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A STORY OF '98.

(From the Dublin Weekly Freeman)

WHICH WAS THE TRAITOR?

CHAPTER XXXVI.—SHADE AND SUN.

We will not dwell upon the scene which ensued when the parties to this unexpected rencontre had fully realised the position.

Craddock's presence is easily explained. It was owing to the malice of Bradley, the hatred of Richard Raymond, and the revenge of Sirr, whom the English major had always treated with unealed contempt and aversion, that he was ordered to command the party intended for the descent upon the Roost. Craddock set out upon the duty wholly unaware of the surprise which awaited him.

His astonishment at finding himself in the presence of friends, some of whom were so singularly seperated from the interchange of friendship with him, was not less than that felt by Raymond and and by Marion. Eileon O'Hanlon, startled by the tones of a well-remembered voice, rose and stood regarding the unlooked-for visitor.

The principals, gazing upon each other, maintained for a few moments the passive attitude of a theatrical tableau. Then Craddock advanced into the room, alone, his soldiers, grounding arms of their own accord in the corridor and looking on with the stolid indifference of their

Raymond, with his young wife still clasped round the waist, stepped forward to meet the officer, and, dropping the pistol with which he had threatened Bradley, held out his hand. Craddock accepted the proffered salutation, and the royalist and the rebel exchanged amicable

"I have no heart to be sorry or alarmed at my capture, major," cried Raymond. "It is only new I have found my Marion once more, and to know that she is out of danger lifts me above all chance of fate which may befall me now."

"I must deeply regret that I should be instrumental in marring the happiness of your reunion," returned Craddock. "But I would say to both of you—be hopeful. I cannot believe but all the unfortunate succession of events which has surrounded you must have a

bright and happy ending."
A greeting, subdued but full of passionate earnestness, was that between Craddook and Eileen O'Hanlon.

And then ensued explanations relative to the presence of Bradley, who, with his crossed hands tied in front of him, Ned Fennell still holding one end of the rope, stood glaring on all that had passed.

The officer was horrified at the brief narrative of his prisoner, and immediately ordered a search to be made. The bloody work of murder, yet wet on the spot where it had been committed, afforded only too ready a clue, and, on lifting up a trandoor through which liquor barrels were hoisted from the cellar to the

We should remark here that Rooman's death though known, provoked neither curiosity nor consideration in the neighborhood. People heard of his summary execution by the soldiers, they saw the corpse brought by the military to the house, but no one approached near enough to perform the last offices of social duty to the dead. They dreaded to come between the tiger and his prey, between the ferocious Sirr and his victim.

Bradley was given into the custody of the military guard and ut once hurried away to Newgate; Craddock, to the unmingled amusement of his following, remaining alone with his two prisoners.

It was a sad scene, the parting between these two ill-starred lovers after so brief a period of reunion. But Marion, after the first wild transport of her grief, behaved with that forti-tude, which, in moments of great trial or of plored him by his very gesture. extreme peril, made her so true a heroine.

She accompanied her husband to Newgate in the covered chaise, which, driven through the streets without a guard, attracted no public notice whatever. Vis-a-vis with Raymond and his wife sat Craddock and Eileen O'Hanlon, 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 few words speaking, this most singular capture had been arrayed. The vehicle drew up at Newgate—that grim prison whose blackened walls and roofless enclosure still stand in Green-street, the very ruins, with their rusted gratings, their condemned cells still marked on the walls, and with the catch of the death drop still projecting over the blind portal, filling the mind of the spectator with dark retrospections of misery and crime.

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 Craddock a comfortable place of duressemore of the room than the cell-was provided for Raymond, who, for a large consideration paid the head jailer, was, greatly to their mutual satisfaction, allowed to retain the company and attendance of Ned Fennell.

Charles, having been quietly lodged in his gesting a little arrangement, which Marion. with a trembling but hopeful heart.

They were received by Norah Donnelly, whose excitement and delight at beholding her beloved young mistress safe and sound were simply unbounded. The poor girl had for the last two days that she knew of Marion's whereabouts been consumed with anxiety on her account, the sentiment being aggravated by her inability to see the Squire with the purpose of giving him the information he needed to set besought Mr. Harden for an interview, but the 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 house. Norah's fellow-servants, however, while they pretended that the mandate was rigorously obeyed, only made the pretty lady's maid the more welcome, and shared her sympathies in regard of the mistress she had temporarily lost.

