VOL. XXV.

MONTREAL, FRIDAY, OCT. 16, 1874.

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LORD DACRE OF GILSLAND:

The Rising in the North: Ay HISTORICAL ROMANCE OF THE DAYS OF ELIZABETH

By E. M. Stewart.

As Euphrasia uttered these last words, she clung

CHAPTER VI .-- (CONTINUED.)

to the young man's arm, who, assuring her with a smile that he could not consent to part with a fair damsel whom he had won even at the sword's point. gently led her to the door of the apartment, bidding her retire to rest, and releasing her till the morrow from any further attendance upon Lucy. Meanwhile, that ill fated girl had sat trembling upon a pile of cushions since the time of the youth's entrance, nor was her perturbation lessened by his dismissal of Euphrasia, whose presence she felt as some slight shadow of protection, for there was much in the words and manner of that strange woman which was at variance with the dark malignity her own sex, that made the distinguishing feature in her discourse. The features of the gallant had been narrowly examined by Lucy on his first entrance, but if ever she had seen them before, they had left no trace upon her memory. He now approached her, and bade her welcome to his dwelling, of which, with the hyperbole commonly addressed by the cavaliers of the day to the softer sex, he hoped that she might long continue the sunbeam, the presiding star; assuring her that to his mind her beauty as far excelled that of the Court ladies as the loveliness of the rose surpassed that of a poor daisy or the green blade of grass. To all these fine speeches Lucy turned a deaf ear, and was indeed so rude as to interrupt her admirer with repeated intreaties that he would restore her to the humble dwelling of her father, which was, she assured him, as much more suited to her wishes as it was to her condition, and far more meet for an unambitious damsel like herself, than the costly abode of which it had pleased him to make her an inhabitant. This very ungracious reply to a speech the flatteries of which, he well knew, would not have been unacceptable to the sagacious and imperial Elizabeth, excited no small astonishment in the bosom of Sir Philip Wynyard. This astonishment, however, did not originate in a supposition that Lucy really meant to reject his proffered love, or had any real wish to return to the abode of her father. That such could be the state of her thoughts, the superlative vanity of the knight did not at first permit him for a moment to imagine. He supposed that the coldness of the damsel arose from her overweening love of flattery, and that he had not sufficiently praised her charms. Accordingly he burst forth in a new strain of panegyric; so extravagant indeed was the style which he adopted, that had not Lucy been in his power, she would have laughed outright at what, in her untaught simplicity, she considered the folly of such language. But the affair was in the worst possible position for her, and the more Sir Philip praised, the more did Lucy tremble. That this courtier should suppose that so humble a damsel would at once be dazzled and won by a freeapplication of flattery, was not at all surprising, since he was a daily witness of its potent influence over the mind of the lion-hearted Queen herself. No flattery was to gross too be accepted by Elizabeth and one sure way to her favour was to speak of her personal charms in terms the 'most'extravagant and ridiculous. The continued coldness, therefore, with which this little humble daughter of a citizen suffered him to exhaust his breath in the utterance of compliments which he knew that a queen would have accepted with gratitude, and have rewarded with bounty, began at last also to exhaust his patience. He knew not whether to impute the! indifference of Lucy to stupidity, or to bad taste. Most dire stupidity it was, in his opinion, not to apprehend the point of his excellent compliments; and that the taste of the maiden could be so corrupt as to allow of her entertaining an indifference or dislike to his person his vanity made him slow to believe; Intruth Sir Philip Wynyard was a just specimen of

vanity, or make him a mark for the shafts of contempt and there was no offence against morality or good feeling which he could not be irritated to commit. The circumstance even which had led to the abduction of Lucy Fentch was a sufficient key to the character of this young man. The beauty of the girl, and of her cousin Gertrude Harding, became accidentally a topic of conversation with Sir Philip and some of his Court companions, by whom the damsels had been noticed when seated among the dames of their condition at a tilt. It was observed that Sir Christopher Hatton and the Earl of Leicester, the latter more particularly, had been heard to praise the loveliness of the maidens in high terms. Hereupon a youth of the party, well aware of the peculiar weakness of Sir Philip; warned that] knight who had been loud in his admiration, to give up at once, all hope of success in a pursuit wherein he must encounter such dangerous rivals. This was enough. Sir Philip's vanity was piqued, and he boldly waggered a thousand rose nobles to a silver great that he would carry off both the damsels, and win their affection from all other competitors, be they gentle or simple. The extravagance of this boast was no less irritating to the vanity of his companions than their previous sneers had been to that of Sir Philip, and they took special care to bind him to his engagement in such a mode as to ensure their own knowledge of its failure or success. From this it will be seen that if not disposed to annoy Lucy from a motive of utter profligacy, Sir Philip was very likely to do so from the malice of disappointed vanity, if once he discovered that he was really to her an object of contempt. This, however unwilling he might be to admit it, was a conviction that at last forced itself upon his mind. His hyperbolical compliments she had listened to in almost total silence; but when he came to speak with terms of contempt of plebeian birth, and to dwell on the superior luxuries which she might enjoy-would she consent to be his love, the lady of his heart?-Lucy's anger was excited, and rising indignantly, with something of her cousin's spirit flushing her brow, she bade him, in the stern tone of insulted virtue, quit her presence. "Be not angry, fair one," said Sir Philip, "the love

