VOL. XXIII.

MONTREAL, FRIDAY, MAY 16, 1873.

NO. 39

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A STORY OF '98.

(From the Dublin Weekly Freeman)

CHAPTER XXXI.

Ned Fennell had little difficulty in discovering the whereabouts of his outlawed master, for between Charles and his faithful servant an unbroken communication was kept up under the most difficult circumstances of distance or danger. He found his young master, not as he had expected, at Tom Butler's cottage, but at the dwelling of a relative of the coachman, in his rage at the flight of his daughter. The abduction, and was at first inclined to have thrust him into jail on a general charge of dislegalty, for it was only necessary to point to a man of humble station as being disaffected to have him deprived of liberty, and perhaps subjected to much harsher punishment, and that, too, without the formality of a trial.

Time does not change altogether in all things, and we have seen the no-law of 1798 reproduced in 1865.

Butler was a shrewd fellow, and knowing the peril in which he stood, adopted a bold, if not altogether candid measure. He threw himself in the way of the Squire, and, accosting him, demanded to know in what regard he had incurred the penalty of expulsion from his service. Harden was always ready for a contention, no matter with whom. He bluntly told the quondam keeper of his stables why he had been dismissed, whereupon the wily Tom, with much indignant protestation, and even with hypocritical tears, asserted his innocence, and in the end audaciously challenged the Squire to show one particle of proof that he was guilty. The upshot of Butler's well-acted emotion was that the Squire relented, and, setting great store by the man's good service, quickness, and honesty, would have replaced him in the menage at Castle Harden, only that Butler peremptorily refused—the cunning fellow knowing that be told—that among the spies and soldiers now occupying the residence of his former master certain nocturnal assignations and other practices to which he was addicted might bring him to an expose and into trouble. He therefore declined service for the present, and remained in the labor of his parents, in whose garden patch he might be seen every day ostentatiously cultivating the half-acre of crops it contained. Of course the most vigilant informer on the prowl could allege nothing to the prejudice of a man who was to be seen openly and con-

But there was, nevertheless, danger involved, and it was well for Butler as well as for others that he was perpetually on the watch. It was night when Charles Raymond, entering his cottage, besought the rest and shelter he so much needed, and which it is needless to say, were most cordially given. For several days the most cordially given. For several days the young man, exhausted in body and mind, lay his relative, which, set among a series of farm

and the transform and the first of

in a condition resembling low fever, and it was offices and sheltered by thick woodland, offered only by the encouraging conversation of But- more chance of secrecy and escape than could ler, no less than by his assiduous care, that the be had in his own exposed dwelling, whose young man recovered in some degree his lost only safety had been in fact the improbability heart and his strength of body, and shook off that any one would have sought its concealthe lethargy which seemed to be gradually ment. seizing upon his will as upon his limbs. He ventured forth on several occasions, penetrating even to the city, and attempting rash acts in his endeavor to trace the whereabouts of his lost wife. Once after a fit of solitary brooding over the disaster which had torn her from him, he rushed from his retreat and made for from his lips.

But before he arrived at the house the fever of his brain had cooled, and reflecting that precipitancy or rashness would but destroy his chances, and place the woman who loved him more completely in the power of his enemies, he contented himself with a cautious survey of the premises, and being fortunate enough to fall in with one of the female servants, in whom he could trust, learned from her lips how matters went on in the mansion under the rule of his brother, gathering, moreover, from the woman's statement enough to convince him that Marion was not within the walls. The sagacious scullion-wench concluded her communications on this head in a characteristic manner:

"It's not for the likes o' me to be makin' remarks on the ways o' the quality, Master Charles, but, betune you and me, I wouldn't wonder if your brother, every day's bad luck to him, was tryin' to put his comether on somebody. Of late he dresses in the height o' the fashion, and you know he was always careless that way. Morebetoken, he don't drink so heavy, I suppose to take the red out of his nose and give his cheeks a water color, the villain o'

This was as much clue as Charles obtained at Raymondsville to the connexion of his brother with the carrying off of his wife.

Had he met Richard Raymond at any time now, it is doubtful whether he would let his younger brother off with his life.

