



CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

VOL. XXIII.

MONTREAL, FRIDAY, MARCH 28, 1873.

NO. 32

BOOKS SUITED FOR THE HOLY SEASON OF LENT. Holy Week, 50 cents to \$3 00. Clock of the Passion, by St. Liguori, containing Stations for Holy Thursday, 0 45. The School of Jesus Crucified, by Father Ignatius Spencer, 0 75. Four Lectures on the Offices and Ceremonies of Holy Week, by his Eminence Cardinal Wiseman, 1 00. Jesus and Jerusalem, or the Way Home, a Book for Spiritual Reading, 1 50. Life Pictures of the Passion of Jesus Christ, from the German of Dr. Veith, 1 50. The Soul on Calvary, Meditations on the Sufferings of Jesus Christ, cloth, 0 75. Introduction to a Devout Life, St. Francis de Sales, 0 75. Lenten Monitor, 0 60. Liguori on Christian Virtues, 1 00. Do on Commandment and Sacraments, 0 45. Do on Glories of Mary, 1 25. Do on Hours of the Passion, 0 60. Do Love of Christ, 0 60. Do Preparation for Death, or Eternal Truths, 0 75. Do Treatise on Prayer, 0 45. Do Visits to the Blessed Sacrament, 0 75. Do Way of Salvation, 0 75. Nouet's Meditations, 1 vol., 2 50. Manresa, or the Spiritual Exercises of St. Ignatius, for general use, 1 50. Craspe's Meditations, 1 80. Elevation of the Soul to God, 0 75. Following of Christ, 0 40. Lenten Sermons, from the French of Father Segneri, S.J., 1 50. Via Crucis, or the Way of the Cross—Forty-six Meditations for every day in Lent, translated from the German of Rev. Dr. John Emmanuel Veith, cloth, beveled edge, 1 50. Books sent by mail (postage prepaid) on receipt of prices, marked. Address, D. & J. SADLER & CO., Montreal.

self presentable. At the same time they heard the voices of the soldiers who had been wakened by the episode, as they tried to guess the nature of the tidings in transmission abroad, or cursed the envoys who had startled them out of their slumber. While Bradley was making his appearance Charles backed his horse, as if with impatience to the gate. In this way he drew Bradley from the house. Fortunately the curiosity of the soldiers did not overcome their weariness. One looked out for a moment and disappeared from the door again. Bradley advanced to the barrier, and placed the key in the stout padlock. Charles thrown off his guard lifted his hat to scan the road before him, and at that instant the Sergeant shot the light of a dark lantern upon him. He started. The alarm was arrested at his lips. Charles clapped his pistol to his forehead, and bending from his saddle said, in a stern whisper, "One sound, one stir, and I'll blow your brains out. We have only to turn back to make our escape, but there is no chance for you. Open the gate." Bradley unlocked the gate. "Now, fling it wide. Hold up both your hands. All right. If you raise your voice while we are within pistol-shot, have a care for yourself. Stand out of the way!" and putting spurs in his horse Charles dashed through with Ned at his heels. Bradley rushed into the house, terrifying the half-sleeping soldiers, who imagined in their drows that the rebels were upon them. At his outcries they seized their muskets and rushing out upon the road *en deshabille de nuit*, found that the fugitives had disappeared round a turn of the road. For spite they fired a volley into the air. Bradley's feelings were those of such a man as he when he has lost a thousand pounds when that sum is almost within his grasp. Charles Raymond and Ned Fennell reached Castle Harden without further adventure. In a deep and lonely recess of the noble woods which clothed the demesne, our hero picked his horse, and his servant, taking first watch, threw himself upon the grass to try and snatch the rest he needed to force the remainder of his enterprise.

