



CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

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whispers hurriedly with Roonan, and then passes to the left along a narrow corridor, terminated by a door marked "Private." He trips carelessly and, evidently free of the sanctuary, before his intimation is acknowledged, enters without further ceremony. The intruder is a man of fifty years, but of active and powerful build. His upright figure and an unmistakable air would have betrayed him for a soldier without the evidence of the uniform, which, throwing aside his unseasonable overcoat, he displays. The cast of his face in repose is singularly unpleasant, but he has an extraordinary power of altering its natural expression, and constantly exercises the faculty—this desire to conceal his real aspect only serving to intensify the disagreeable impressions of his presence. On his sleeve he wears the chevron of a sergeant. He finds himself on entering the apartment in presence of a young man who might be, at first sight, mistaken for Charles Raymond. This is, in fact, his brother Richard, two years his junior. But the order of age seemed to have been reversed, as to its appearance, in the case of these two brothers. The fresh manly beauty, the frank carriage, the free, unfettered manner of the elder, seemed to have faded out, or to have been never possessed by the younger. He was like Charles in person; but it was Charles demoralised. Dissipation had wrought its inevitable change not more upon the body than on the mind of Richard Raymond. He was seated at a table, on which were a bottle and glasses; and looked indeed as if he had been using these materials. As his visitor entered, Raymond looked up, and nodded in return for the military salute, performed with an off-handedness which caused him to bite his lip. He filled a glass with liquor, however, and, pointing an invitation to it, said:—"You are late, Bradley. I have been in this cursed den these two hours. But that I had fallen asleep over this brandy—which you may tell Ruckle, from me, is most infernal stuff—I should have gone long since." Bradley accepted the dram with a great flourish, and made a show of drinking it. He, however, scarcely tasted the liquor, and, setting the glass on a side table, out of view, delivered his apology. "My time is not my own, Lieutenant—I mean Mr. Raymond. You should know that, I think. Besides, I wanted to kill two birds with one stone."

you there. I knew you in the army, Lieutenant and I know—and you know I do—why you left it. Don't rodden—the secret is safe with me—on conditions. You forget, Sir, that the present matter between us would tell badly for you if it came to your brother's ears. It is cheap to keep it dark for fifty pounds." Raymond paced the small apartment sullenly, and made no answer. The Sergeant changed his mode of address. "When a man begins a business of this kind it's a faint heart that wont carry him through with it. You have a noble chance, Mr. Raymond—the finest girl in the province and one of the best estates. After all, too, when the thing is settled, your brother Master Charles may be provided for I don't see why we can't get him out of the country, if you would rather that than to have him shot by the soldiers or strung up by the hangman." This harangue told on Raymond. He gulped down an eager draught of the brandy, and seemed to imbibe with it the spirit of resolve. "I'll do it," he cried, "I must do it. It has come to this or suicide with me. I cannot live without this woman, who dislikes me because she loves my brother. For that I hate him." "Well, if I don't hate him, I certainly envied him. This evening, Master Richard, when I carried orders to Major Craddock at Squire Harden's, and I saw the young lady and your brother walking in the garden, I overheard a word or two. She is a lovely girl, Lieutenant, and Castle-Harden is a splendid demesne." The interview resulted in the final arrangement of a plot which will be developed in succeeding chapters.

were present. Among them was Mr. Harden. The table is heaped with documents and ledgers. These contain official minutes relating to information received, memoranda of events, and entries of names, forming a double and distinct roll. Opposite one set of the names are sums of money. The other catalogue is not thus adorned. The first are the record of the informers, the second the black list in which is inscribed their victims. Each spy has his prey written down and regularly credited to his account. Despatches arrive at intervals which furnish fresh matter for the deliberation in progress. The secretary has just opened one which, having read, he tosses to Sirr, who glances over its contents, and hands it to his colleagues with an exclamation of indifference. "But it may prove worth your attention," observes the Secretary. "With all respect, Mr. Secretary," returns the Town Major, "I know it is not. Rest assured this is a mere device to foil our scent. I have information from one of my most reliable spies that Lord Edward has never left the city. In fact, I hope to take him to-morrow." All present were struck at this announcement. The secretary expressed his surprise and gratification. Sirr's conditors looked more envious than admiration. "If you succeed in this," said Cooke, "we have paralysed the rebellion, and can deal with it as we choose. For the other leaders, we have them in a net, and can take them when the moment comes, but a capable soldier like Lord Edward still at large is a greater danger than all these men together. This is the best news we have had, and I shall carry it at once to his Excellency." Mr. Secretary Cooke took his departure, but this circumstance did not interrupt the conference. It was plain from what transpired that the Government was in full possession of every rank and plan, but the detail of its movements, its points of rendezvous, the names and even the present whereabouts of nearly all its directory and leaders. In no association in history was there a greater ostentation of secrecy than among the United Irishmen, and never were all the rules of silence and caution more needlessly or more outrageously violated. It was the most gigantic and lamentable example of the national intellectual inconsistency which produces the "bull." Thus, men swore each other members with the most solemn formalities, and invoking terrible vengeance upon the treacherous or indiscreet tongue. But they babbled in their cups. Besides, nothing could be more ridiculous than the safeguards employed, when every man in the brotherhood cut his hair short, and so betrayed himself to friends and foes alike, for it needed but a look at his shorn poll to know the "Croppie."