There was nothing for it, therefore, but to lurk here still in the hope of lighting upon some trace of the lost one. He felt himself in who lived a mile away. Butler, we should his present state, with his mind filled solely have stated long since, was among the ancient with sorrow and futile rage at the outrage of servants who had been dismissed by the squire fered to his wife, and ignorance and surmise of in his ways of the squire in his ways. her present treatment, wholly useless to "the old man strongly, and, as we have seen, with cause." He indeed sometimes reproached himgood reason, suspected Tom's complicity in the self with having deserted the struggle for which he had dared and sacrificed with so much ardour, and when news of the reverses now fust overtaking the national arms reached him he would start up, reproaching himself for his inertness, and prepare to set out and share the fortunes of his comrades. But at such moments the image of his wife, in a horrible captivity, stretching out her arms beseechingly, and appealing to him with the dear eyes all dimmed in tears—this picture drove him back again to chaf, and puzzle, and contrive, always in vain. Thus his love paralysed his patriotism, for the time. Often in despair he determined to set out, and, throwing himself on the enemy, end his miseries and his doubts for ever; but always the young man's better angel was his salvation—the same sweet separated image, with its imploring looks, recalled him from his desperate resolve.

Meantime an incident occurred, which, presenting an immediate danger, served more than anything else to restore our hero to himself. Butler, who had unhesitatingly given the shelter of his humble roof to the lover of his beautiful young mistress, fully appreciated the gravity of the hospitality he rendered, and, being a shrewd and longheaded fellow, thought it as well to have his eyes more about him than ever. His vigilance soon bore fruit, for one dark evening making his accustomed round the offer would be rejected, that by holding out of the four sides of his cottage—at a considerhis ultimate return would be made with the able circuit from it—he saw a figure posted at more honor, and feeling also—some truth must a window, endeavoring to peer through the small and designedly dim and dirty panes of a half sash window. Tom quietly approached the spot, and the eavesdropper, starting at his approach, stele away. Butler now believing that he was observed, took the stranger's place at the window, and looking in caught a glimpse of Charles Raymond.

 Next day, the watchful Tom met a well-disguised figure sauntering past the door of the cottage, which stood by the road side. Tom recognised Sergeant Bradley, but took care not to say as much. The sergeant knew Tom well, stantly engaged in the most peaceful and law- and had many a glass of ale and a pipe with ful pursuits. Therefore Butler remained un- him in the stables at Castle Harden, but for some reason or other, he passed him now, with the guilty haste and confusion of a detected you, and if there is them within that might be man, suddenly drawing the high collar of his great cloak more over his face—an action which the light summer shower, just then failing, in the light summer shower, just then failing, in

It was here Ned Fennell found him. Charles was overjoyed to meet his attached and faithful servant and friend, but how can we describe the emotions which possessed him on hearing the strange, exciting intelligence of which he was the bearer?

A plot laid to seize himself-Marion at the Raymondsville, determined to confront his bro-ther, and extort, at all extremes, an avowal place of prison, and, thank Heaven, was assured that her fate up to the present was not worse than duresse could make it.

Haste and instant resolve were necessary. They knew that according to the arrangements of the conspirators Roonan must be already on his errand, and no time was to be lost in devising a counter scheme. Accustomed to act promptly, and of late, moreover, taught to exercise his faculties in emergency, Charles, assisted by the shrewdness of Butler and Fennell's intelligence, soon set forth a plan of operations on which he intended to act, leaving to Providence the subsequent alteration of events.

In pursuance of the programme as now completed, Butler started for his cottage, whither Roonan was to be despatched. In less than an hour he returned, and entering the little room which the family of the farm gave up for our hero's sole use and occupation, announced to Charles that Rooman waited outside. Raymond, with difficulty curbing his excitement, prepared to receive him, Neddy Fennell cautiously retiring out of sight of the man whose coat he wore that moment on his back.

Butler, with an affectation of extraordinary caution and secrecy, led the landlord of the Roost through the kitchen of the farm house, the inmates of which, ignorant of the plot which was then in working, gazed curiously upon the stranger, whom Butler, in a whisper and with many nods and becks, introduced as "a friend from the boys," The household would have pressed refreshments upon the welcoms envoy, but Butler declaring that his business could not wait, led him into the presence of Charles Raymond.

Our hero knew Roonan well, and could same, so well was he disguised. An old foxy and extension of the Irish metropolis. tiewig was drawn over his forehead, his iron Few civilians are abroad, and of these there grey whickers were clean shaved off, and his is scarcely one, no matter what his class or appearance altogether most artistically changed. His open great coat showed the broad green scarf of a rebel chief, over the tattered frieze coat lately worn by Fennell. As he entered in the National army, granted to Andrew Bagenal Harvey.

struggle?"

However, my present business is not over. I bring you a letter from your wife."

It did no small credit to Raymond's histrionic capacity that his simulation of the effects which such an announcement might be supposed to create completely imposed upon the worthy innkeeper.

