d-a it all"" be cried there's no We had enough trouble, every one of
is. This. There's my hand, you dog; you are foriven. Poor fellor,', he added in softer tones, as he maiked the changes whioh a couple of
so you did. Ecod, sir, I can tell you, but for
this hussy here, I'd have deft you to get out of the hobble as best you could. Pass off, girl!"
he shouted, but without repelling bis daughAnd so a re And so a reconciliation complete and sudden ppent a long time with the prisoner bappiest man in the world
"You shan't hang, Raymond," cried the
squire, as he rose to depart. "' You'll be a better and wiser boy, a more logai and trusty subject for what you have gone through, and
you must lire to show it. I am going with tho women to the Lord Lieutenant to plead for you, and we shall find our friend, Craddock-
noble fellow that ! Ah, you blush, you rillain!" noble fellow that! Ah, you blush, you rillain!"
(this to Eileen 0'Hanlon) - "we shall find Craddock and his uncle the General, waiting us, ad ready to help the good work."
The squire knooked at the cell door, which he turnkey locked outside. It was some time before the man appeared, and when he did the agitation of his manner was so noticeable that
Mr. Harden perceived it ". Whaten peurceived fellow "Why, you fellow, joi look as if you feared
we had broken loose and got away you look at me that way I say?'
"Your honour, it's something that happened
in No. 14 that has given me such a shock. We found Bradley dead-strangled with his own neckerchief. It was a horrid sigat, Mr. Harden, or it-unless your honour will bear witness yor "Bradles duty ns watchful as a man could be." telligence really shocked. "Heaven pardon the unfortunate wretoh.
exclaimed the squire, cases.
As t
Arridor party retraoed their way through the he open door of a cell in which lay the body of the spy and murderer, stark, stiff and
hideous, amid the awed officials who prepared "Tomove it.
"The Castle," cried the equiro as he re entered he carriage, aud soon the rallant horses were treading the paved courtyard of the Vioc-
regal abode. In an antechamber Major Craddock and his uncle, the well known general of ad Bileen 0 'Hunlon Harden, his daughter dueed to his courtly old relative, who was rishmoman.
The moment was auspicious. His Escellency was not only in a receiving humour, be was at long interview ensued
What happened is a State seeret and cannot be
here described. Suffice it to sar the thon here described. Suffice it to sayy that from reve able event, there is reason to baliere that the devotion and energy no less than the bearity of Marion Harden, who pleaded for her husband' ife and pardon, wore more nstrumental than in gaining Raynond's cause.
The matter shall have my best considers oung gentleman is most "The offence of this is irresistible. Happily, the rebelliou is crushod, and we can afford to spare-a little. I must gay, his Majesty would have more to fear from par-
tisans like you than from a whole army rebels"
In ado
mond receinght from the interview Charles Rayhome in triumph by the squire to Castle Harden Of course, Ned Fennell sqared the good fortune f his master.
hapter xxxviif-All's well teat ends
Our story is done. There only remains to trace
Never was such a wedding within the memory of the oldest inhabitint as that wherein the mar riage of Marion Harden and Charles Raymond
was celebrated. The tenantry of Raymondeville and Castle Harden fraternised" and feasted on the squire's lawn, while a notable company were entertained ritho. But gentle and simple mingled in festivities, which did not cease till The bright August morning appeared.
The squire's losi years were the
is life, and he became a gteatly altered mini of he society of his children and his grandchididren. When he died the two properties 掊ide Charles Raymona one of the most estensive landopners in the coanty. The married life of Ohaniles and him a year, and died in 1850
With the subsequevit fortunes of their family We have Zothing to do.
Major Craddock sqld out of the army yhorty after the rebellion, and makiag a formalofor of