as they deserve." Charles pressed some money into the hand of the groom, who drew back, saying—"No, no, Master Charles—not now. I'll wait till better times, and you can pay me then. There'll be more to be made, you know, sir," he explained with a laugh. "Ah, no, Master Charles, not me, for only doing a small matter to oblige yourself and Miss Marion. Ayeh! sure, it's a far way I wouldn't go to serve the pair of ye. That's God's truth, anyhow. Good luck, Master Charles. I'll see after the 'conveyance,' and he disappeared. Reassured by Butler's communication Charles now grew bolder in his movements. He stepped on the narrow terrace, and moving carefully among the attuary and flower pots with which it was adorned, reached the diningroom window and, shaded from outer view as well as from detection from within, by the ivy which half overgrew it, looked in. The Squire and his lieutenant were at a carousal. That was plain. The host thrown back in his chair, his bosom frill all awry, and his vest open, blinked gravely across the table at his guest with the ludicrously wise expression of a man trying to persuade himself that he is sober when he is far otherwise. A steaming tumbler of whiskey punch stood before him, and to this he now and then reverted, every slip of the heady liquor serving to aggravate his condition. Richard Raymond was little better. He wore his uniform, for military attire became him well, and he wished to look at his best always at Castle Harden. The bright scarlet of his coat was, however, stained fresh with spilt wine, and at the moment we set eyes upon him he is drowsing with half shut eyes, one arm swaying over the back of his chair, and one boot—spur and all—through his 'husby,' which had somehow got, feathered and all, under his feet. Squire Harden was habitually a temperate man, but accustomed, like so many, to stifle care or choler in the bowl. As for Richard Raymond, he liked strong drink for the excitement it gave him. In short, Raymond was a drunkard. In those days many gentlemen thought it a duty they owed society and themselves to go as drunk as possible every night to bed, if they did not sleep where they fell under the table—for it often happened that their servants were too tipsy themselves to remove their masters. The Squire had broken off midway in his song, being unable to remember his favourite verse. From the loss of memory he proceeded to consider the cause of it, and had convinced himself that indulgence in the bottle had had nothing to do therewith. But he failed to recall the chant, and therefore demanded a stave from his guest, who with some hiccoughs declared his total ignorance of all melody. "Come, dash my buttons, if this isn't too bad," cried the Squire, in a mood to carp at anything. "If a country gentleman with four thousand a year can't find some beggarly music to his after-dinner potations—it's a devilish queer state of things!" "I can't sing," said Raymond, "and you can't sing. But there's your charming daughter. I never had the happiness myself, but others who heard her told me she has a divine voice. I'm quite aware of it," he added with some inconsistency—"she's a divinity in everything. She has treated me most harshly, but I still pronounce your daughter to be a most goddess-like creature. Her health!" and staggering to his feet, the lieutenant, with a grotesque gallantry, did honour to the absent lady. "I a'n't sing, do you say?" quoth the Squire. "Dick Raymond, you lie, for your pains. When I was younger than I am, and doing the Grand Tour—I remember it was with Duck Whalley—the prince of good fellows if he weren't a little hare-brained—we were at Milan, and I sang in a quartette with Spaducci. Do you know, sir, that all the ladies preferred the stranger, and I might have carried off a marchese with deuce knows how many gold crowns, if I was so minded. Look, you, I have taught the piece I sang that night to my daughter, and—yes, hang me—she'll sing it, too." Marion had, since the scene related in a previous chapter, kept her own room, the only communication she had received in the interval from her father being a message to remind her of the act of duty he expected, and was determined she should render him. She was surprised under the circumstances at receiving a summons to the diningroom. "And I was ordered to bring your harp in from the drawingroom, Miss," added the domestic, thus indicating to Marion the business on which she was wanted. Marion looked at her watch, and said that it was near eleven. She was in no mood to entertain, but, resolved to please her father, she descended to the diningroom, and made an obedient reverence to the Squire. "I sent for you," said he, without noticing