Roonan had his story pat, and our hero, while longing to take him by the throat, was struck by the singular audacity, coolness, and skill by which his narrative was concocted and related. How he had received the lady at his house, being deceived with a history of her insanity. How he discovered she was not insane. How he had learned from her that the man who had injured her was the infamous yeoman lieuof them all. How he had sworn to serve her or perish, and had therefore undertaken the present perilous business out of pure desire to render his humble aid to a true son of Ireland. and to rescue a woman in distress. At the conclusion of his well-coloured and well-told fiction, Roonan presented Marion's letter to Charles, whose impulsive act, as he kissed the missive. in a transport of real joy, still further imposed upon Roonan, who inwardly chuckled at his own cleverness and success.

"Nine o'clock will be the best, time for you to come, General Raymond, as the tattoo beats early, and the soldiers are all in quarters then. I'll be there-my hand on it-ready to receive treme fright, "don't show in any way that I'm on his return.

man," and the fellow laughed at the jest of the popular mistake.

74 Has that mistake anything to do with that old wig, and that staining of your skin?" said Charles.

"Of course. Why, some of them that know what I have lost in pocket, and other ways, for the cause, if they met me-to know me-at any distance from my own door, would be the first to put a bullet in me. I know some that erous host means by which the lieutenant have a black spite to me, and they pretend I am not a true man—though whether I am or not time will tell, in a way that will shame them that boast of their bravery and their deeds to-day."

Mr. Roonan's voice fairly broke down at the aspersions which had been cast upon his patriotic devotion.

It was settled that Charles, attended by a couple of friends, should be at the Roost next evening at nine o'clock precisely. The parting of our hero with the disinterested Roonan was overwhelmingly dramatic.

CHAPTER XXXII.—ROONAN RETIRES.

When the terror which reigned in the summer and autumn of '98 had culminated, nothing could be more striking than to observe the incidents which marked the march of a picquet of soldiers through the streets. It was fright ful to see how public security, the civic independence, trembled in the presence of despotic militarism.

Here is an infantry patrol coming up through the suburb which opens on the rural district of Rathmines, then a scattered patchwork of fields, groves, and dwellinghouses-for the lines of beautiful houses, which now render it one of the handsomest outlets possessed by any city in the world, were not then thought of.

Not but there is evidence of growth in stone and mortar, for several houses in all stages of erection, save that of completion, stand on every hand. Each and all are still enveloped in a network of scaffolding, and will be so for some time, or either the workmen who raised their masonry thus far are off in the rebellion, or in hiding, or hanged or imprisoned, while citizens whose money is in these unfinished edifices have stopped building, not caring to throw good money after bad, since who can tell what all this disturbance and civil war will end scarcely believe the man before him was the in, or to what extent it will affect the prosperity

character, but tries to avoid the small, compact his great coat. There was a general and exbody of soldiers, whose heavy, measured tramp, cited exclamation. tramp sounds so stern in the dusk of the evening, for let a man be ever so loyal or so respecthe handed to Raymond a captain's commission able, these military parties and their officers had a high-handed insulting way of dealing with Roonan, and bearing the name of Beauchamp everyone, not a Government official, or a wellknown magistrate, or a professional informer. "You are welcome, Captain Roonan," cried As for the humbler people, the sight or sound Charles, with an affectation of cordiality. "I of a patrol was sufficient to send them suddenly hope your message, whatever it be, is pleasanter and swiftly driving down the nearest alleys or than some I have received of late. It is a flying into the first shadow that offered. This shame to me that I must ask you how goes the was frequently an imprudent fear-for many to the peril of his situation. "I give you my an innocent man, unhappily detected in his "Bad news, General Raymond; the bloody faithless shelter, was dragged forth trembling, Sassenach has the best of it again-may hell be to be hurried off to prison, perhaps to transportahis destiny. But it is said the South is rising. I tion-his own atempt at flight being taken as conclusive evidence of his guilt.

The piquet murches along silent, sullen, watchful; at its head a burly figure, familiar to the terror and hatred of three-fourths of the populace. Robespierre himself was not a more ominous personage, nor owned a presence more the Dublin Town Major, Sirr.