O'Brien turned up the hat he had been handling as if it were red hot, and after some fumbling in its interior drew forth a dirty bit of paper, which he handed to the Town Major, performing another profound obeisance in the act. Sirr, not noticing the reverence, looked over the billet, and, turning his gaze on the informer, asked, "Is this certain?" O'Brien's answer was peculiar. He drew his finger across his soraggy throat, thereby intimating his readiness to suffer death if his intelligence were not satisfactory. Sirr re-perused the note, which was signed "John Warneford Armstrong," and then opening the large, strongly-bound record wrote in a column headed "for arrest" the names—John Sheares, } J. W. A. Henry Sheares, } J. O. B. Thus two lives were written away, and two other linked in infamy. "Retire," commanded the Major, "and send in Newell." Jimmy shambled out with the same ugly grin upon his face, and his place was directly taken by a fresh member of the unholy battalion. This was Edward John Newell, a portrait painter originally, but by instinct as well as by his present profession, a spy. Swan interrogated this fellow, and at his instance wrote down the names of two tradesmen in the Coombe, who had treated Newell to drink and then allowed themselves to be sworn by him as United Irishmen. The informer created great amusement and some eulogy for his zeal and cleverness by exhibiting a couple of likenesses of his unfortunate dupes, sketched by way of pastime during the carouse. Newell, a fellow of brazen front, retired in his turn, and, in obedience to the summons he carried, the third agent entered. It was Sergeant Bradley. Like Jimmy O'Brien, Bradley held an honorary military rank. He wore the uniform and received the pay of a non-commissioned officer in the corps of Antient Britons, and the military experience of his former life enabled him to enjoy the privileges of the service—which were many just then—when he chose. At other times he was on secret duty, his character of soldier enabling him to play a double part—one with the rank and file, the other with the people, who placed extreme trust in the soldiers; and, believing the majority of the army were well affected to their cause, ran every risk to make converts among them. "This fellow looks as if he had something to tell," cried Sirr, as Bradley advanced to the table, and made his military salute. "Come, out with the mare's nest, whatever it is." "I want to lodge an information, Major Sirr," he replied. "O, a new man?" "Yes, Major, a new man." "Good; who is he?" And Sirr, setting an official form before him, prepared to write to Bradley's dictation. "Charles Raymond, Esq., of Raymond's Park, in this county." The triumvirate looked on astonished, one dubious, and one gratified. This last was Sirr, who had at one time suspected Raymond; but, unable to trace anything to him, had given up the endeavor, and was now pleased to find that his instinct had not deceived him. Squire Harden jumped from his seat, and in the first impulse of his passion lifted his riding whip and advanced upon the informer. "You lie, you ruffian!" shouted the irascible old man. Sirr interposed, and with some difficulty succeeded in restraining him. He, however, continued to protest most vehemently against the charge made by Bradley, declaring it to be an infamous falsehood, and expressing his belief that Raymond, though a "Papist," was a loyal man. Bradley smiled. "You don't believe me, Mr. Harden," said he. Well, then, when you go home ask your daughter one question. Ask her whether Mr. Raymond did or did not confess to her that he was an United Irishman?" The Squire was staggered by the cool, confident manner of the informer. "I am afraid, Mr. Harden," said Sirr, "that there is only too great probability in what this man says. You will follow up the clue, Bradley. And you, Mr. Harden, though Mr. Raymond's friend, are also a magistrate, and know your duty." If it be true, I could hang him with my own hand," said Harden, as he strode from the room; anger and impatience giving unwonted agility to his burly figure. He called for his horse, and bestowed a ringing curse upon the dilatory groom, and sped at as round a pace as his weight and years would allow in the direction of Castle-Harden. (To be continued.)

WHICH WAS THE TRAITOR?

A STORY OF '08. (From the Dublin Weekly Freeman)

CHAPTER III.—ROONAN'S ROOST.