and devout adherence of a noble gentleman of thy Sovereign's Court may well be accepted by a damsel of thy rank, however fair may be her person, upon terms more light than those which she might exact from the brute citizens, or unmannerly churis, who may seem as honourable pretenders to her hand."

"Shame upon thy condition," said Lucy, " if its best priveilege is but to cast aside the wholesome reins of morality, and its dearest triumph thus with impunity to insult a poor helpless damsel. Thy proffers I spurn; thy person I despise. Begone, wretch, and molest me no more with thine odious presence."

The girl had spoken from the impulse of a most natural indignation, but its violent exhibition was imprudent considering her position, wholly in the power of the man whose vanity she wounded and whose vengeance she provoked. A fint of dusky red stole over the brow of Sir Philip Wynyard, and he paused a moment ere he could discover words in which to give vent to emotions so much stronger than any which he had hitherto experienced. At length his galled vanity found a tongue.

Vain and foolish damsel," he said, "the lowness of thy condition has, I see, infected thy spirit with its neanness. Thou cans't discern no more distinction to thyself, in the love of a gallant gentleman, than in that of the mean admirers of thine own poor estate. But at least it shall not be said that Philip Wynyard, who never sued in vain to a demoiselle of high degree, was spurned by the citizen's daughter. Mine damsel, thou shalt be—in scorn and hatred, if not in love. Thou hast had thy choice, and thou hast chosen. Never was knight more devoted to the nobelst lady in the land than I would have been to thee. I would have been thy slave, but thou, it seems, preferest to be mine."

"Wretch," said the indignant Lucy, "flatter not thyself with security in thy cruel design. I may yet find means by which to escape thy toils, and to the throne even of Elizabeth will I carry the tale of my wrongs. This may be said for her, that her ear is ever open to the griefs of the meanest among her subjects.

"Save, damse'," said Sir Philip, "they chance to be suspected Papists even like unto thyself."

"Man, man!" returned the wretched Lucy, with a bitter despair in her accent. "Alas, for the miserble days in which we live, there is a horrible truth in thy words. No justice, indeed, is to be found in this land for the children of its ancient faith; but there is a power yet superior to that of Elizabetha power to which she even must stand accountant. Upon that power do I throw myself. Man may be merciless, but God is just."

There was something in the looks and tones of Lucy that awed for the time even the sain and profligate Sir Philip; and, with a simple announcement that, together with a chamber adjoining to it, that apartment must be her prison, he withdrew, locking after him the door of the raloon.

With the present threats and trunts of her oppressor, fled, at once the heroism of Lucy, and she sunk apon the couch in tears. How long could she expect that this man, whom she had so bitterly exasperated, would forbear the execution of his threats; and how could she hope to escape, surrounded as she was by the ministers of his will-committed to the especial charge of a woman, upon the nature of whose character she shuddered even to think. Escape was her only chance; oh, was escape impossible? Lucy dried her tears, her head ached, she was faint and sick from want of food, and remembering the advice of the kind Gilbert, in which he had reminded her of the need of supporting her strength, she approached the table and took a small

portion of chicken, with a cup of wine. Her next care was to examine the saloon and the adjoining apartment, with a faint hope of finding some means of escape. She drew back the curtains from a large window at the upper end of the saloon. that very foolish class of young men who, without The garden scene which then presented itself was any exact appetite for vice, suffer themselves to be lovely beyond expression; the moon, which still led, or rather shamed into it by more force of expression in the heavens, illumined with her ample. The oblet families of sir Philip were light all the watery of smooth lawn and artilay and his morbid apprehension of vidicule; for the
loss waters and not in gent.