her respectful salute, "to play us some music, and sing us a song. There's no use in making a house gloomy. I, I advise you to chase dull care away, as we do, and then you won't care for anybody." Here it struck him he was beginning to talk at random, and he added hastily, as the servant brought in the instrument. "Sit down, and give us just one." Marion took her harp, the fashionable instrument of the time, and ran her fingers over the chords. Her heart was anxious, and her spirits fell still further to see the state in which her father was. She never looked at Richard Raymond. "Are you ready, girl? So. Now, Dick, my boy, name your favourite." The Squire had forgotten his Milan experience. Raymond, with a reminiscence from the mess-room orgies of the day, was about to call for the famous *chant de marche*, "Moll Flagon," but recollecting himself in time, he with some labour bethought him of the more reputable piece, "By Celia's Arbour," which he managed to request. "Give us 'Celia's Arbour,'" cried her father. "It reminds me of my bachelor days. Good, sir, by many an arbour have I been in my rakehelly days, but never—let me see"—and the old fellow pondered—"no, never by any Celia's. There were girls quite as good though, I'll be bound, and—" Here he was struck by his daughter's presence, and, by way of removing the effect of his last remark, sternly bade her to go on. Marion possessed a soft, and what is generally called a sympathetic voice—one of those organs which may be neither very powerful nor very sweet, but which, nevertheless, exercise an indescribable influence over the listener. She performed exquisitely also, and thus, untuned as her soul was to the sympathy, she, nevertheless, impressed her listeners. Richard Raymond was usually little moved by concord of sweet sounds, but the beauty no less than the witching tones of the singer awakened in him a sensual rapture. Squire Harden, delighted with her performance, and proud always of his daughter, called her to him. "Come here and kiss me, you hussy," he cried with brusque fondness. "There, see now!" he added, taking her hand, his brain hazy with that elation which enables the intoxicated man to see an easy way out of all difficulties, "see now how happy we might be, if only you would have a little sense, and do as I bid you. Come, girl, let us make up matters while everybody is in the humour. Dick, stand up and come here—if you can. Marion is going to make friends." Richard Raymond rose and staggered from his chair, leering with drunken insolence upon the young lady. "Course I'll come," he jerked out, pausing to steady himself. "We're all friends now. I'm friendly, I know. Are you friendly, Miss Harden?" he asked, reeling nearer, and attempting an imploring glance. "If you are—if you are—say so, and make—make the man who adores you hap—happy!" She averted her face in disgust, and tried gently to draw her hand from that of her father, whose eyes were beginning to close. "All right, Marion," continued the lieutenant. "Silence gives consent, my darling, and damn me, I'll have a kiss," and he lurched forward stretching forth his arms. She sprang past him with a cry, and the ruffian, missing his clutch, fell heavily upon his face. He gathered himself up with a brutal oath, to see his host glaring in blank amazement at Charles Raymond, who stood before the drunken pair, and held Marion in his arms. "You!" was all the Squire could utter, as, with levelled fore-finger, he stared at the intruder. He doubted the evidence of his senses. "It is I," retorted Charles Raymond, with cool scorn, and gently removing Marion's encircling arms, but retaining her in a lover's hold, he faced the Squire. "I make no apology for my presence here. After the scene I have witnessed—with the spectacle before me, I thank the Providence that guided me hither. Mr. Harden, I leave you to recover to remorse and shame. Come, Marion, this is no place for you." "Dear father, forgive and pity me," cried Marion. "Heaven knows how I love you—but you have forced me to this." "Stay," said the Squire, not heeding her imploration. Rage and liquor almost choked him. "Unhand my daughter, you villain; unhand her, I say!" He tried to rise, but his limbs, relaxed with the night's indulgence, refused their office; His distress under other circumstances might have excited laughter. "Am I awake?" he cried, looking wildly round. He saw his lieutenant standing beside him, no less bemused, if more capable of movement, than himself. "Your hand, Dick—help me. No, d—me, I can't get up. I'm too drunk. Here

