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BOOKS FOR THE MONTH OF MAY. The Graces of Mary: or, Instructions and Devotions for the Month of Mary. With Examples, chiefly of graces recently obtained through Mary's Intercession. 32mo. cloth, 504 pages. \$0 45

forms of the two accomplices in evil were laid side by side. We should remark here that Roonan's death though known, provoked neither curiosity nor consideration in the neighborhood. People heard of his summary execution by the soldiery, 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.

his visitor welcome and offered a friendly rebuke for his avoidance of Castle Harden. "I did not avoid your hospitable residence, Mr. Harden," said Craddock; "but I desired, if I could, to restore to it its mistress and ornament. I have lately, as you know, given a considerable time to the endeavor to discover Miss Harden's whereabouts, and to trace home the villainy which has alike torn her from father and—ah!—husband."

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 contrasting 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 themselves in circulating and giving form to a 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.

so you did. Ecod, sir, I can tell you, but for this busy 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 embrace. 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.

WHICH WAS THE TRAITOR? A STORY OF '98. (From the Dublin Weekly Freeman)

CHAPTER XXXVI.—SHADE AND SUN. We will not dwell upon the scene which ensued when the parties to this unexpected rencontre had fully realized 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 unceasing 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.

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

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 proceeded to station himself, according to rule, to observe the interview, retired immediately. For was it not Squire Harden who commanded him, the famous loyalist, the honoured of the Castle, the most active and influential magistrate in the county?

At 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 Craddock and his uncle, the well known general of that name, received Mr. Harden, his daughter, and Eileen O'Hanlon, whom the major introduced to his courtly old relative, who was charmed with the grace and beauty of the young Irishwoman.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.—ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL. Our story is done. There only remains to trace briefly the future history of our characters. Never was such a wedding within the memory of the oldest inhabitant as that wherein the marriage of Marion Harden and Charles Raymond was celebrated. The tenantry of Raymondville 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.