The whole the water than the mall a same Papist, Willoughton, cometh of no mean strain, bellet Lucy perceived the glare of gratified malice same Papist, Willoughton, cometh of no mean strain, bellet Lucy perceived the glare of gratified malice same Papist, Willoughton, cometh of no mean strain, bellet Lucy perceived the glare of gratified malice same Papist, Willoughton, cometh of no mean strain, bellet Lucy perceived the glare of gratified malice same Papist, Willoughton, cometh of no mean strain, bellet Lucy perceived the glare of gratified malice same Papist, Willoughton, cometh of no mean strain, bellet Lucy perceived the glare of gratified malice same Papist, Willoughton, cometh of no mean strain, bellet Lucy perceived the glare of gratified malice same Papist, Willoughton, cometh of no mean strain, there, her under the malice same Papist, Willoughton, cometh of no mean strain, there is more likely Lucy perceived the glare of gratified malice same Papist, Willoughton, cometh of no mean strain, there is more likely lucy perceived the glare of gratified malice same Papist, Willoughton, cometh of no mean strain, there, her under the whole there are the the water of the papist, Willoughton, cometh of no mean strain, there is more likely lucy perceived the glare of gratified malice same Papist, Willoughton, cometh of no mean strain, there was a sum of the papist, Willoughton, cometh of no mean strain, there was a sum of the papist, will same papist, will same papist, willoughton, cometh of no mean strain, there was a sum of the papist, will same papist, will

their bright surface. The window in the saloon | Henry Willoughton dwelt on with the intensity of overlooked the stately terrace along which Lucy had been led by Gilbert; but, alas, it was not only fastened, but was too high above the terrace to permit her to entertain a thought of leaping from it.— Lucy racked her invention for some means to overcome these obstacles. She wore on her finger a dismond ring, the first gift of Henry Willoughton, the pledge of their love. Could she not cut out some of the glass; and then the framing between the panes was not thick. Might she but indulge a hope of breaking away so much of it as would afford a space wide enough for her slender person to pass through. Then, indeed, there was the height of the window from the terrace, but the adjoining apart-ment might possibly afford her the means of a safe

With renewed hope did Lucy enter that apart-

It was a bed-chamber magnificently furnished, the ceiling painted with a representation of Diana and her nymphs; the walls, hung like those of the saloon, with light blue silk; the curtains and canopy of the bed being of the same color, trimmed with a fringe of silver thread and white silk; the toilette was superb in its appointments-it was covered with fine linen trimmed with lace, and the mirror was silver. Meanwhile the snow white Holland sheets caught Lucy's eye; knotted together might they not enable her to descend safely from the window of the saloon? or, might not those of the bed-chamber prove more accessible; Lucy to her great joy found that these were not fastened .-That which she mounted was parallel with the great window in the saloon, and consequently, it likewise overlooked the terrace. The height from which she would have to descend was, however, greater in proportion to the relative height of the windows. Still, with the assistance of the sheets, Lucy thought that she might venture on the descent. She found on securing them to a staple in the wall, that when thrown out of the window they failed by some six or eight feet to reach the level of the terrace, but from that height she thought that she might well venture to drop; for the chance of escape she would have risked a much greater danger. With a short but fervent prayer did Lucy, having first securely fastened the sheets to the staple before named, slipped by their assistance from the window. The violent friction scorched her hands so severely, that unable to bear the pain she involuntarily, and at the risk of a serious injury from a fall greater than she had contemplated, let go her hold and was precipi-tated at once upon the terrace. Fortunately for Lucy, her courage and her endurance of pain had supported her till she had swung nearly to the whole length of the sheets, and though she fell prostrate upon the terrace and severely grazed her elbow, she received, except a few bruises, no more important injury. Shaken by the fall, and for the time in very acute pain, she was unable to rise for a few minutes; but as she perfectly preserved her senses, she felt the necessity of immediate exertion, and overcoming the faintness which she felt she rose and passed as quickly as her pain would permit along the terrace. The motion quickly restored her wonted agility to Lucy, whose limbs had been slightly numbed by her fall, and having reached the end of the terrace she fled with rapidity along the garden walks in search of some outlet by which she might escape into the open country. Such an outlet, however, she soon found was not very easily discovered. The poor girl was bewildered in an apparently inextricably mass of grotesquely cut hedges, stiff flower beds, artificial lakes, grottoes, and fountains For one anxious hour did she traverse the gardens, walking and running by turns, weeping in the agony of her terror, and repeatedly, after wandering through some apparently interminable labyrinth, arriving at the very spot from which she had set out. At length, turning from one of these labyrinths into a long straight walk over-arched by a double row of tall elms, she thought that she perceived at its extremity the twinkling of a light. She knew that it could not proceed from the house, for in the immense extent of the gardens she had left that far behind her in an opposite direction. She therefore indulged a hope that this light proceeded from some outbuilding near to the open road, or perhaps even from a cottage on the borders of the grounds. Reanimated by this hope, Lucy felt both her strength and courage return, and with an assured and rapid step she hurried along the walk, whose length appeared almost interminable to her impatience, but still cheered by the friendly light shining at the end of the green vists. She had no time now to shrink and shudder as she had done so often while wandering in those lonely gardens, fancying that the grisly form of some clipped holly or fantastic yew was that of a giant foe with arms outstretched to arrest her on her course. On approaching the end of the walk, she perceived that the light issued from a window in a small but somewhat gloomy looking, square stone building. This building was half-grown over with ivy, and Lucy perceived at once that it appertained to the domain, and was probably used as a lodging place for the interior class of the servants. The light which she had observed proceeded from a lower apartment of the building, and the window in which it was placed was thrown open.

