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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

in a condition resembling low fever, and it was only by the encouraging conversation of Butler, no less than by his assiduous care, that the young man recovered in some degree his lost heart and his strength of body, and shook off the lethargy which seemed to be gradually seizing upon his will as upon his limbs.

offices and sheltered by thick woodland, offered more chance of secrecy and escape than could be had in his own exposed dwelling, whose only safety had been in fact the improbability that any one would have sought its concealment.

people give me the character of being a loyal man," and the fellow laughed at the jest of the popular mistake. "Has that mistake anything to do with that old wig, and that staining of your skin?" said Charles.

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 Roonan before Richard should meet him.

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

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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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 his present state, with his mind filled solely with sorrow and futile rage at the outrage offered to his wife, and ignorance and surmise of her present treatment, wholly useless to "the cause."

Our hero knew Roonan well, and could scarcely believe the man before him was the same, so well was he disguised. An old foxy tiewig was drawn over his forehead, his iron grey whiskers were clean shaved off, and his appearance altogether most artistically changed.

Few civilians are abroad, and of these there is scarcely one, no matter what his class or character, but tries to avoid the small, compact body of soldiers, whose heavy, measured tramp, tramp sounds so stern in the dusk of the evening, for let a man be ever so loyal or so respectable, these military parties and their officers had a high-handed insulting way of dealing with everyone, not a Government official, or a well-known magistrate, or a professional informer.

The non-commissioned officer held forth the light, and half a dozen willing hands seizing the inn-keeper in a moment denuded him of his great coat. There was a general and excited exclamation. "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 thereby appoint Mr. Andrew Roonan to the office and dignity of captain."

But there was, nevertheless, danger involved, and it was well for Butler as well as for others that he was perpetually on the watch.

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, and had many a glass of ale and a pipe with 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 man, suddenly drawing the high collar of his great cloak more over his face—an action which in the light summer shower, just then falling, in some sort explained.

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 lieutenant, and her husband the noblest patriot of them all.

Richard Raymond had not set out with the patrol from the first. He had overtaken it, and, their paths lying in one direction, had, after a cold exchange of courtesies, taken place beside Sirr, and so walked on out of Grafton-street with that functionary. Raymond, in fact, was so impatient to learn the results of the enterprise on which Roonan had adventured, that he had gone to meet him on his return.

At the fatal word, Roonan bounded from the place, and made a desperate rush for life along the road. The Town Major, calmly, took the lantern from the hand of the corporal, and directed the patrol from that direction, but soon altered his course and hurried through the streets in the hope of reaching Roonan before Richard should meet him.