you scoundrel, wheel me over—bring me near that rebel any way. Reach me a decanter—I'll brain him!" "If you move hand or foot," said Charles, turning to his younger brother, "not even the blood which binds us shall save you," and he covered the trembling lieutenant with a pistol. "I warn you not to follow." He addressed the Squire once more. "Mr. Harden," said he, "I have come to rescue your daughter from a persecution which would have killed her. I believe you did not know your own cruelty. The results be upon your own head." He drew Marion from the room, which he fastened upon the carousers. The Squire now found his feet, and with deep imprecations on the cowardice and inaction of Richard Raymond, threw himself against the door, which soon yielded. He stumbled along the corridor with outcries which startled the household, and, gaining the place where it hung, tugged at the alarm-bell till the rope broke in his strenuous grasp. CHAPTER XVII.—THE ELOPMENT. The first to answer the startling summons was Major Craddock. Throwing aside Vauban he hurried towards the clangor. A dozen of his dragoons were speedily in their saddles, waiting the signal to set out. Squire Harden almost sobered by the occurrences of the previous few minutes, hurried to the stables, and there made two discoveries. One was the disappearance of a pair of carriage horses and a light travelling carriage cushion. The other was that the one person on the premises whom the alarm had failed to arouse was Tom Butler, the groom. The lazy fellow at length appeared, in all the stupor of a man unseasonably awakened from deep slumber. Nothing could exceed the astonishment and dismay he displayed when he found the vehicle and the two best pacers in his charge spirited away, literally from under his nose—for he slept in the story above his equino charge. Tom solemnly protested that the "Old Boy" himself must have had a hand in the mystery. A considerable time was lost in consequence of these complexities and of the Squire's determination to accompany the pursuit. When he took the saddle he found his deep potations anything but conducive to a firm seat, and the whole party were, therefore, obliged to move slowly till he should have recovered somewhat his usual horsemanship. They found the park gates wide open, and the man in charge in the same state of confusion that had seized the others. He only knew that, shortly after he had been wakened by the bell, he heard the sound of wheels, then the grating of hinges; and, as he hurried out, a carriage drove away, followed by a mounted man leading a second horse, without a rider. Squire Harden dismissed him there and then from his employment, warning him not to be on the spot at his return if he valued his liberty. There was no need to ask the negligent janitor which direction the fugitives had taken. One way the road led to the city, into which Raymond could not venture; the other route was towards the country, and this, though perilous enough to a man circumstanced as Charles was just then, was beyond doubt the one he must have taken. Without a word or sign from their officer the cavalry wheeled to the right, and broke into a trot, increasing their pace to a round gallop. Squire Harden, Raymond, and Major Craddock rode at the head of the party. Not a word was exchanged between them, save when, on topping a hill or entering on a long stretch of the twilight road, the Major called a moment's halt, and all listened and looked through the tranquil night for sight or sound of those they were following. As the cool rush of the night air cleared away the reek which had obscured his reason, the Squire recalled more and more vividly the incidents of the hour before, and, unspcakably incensed as he felt against his daughter, and bitter as was his desire for vengeance upon the man who had seduced her from his roof, there was another circumstance which made probably as strong an impression upon him. He could not help contrasting the attitude of the two brothers during the crisis, and, prejudiced as he was against the one, he was forced to own that the other made but a despicable show beside him. The manly courage and noble demeanour of Charles Raymond recurred as strongly as the cowardice and craven aspect of Lieutenant Dick. He also remembered, all the more poignantly that he had sanctioned it, the insult the latter had dared to offer his daughter, and he muttered a curse upon himself for having permitted it. But the contrast he was thus forced into drawing only strengthened his enmity towards Charles and his anger against Marion, at the same time that it provoked sentiments of indignation and contempt as regarded Richard Raymond. He resolved

WHICH WAS THE TRAITOR?

A STORY OF '98. (From the Dublin Weekly Freeman)

CHAPTER XV.—THE MIDNIGHT RIDE.

Charles followed as narrowly as he could the route which he and his followers had traversed on their march from the metropolis. This lay for considerable intervals through remote localities, and at such portions of the journey our hero and his faithful attendant were able to concert measures the object of which will be disclosed in the next chapter. At times, however, the travellers found themselves on the public highway or in peopled places, and at these times they moved on cautiously, eye and ear on the alert. It was the hours of deep slumber, and the night was calm and beautiful. But the repose of the time had vanished. The peace and security of the country were hideously disturbed by the glare of conflagrations on every side, and by sounds, more or less distant, of suffering or of exultation, as the armed foes of the people exercised their savage licence upon such victims as they chanced to seize. Charles and his servant were both armed to the teeth, and felt confident of their ability to encounter any half dozen of the volunteer soldiery. Raymond, moreover, was determined to die rather than yield at such a juncture. By continual vigilance they managed to elude two or three encounters which threatened to bar their path. Their progress was necessarily slow, and it was beginning to lighten when they had arrived at the most serious obstacle between them and the end of their expedition. This was a turpiket, which they remembered too late, as the time lost in making a detour to gain another road would bring in the day, and force them to seek a hiding place till darkness should fall again. Charles knew that every turpiket was held by soldiers, but risking his fate on the turn of the event he quietly cocked a pistol, and, imitated by his companion, rode boldly up to the turpiket house, and knocked at the door. A gruff voice replied. Charles was about to reply when Ned Fennell, placing a hand on his mouth, whispered—"Bradley!" It was Bradley who occupied the dwelling with a sergeant's party of regular infantry; for the informer had a sort of independent military command, and could exchange at will into the regiment from which he chose to select his assistants. Charles, who had often seen Bradley at Squire Harden's, and had, moreover, some knowledge of his character, saw the gravity of the situation; but desperation gave him nerve, and as he turned, up his high coat collar, and slouched his broad-brimmed hat over his face, he answered to the challenge from within, disguising his voice. "On his Majesty's service. Open instantly, you lazy scoundrel. We carry important news." Charles almost smiled as the character of the equivocal he employed struck his mind. "Coming, Colonel," replied Bradley in a tone considerably altered, and they heard him energetically laboring in his haste to make him-