Norsh, after much puzzling, had determined on the bold stroke of seeking out Major Cradtlock either at the Castle or the Royal Barracks, and beseeching him to rescue Miss Harden. She felt that while this itself would be a task congenial to the nature of the major, it would be undertaken with additional zeal from the knowledge that Eileen O'Hanlon shared the dangerous position of her friend. Norah was, in fact, debating within herself whether she should not proceed that evening to search out the English officer, or, if she had not better defer action till morning, when, replying to a knock at the hall door, she beheld the three people then most in her mind, for Ned Fennell himself had become for the time a shadowy figure to the grateful and generous creature. As we have said, her joy was excessive.

The Squire received Craddock with an expectancy and emotion which showed how deeply recent domestic occurrences had affected shop, the body of Richard Raymond, with the him, and how anxiously he looked for relief. bead fearfully shattered, was found lying His manner had become gentle with oppression where the assassin had flung it through the of bodily ailment, and the moral lessons, also, aperture overhead. The corpse was removed, which sorrow had of late been teaching him. and a ghastly suggestiveness being offered by He rose from his chair as the major entered, that morning by order of Sirr, the lifeless eager and sorutinizing expression as he bade the bodies had been out down to discuss the sent paid for your pleasure; and you deserved is too copted. The major bore his bonny young Trick

"I did not avoid your hospitable residence, Mr. Harden," said Craddock; "but I desired, if I could, to restore to it its mistress and or-nament. I have lately, as you know, given a considerable time to the endeavor to discover the villainy which has alike torn her from father and—and husband.",

The Squire winced but said nothing, as he looked at Craddock.

"I did 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;"

The major, in as brief terms as the nature of his communication would allow, told Squire Harden all with which the reader is acquainted of the last incidents at Roonan's Roost. The Squire listened with increasing impatience and evergrowing interest and delight to the end, and then, looking the narrator in the face, asked :---

"And Marion-where is my child?" "Here, my dearest father."

She had entered unperceived, and, her heart as full as that of her father, could no longer control herself. Parent and child sobbed for joy in each other's arms. Presently, his daughter still embracing him as he sat, sank to her knees at his feet, and began to plead for her imprisoned husband, imploring her futher to save him from the great peril in which he

But, because he was human, there still lingered a remnant of the greatest and most unconquerable of passions, pride.

"He lies in a cell—a prison, for my sake, dear father," pleaded Marion. "Forgive him and save him. I've loved him always, and besides he is my husband. If he dies, I shall die

Her father pressed her in his arms, and shuddered at the bare thought. But he did not respond to her prayer in words.

"Mr. Harden," cried Craddock, "I may new abode, took a long, lingering leave of his tell you now that it is my intention to use young wife, who, accompanied by Miss O'Han- every influence I am able to wield to procure aside, respectfully touching their caps as he duced to his courtly old relative, who was lon, allowed herself to be at length conducted not only a respite, but a free pardon for Mr. passed, and not even demanding to see the ad- charmed with the grace and beauty of the young from the cell of her husband by Major Crad- Raymond, and I do not despair of it either. dock, and led to the hackney coach which remained in waiting. The party drove straight unselfishness of soul of this man, set about outer crowd by the visit, but they hastened at mained in waiting. The party drove straight to Castle Harden, Craddock on the way sugwedded wife, and who, I believe, love him still agitated and excited as she was, entered into as you loven him of old, may well join with me in what is not your friendly office, but your damp, stone-flagged corridor till they reached bounden duty."

"But," muttered the obstinate but yielding

squire, whatever he was, he is now a "traitor." "He is a traitor, perhaps, and we must purge him from that crime. But, after all, there is a question here. Charles Raymond believing he creed of his fathers took up arms, wrongly, foolishly if you will, but, I solemnly think, withabout the succour of his child. Norah had out one thought that was base or selfish-one aspiration that was not heroic and noble-one aim that was not for the universal liberties and happiness of mankind. His brother Richard Raymond, remained, or pretended to remain, loyal: he entered into possession of the property of his outlawed brother. He tried to hunt that pared for the crisis, but now that it had come brother to death; he employed paid spies and hired assassins, by whose hands he fell himself. He was false to his friends, to his instruments, to his king-for he was at one time a of two loving hearts. Then Marion, disenga-United Irishman; to his fellow conspirators—for | ging herself from his arms, drew her husband he formed a plot for their capture. Listen to towards her father, who stood, a half ludicrous me, Mr. Harden; of these two men, I ask you expression of hesitation and assumed steraness

—Which was the Traitor?" "Say no more," cried the squire, and once hand.
more he seized Craddock's hand and squeezed "A it vehemently. "I'll visit Charles, and the dog shall not hang, by Heaven !-not if I can save his neck."