She now advanced with considerable caution, for she caught the faint buzz of voices through the onen window; as she approached more closely she perceived some tall shrubs growing near it, among which she thought she might conceal herself, and at once discover the speakers and so far overhear their conversation as to judge whether it related in any way to herself, or whether the persons conversing were such as she might venture to implore for assistance in her escape. At some little distance from this building she perceived a massive gateway surmounted by stag's heads, the cognizance of Sir Philip Wynyard. Cautiously did Lucy now steal among the shrubs, fearing even the sound of her own breath, or the light rustling of the wind among the leaves. But what was her horror when in looking through the branches she beheld lying on a pallet near the window the form of the detestable Ralph Adams himself. He was conversing with a person who sat on a low stool near his couch; the head of this person was turned away, but by the light of a lamp that stood upon a table near the

hatred, more than once met her ear. The poor girl's heart sickened at the sound, what evils might not be preparing both for herself and that adored being, the beloved of her innocent soul, if the unutterably low and malignant wretch before her were permitted to have a voice in their fate. Nor were her teriors lessened when on a slight movement of the person to whom Ralph spoke she obtained a glimpse of his features, and recognized those of Sir Philip Wynyard; his face, like that of Adam's, was flushed, and remote as was the position of Lucy, she could perceive as the light of the lamp played upon his countenance the momentary knitting of his brow, and his teeth set firmly upon his nether lip. Again was the name of Henry Willoughton repeated, and Lucy fancied that she beheld Sir Philip's brow grow even darker at that word. Her only thought now was to escape from the dangerous vicinity upon which she had so unwittingly obtruded. If the rustling of a leaf alarmed her even on her approach to that build-ing, how did she tremble at the sound of her own light movements, when she thus perceived that it sheltered the monster of ingratitude to whom she might impute all the perils of her situation. Most ardently did poor Lucy wish that she had not approached the fatal light, the will-o'-the-wisp as it and proved, which had only increased her difficulties, for alas, there was no way to reach the garden boundary but by passing the window of the apartment which contained her two direst foes, one of whom was at the very moment she might well surmise from the repetition of her lover's name, inciting the other to still greater injustice towards her-self. Should she steal back through the brake, and, retracing her steps down the avenue of elms endeavor to find some other boundary of the garden?— No; she shrunk in terror from that attempt, for she saw, from the position of the apartment, that were Sir Philip to rise from his seat he must inevitably perceive her if then passing down the avenue.— There was nothing then but a bold attempt to pass the window, for should she linger till daybreak in the garden her chance of flight would be no more, for it was probable that Euphrasia, or some other of the female servants would then be sent to the apartment in which she bad been confined. With a palpitating heart did Lucy steal from the friendly covert, fearing not only the rustling of the leaves, but the very fall of the lingering rain-drops, which were swept from them by the passing breeze. One of the smooth, velvet-like lawns in which the garden abounded, lay beneath the window of the chamber occupied by Ralph. Could she but seize a moment when Sir Philip might again turn away his head. His miscreant associate was, she could see, too much occupied in venting his malevolence and enjoying its effect, to turn his eyes a moment from the countenance of the knight; and her light footsteps would not be heard upon the short, wet turf. The favorable moment arrived—Sir Philip again bent down his head to catch the words of Ralph, for the present strength of the latter was by no means commensurate with his malice, and the writings of pain had more than once distorted his features while Lucy was stationed in the thicket, and his voice then sunk to a low and ineffective murmur. She had already crept to the very verge of the copse, and now stood within a few paces of the window, prepared the moment that Sir Philip turned his head to run