He is in his worst mood this evening. Two descents upon suspected households had proved ral Johnson, hold the light so that the men without result, and all his search for Charles may see their aim." Raymond has ended in disappointment. He know this notorious rebel to be lurking near; to the wall opposite Bradley, who saw his he suspects even his place of concealment, and ghastly face convulsed, and covered with the is, moreover, certain that it is known both to sweat of terror, a terrible spectacle in the pale the indefatigable Bradley and the lieutenant of ray which fell upon it. tenant, and her husband the noblest compatriot | yeomanry walking at present beside him. It is enough to set on edge the temper of the despot, enough to set on edge the temper of the despot, can't die—I won't, I'm not fit yet. Give me to feel that these men are pursuing the prey on one hour for the love of Heaven—only one their own account, and are likely to deprive hour, to send for Lieutenant Raymond, and him of the glory and profit of almost the only you will find I am telling the truth. important capture now remaining.

The Major, feeling himself deeply aggrieved in this matter, does not conceal his indignation from his companion, who, for his part, walks on in an equal silence, and with a demeanor not a whit more friendly than that of Sirr.

Richard Raymond had not set out with the patrol from the first. He had overtaken it, and, their paths lying in one direction, had, Dick. The voice was unfavorable to the after a cold exchange of courtesies, taken place doomed landlord of the Roost, for Sirr cried beside Sirr, and so walked on out of Graftonstreet with that functionary.

Raymond, in fact, was so impatient to learn had adventured, that he had gone to meet him

people give me the character of being a loyal Richard so pretending business at the Castle, he left the Roost for that direction, but soon altered his course and hurried through the streets in the hope of reaching Rooman before Richard should meet him. The Sergeant felt that, in case Charles Raymond should have swallowed the tempting bait held out to him, the work on which Richard Raymond had employed him would be all but accomplished, and he sought therefore to arrange with the treachshould be, nevertheless, afterwards dependent upon them.

He hastened therefore, and, though Richard had got a considerable start of him, soon got clear of the town, and on the road by which Roonan was likely to return. While he stood uncertain whether to go on further or wait the coming of his accomplice on that spot, his ear caught the tread of a patrol, and not caring just then to encounter, it might be, an officer who might command his very useful company. Bradley drew close under the dense shadow of the ivy-mantled wall which bounded the road, and secure from observation, waited till the party should have passed. Just at this moment the footsteps of a solitary wayfarer approaching from the opposite direction were heard. This individual came face to face with the patrol, directly in front, and within a few paces of him. He saw the single figure attempt to pass, and heard the peremptory "halt," uttered in the well-known voice of the Town Major, which brought to a stand both the guard and the traveller. A dark lantern was suddenly produced, and as its gleam fell upon the man, Sirr seized him roughly by the collar, and demanded-

"Who are you?" "My name is Roonan, Major-You know me well," was the reply, uttered in confident

"I do, and for that reason I should like to know where you have been and what doing at this hour and in this direction?"

"On the business of a loyal man, Major,— More I cannot tell you."

Sirr laughed outright.

"D_n your impudence, sirrah. You cannot tell me-indeed! Here, men, search this fellow. I have suspected him some time back of playing a double game. The lantern here, Corporal Johnson." The non-commissioned officer held forth the

light, and half a dozen willing hands seizing the inn-keeper in a moment denuded him of " A rebel sash, by Heaven! I was not wrong,

you see, my 'loyal man.' Not a word from your false lips, you scoundrel, or I'll have your tongue cut out. Ha! what's this :- 'I hereby appoint Mr. Andrew Rooman to the office and dignity of captain.' "

"O, by the law," shouted Sirr, "this is splendid," and he rubbed his hands and laughed again with real enjoyment.

" Major," cried Roonan, who was now alive oath I kept these things about me only to carry out a plan that will bring a general in the Rebel army to the gallows."

"That lie won't do. I suspected you long. I have now caught you in the pursuit of treason. Corporal, are your men loaded? Well, put this dog out of the way, by G-"

The ferocious manner in which this threat was spoken appalled the soul of Roonan. He attempted to speak, but was silenced by a blow associated with deens of blood and cruelty than on the mouth, which nearly knocked him down.

"On with the handcuffs-tight, that's it. Now clap him against the wall there. Corpo-

The unhappy wretch was dragged shricking

"Oh, great God, save me!" he yelled. "I

He continued praying and imploring to the exceeding mirth of the savage soldiery, some of whom owed small scores at the Roost, and were nothing loth to wipe them out in blood. Bradley, devouring the scene from his cover, saw Sirr turn to a man, evidently an officer, standing beside him. He heard this man speaking in reply and recognised the voice of Lieutenant

"Lieutenant Raymond knows nothing about you. This last lie seals your fate, and rids his Majesty of a rascal who took his gold, and then the results of the enterprise on which Rooman betrayed him to his enemies. Pray, you scoundrel, if you know how. Right face Ready!"

At the fatal word, Roonan bounded from the