Among the low class taverns and houses of entertainment with which Dublin abounded at the period of our tale, none was of more dubious reputation or enjoyed a more extensive patronage than the hostelry known euphoniouly Roonan's Roost. It commanded the main lines of road from the South and West, and invited travellers by these avenues. The looser spirits among certain orders in the city were also among its customers. Here bull-baitings, cock-fights, and the business of the prize-ring, which then existed in the Irish metropolis, were arranged, and the plan and programme of the most notable popular disturbances and demonstrations which took place in the city originated within its walls. Some of its clients had more to say of Roonan's Roost. Late of winter nights, they had seen horsemen, cloaked and armed, dismount hurriedly and watchfully at the door, and put up in private fashion with the landlord. More than one was ready to swear that among these mysterious visitors was a face which belonged to no man if not to James Freney. The house had its traditions mostly of this character. It was whispered that the landlord had at one time been a knight of the road himself. His appearance favoured the report, whether well-founded or not. A scar across his cheek and a halt in his gait, were as hints to invention or proofs of the truth. According to the belief prevailing, these were the results of Roonan's last enterprise on the highway. He had met his match, and retired wounded and disgusted to commence life anew in a profession less risky if less profitable. The political movement had brought a large accession of visitors to Roonan's Roost. It was large and conveniently situated, and yet afforded opportunities for eluding Government espionage. A section of the United Irishmen—young tradesmen and artisans from the city, made this haunt their place of meeting. They knew the landlord for a cunning fellow, and, sworn brother that he boasted to be, they felt secure while their meeting were under his roof. These meetings have been more frequent of late. There is a very large and very agitated gathering this evening. The brethren as they arrive exchange with the landlord, who receives them at the door, expressions of salutation, which, from their exact recurrence, are no doubt passwords. Those who observe this form follow the directions of their host, and, turning to the right, pursue a passage which leads them to the room in which their secret council is being held. Only one individual among the initiated takes a different course. He gives and receives the same countersign; he greets others who happen to arrive at the same time with a peculiar grasp of the hand, and is treated by them with a certain deference. But on entering, instead of following their track, he

CHAPTER IV.—A CASTLE CONFERENCE.

At the left hand, within the gateway of the Lower Castle-yard, there stands a house, notorious in Irish history. Surrounded by high walls, and with its dark stone front, the building presents a trist and prison-like aspect. It is a spot of gloomy reminiscences. Here was the residence of the infamous Sirr, and in this narrow court-yard he stood over his minions, and directed them in the work of torture. The lamp iron still remains in the wall, from which more than one wretch was hanged, without a trial and without shrift; and not many years ago a flag was to be seen in the pavement, with an ineffaceable crimson stain upon it. caused, it was said, by the heart's blood of a victim, slaughtered there by a drunken drummer. The stone was an unsightly testimony against misgovernment, and it was, therefore, removed. The horrible deeds executed in this court-yard spread its reputation throughout the length and breadth of the land. The peasantry soon found a name for it—"Sirr's Purgatory." The educated quoted from the Inferno an inscription too often applicable to this place of torment. Most of those who entered here might well leave hope behind. We pass through the gate this May night of 1798. Strong patrols of cavalry and infantry are drawn up on the Castle parade, and now and then an officer emerging with his orders from the Town Major's residence, marches off with his command. The guard lounge about the courtyard or engage in conversation with several civilians, mostly men of mean and ill-omened presence. Now and then a name is called from inside, and one of these latter enters hastily and with trepidation. He soon re-appears with the air of a man who has been entrusted with important business, and either departs alone or accompanies some party of military. These men are the members of that corps known as "The Battalion of Testimony," unhappily the most serviceable brigade in the employment of the British Government. Informers and spies through fear, for money, or by nature, they had the keenness of bloodhounds and their indiscriminate ferocity also; for not a man in their ranks hesitated in his denunciations between friend or foe, or cared whether his victim were innocent or guilty. As has been the case in later times, these instruments of a paternal regime were not considered secure among the people they helped to rule, and the Castle, large as it is, not affording accommodation sufficient for their number, they were quartered in special buildings at Kilmainham and elsewhere, and dared not stir abroad except under protection. They are at present in the actual exercise of their profession, waiting for their turn to come before their employers and render an account of their respective missions. Inside the house the virtual government of Ireland sit in council. Mr. Secretary Cooke and other members of the Executive are confronted from the opposite side of a table by a triumvirate whose sway over the capital is absolute. The triple despotism is composed of three Majors—Sirr, Swan, and Sandys, an aliteration, and will never cease to call forth in Ireland the hisses of the people. Several magistrates of the city and county

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A joint affair with only one party to it—Rheumatism. Who lives for himself alone, lives for a mean fellow.