There was more embracing, more kissing, and it was a late hour when Craddock took leave, lingering to say a last word to Eileen O'Hanlon, having arranged to meet the squire at the entrance to Newgate next morning. CHAPTER XXXVII. - CLEARING CLOUDS.

There had been two wretches hanged that merning from the drop in front of Newgate, and though Squire Harden had postponed his visit till an hour when the dead bodies had been removed he found on his arrival the approaches to the dismal prison filled with loiterers belonging to the lowest class of the population, who assembled to enjoy the sight of the execution, a pastime with which they had been frequently regaled of late, but which they rel-

forms of the two accomplices in evil were laid his visitor welcome and offered a friendly reside by side.

| Sation of the morning. One of the criminals had buke for his avoidance of Castle Harden. | Sation of the morning. One of the criminals had been convicted of high treason, his fellow sufferer was executed for sheep-stealing, and the crowd exercised that power of fancy so characteristic of all classes of their countrymen in relating various achievements performed by the men whose deaths they had just witnessed, or con-Miss Harden's whereabouts, and to trace home trasting their bearing on the scaffold. Groups gathered here and there round the street minstrels, who bawled in sturdiest tones the "Lamentations" and "Last Dying words" which were not uttered; while others employed "And you have failed to find a clue?" he themselves in circulating and giving form to a said at length, a slight tremor observable in rumor that the sheep-stealer had mounted the scaffold provided against strangulation with a silver tube in his throat, and was at that moment alive and well, having been resuscitated by his relatives after his apparently lifeless corpse had been delivered to them

The well known equipage of Squire Harden, with its splended horses, its glittering appointments and gaudy-liveried footmen, occasioned considerable stir among the lounging concourse as it clattered through the dingy precincts drew up at the prison gate; and the mob, exhibiting as much fear as curiosity, drew as near as they durst, to see what might "the old rebel-hunter" want at such a place. No good, they were sure.

Squire Harden, little heeding the excitement caused by his appearance, descended, with the assistance of his servants, from the vehicle, and, moving with difficulty and evident pain, reached the great iron-bound door of the prison, the populace gloating over the physical break-down of their hated enemy. But how were the po-pular speculation and interest quickened to behold two young and beautiful women emerge from the chariot, and follow the squire. What could these butterflies want in the gloomy building? Marion Harden many of them knew, and her name and character all respected; for the poor, to whom she was so bountiful, had spread the reputation of their lovely benefactress far and wide. But who was her companion—the sweet, sad-looking girl, in mourning garb? There was some romance here, surely; and straightway the popular fancy and the invention of the multitude were set to work to read the riddle of the phenomenon

Meanwhile, in response to a knock which testified to the vigour still remaining in the old aperture. But at sight of the squire they drew mittance order he had taken pains to secure.-These officials were little less puzzled than the mond's call, and the Squire, followed by his female companions, hobbled along the narrow, No. 27.

At this door the warder stopped, and, with a turn of the huge key flung open the portal, crying in a loud voice "Visitors."

"You need not remain" said the squire, motioning him out, and the jailer, who had proobserve the interview, retired immediately. — For was it not Squire Harden who commanded trate in the county?

Charles Raymond, who had spent the night in a mingled temper of suspense and gladness, advanced to meet his visitors. He was not unprehis plan of conduct had gave way to the joy of seeing his wife once more, and she springing to meet him, they embraced with all the ardour on his countenance. Charles reached out his

"Am I forgiven, sir?" he asked.

The squire behaved in a manner which belied the usual decision of his character. First, he made a motion to take the offered hand, then drew back his own, then repeated the approach, again revoked it with a frown and something like an oath. He took out his snuff box, opened it, shut it without using it, and replaced it in his pocket. Then more confused at the consciousness of his behaviour, he cleared his throat, and, surveying Charles, solumnly began, "Young man-

He got no further in that strain. The man's nature was blunt aud honest, and, prejudice and passion apart, kindly as it was impetuous. Suddenly lurching out his hand, he seized that of Charles, which remained still inviting the friendly grasp.

"Come, d-n it all,"he cried, there's no use in this. We had enough trouble, every one of ished with a keener zest at every repetition of us. There's my hand, you dog; you are forthe treat. These people, having nothing else to given. Poer fellow," he added in softer tenes,

so you did. Ecod, sir, I can tell you, but for this hussy here, I'd have left you to get out of the hobble as best you could. Paws off, girl!" he shouted, but without repelling his daughter's emdrace.

And so a reconciliation complete and sudden was effected. The squire and his companions spent a long time with the prisoner, now the happiest 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 loyal and trusty subject for what you have gone through, and you must live to show it. I am going with the women to the Lord Lieutenant to plead for you, and we shall find our friend, Craddocknoble fellow that! Ah, you blush, you villain!" (this to Eileen O'Hanlon) - "we shall find Craddock and his uncle the General, waiting us,

and ready to help the good work."

The squire knocked at the cell door, which the 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.

"Why, you fellow, you look as if you feared we had broken loose and got away. How dare 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 sight, Mr. Harden, and I'm afraid I shall be brought over the coals for it—unless your honour will bear witness you

saw me on duty as watchful as a man could be."
"Bradley dead!" cried Charles, whom the intelligence really shocked. "Heaven pardon the unfortunate wretch.

"Devil mend him!" exclaimed the squire, who did not understand Christian precepts in all

As the party retraced their way through the corridor the ladies turned in horror from the 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 to remove it.

"To the Castle," cried the squire as he reentered his carriage, and soon the gallant horses were treading the paved courtyard of the Vice-regal abode. In an antechamber Major Cradman's arm, the ponderous gute was swung open, dock and his uncle, the well known general of and half a dozen sullen janitors appeared in the that name, received Mr Harden, his daughter, and Eileen O'Hanlon, whom the major intro-Irishwoman,

The moment was auspicious. His Excellency was not only in a receiving humour, he was at the moment in a most complacent mood. The entire party were ushered into his presence and a long interview ensued

What happened is a State secret and cannot be here described. Suffice it to say that from revelations afterwards made concerning that memorable event, there is reason to believe that the devotion and energy, no less than the beauty, of Marion Harden, who pleaded for her husband's life and pardon, were more instrumental than served the cause of his native country and the ceeded to station himself, according to rule, to the influence of either the veteran or the squire in gaining Raymond's cause. "The matter shall have my best considera-

him, the famous loyalist, the honoured of the tion," said the satrap. "The offence of this Castle, the most active and influential magis- | young gentleman is most serious, but his defence is irresistible. Happily, the rebellion is crushed. and we can afford to spare—a little. I must say, Miss Harden," added the courtly Viceroy, "that his Majesty would have more to fear from partisans like you than from a whole army of rebels '

In a fortnight from the interview Charles Raymond received a free pardon, and was brought home in triumph by the squire to Castle Harden. Of course, Ned Fennell shared the good fortune of his master.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.—ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

Our story is done. There only remains to trace briefly the future history of our charac-

Never was such a wedding within the memory of the oldest inhabit int as that wherein the marriage of Marion Harden and Charles Raymond was celebrated. The tenantry of Raymondsville and Castle Harden fraternised and feasted on the squire's lawn, while a notable company were entertained within. But gentle and simple mingled in festivities, which did not cease till the bright August morning appeared.

The squire's last years were the happiest of his life, and he became a greatly altered man in the society of his children and his grandchildren. When he died the two properties made Charles Raymond one of the most extensive landowners in the county. The married life of Charles and Marion was long and felicitous. She survived him a year, and died in 1850.

With the subsequent fortunes of their family

we have nothing to do.

Major Oraddock sold out of the army shortly the body of Roonan, which lay within a countor of his ewn shop, where it had been placed whom he had always liked, his face were an

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tor of his ewn shop, where it had been placed whom he had always liked, his face were an anong which the burrowed, had lingered after the rebellion; and making a formal offer of the miserable slums as he marked the changes which a couple of after the rebellion; and making a formal offer of the burrowed, had lingered after the rebellion.