That moment she fondly conceived had now arrived, and fleetly, but noiselessly, she darted from her place of concealment, her heart bounding at once with the fear of apprehension and the hope of escape; but that moment the short, angry bark of a dog mot her ears, and a small black terrier which had been lying unperceived by her within the sill, sprang from it upon the lawn below, and seized the dress of the heart-stricken fugitive between its teeth. Lucy had an instinctive terror of dogs, yet she retained sufficient command over her feelings, a sense strong enough of the more imminent perils that threatened her to suppress the scream that struggled for utterance in her throat .-But her heroism was exerted in vain-the bark and action of the dog had roused the attention both of Sir Philip and Ralph, the former of whom caught a glimpse of Lucy's white garments as she fled past the window, and with a loud maliguant cry warned Sir Philip of her attempted escape. The knight immediately leaped from the window; it was in vain that Lucy who had now extricated herself from the dog, attempted to fly, her trembling limbs refusing to support her, and in another minute she found herself sinking in the grasp of Sir Philip, upon whose countenance she now witnessed the traces of a darker feeling than that of mere disappointed vanity. The poison of Ralph Adams had worked its due effect, and unutterable fears rose in the mind of the desolate Lucy, as she gazed up into the face of Sir Philip, stern with the violence of contending passions. Sir Philip was in some respects new to vice; he had shared in the common profligacies of the young nobles of the day, but he had not until now ventured upon, or rather been provoked to any act of very glaring immorality or injustice. This, however, rose less perhaps from the absence of a very evil will in Sir Philip, than from the facility with which he had been bitherto able to gratify all his inclinations.

Vanity, not love, as we have already stated, had led to his abduction of Lucy Fenton. It was vanity made him determine to press his suit upon the maiden, to whom he found that he was at least an object of indifference; and vanity now made him jealous of Henry Willoughton, who had been declared by Ralph Adams to be the very idol of Lucy's heart. Sir Philip was resolved that the perverse maiden who could despise his devotion should not indulge for another the preference which she denied to him. It was due to his insulted vanity to make Lucy miserable, and accordingly he forced her back to his dwelling with little gentleness of manner, and less of words.

"It seemeth, damsel," he said, "that with all thy preciseness, it was not in vain that an acknowledged Panist and suspected traitor pleaded for thy love. and that Master Henry Willoughton may even boast of signs and tokens bestowed by the hand of the right modest Mistrees Lucy Fenton. And as this

"Wretch, unworthy of the rank of which you make so vain a boast," said the weeping Lucy, 'pollute not the name of Henry Willoughton with thine unhallowed breath. In his pride of birth, he would scorn to stoop to a mean or dishonorable action; where he loves, does he delight to honor, and proud was I in the hope of becoming his wife, for the love of such a noble spirit is a thing to make a woman proud. Could thy vile proffers ever have been in my heart balanced against the loyal affection of the noble Willoughton, thy present conduct would fill my soul with horror and disgust. Oh, little knowing of the female heart, when did tyranny or cruelty win a way to its affections?"

"Tis well, most insolent and obdurate maiden!" said Sir Philip, "since thou art so faithful, so truly devoted to thy lover, thou shalt have full time to meditate on his perfections, nor will I be so discourteous as to intrude my company too much on a maiden who has so truly told me that she likes it not; thou shalt have from me but one visit in the day; thy churlishness will not sure deny to thine entertainer an interview to inquire how so fair a guest likes her entertainment. And for this Willoughton, we shall see to him. The man has dwelt much abroad, and the country is but too full of spies of foreign Papists, intent, the Ministers of her Grace do not doubt, upon some fell design against her sacred life. What know we but that there is such a spy in this Willoughton. A word to Cecil will arm his penetration, or rouse the ever watchful loyalty of the trusty Walsingham. To their notice, gentle damsel, will I forthwith commend thy friend, this highly vaunted Willoughton."

"Barbarian!" said Lucy, who was stung to agony by this concluding threat, "Ah, exercise what cruelty thou wilt on me, but destroy not with thy base and false insinuations one of the best and bravest gentlemen who ever graced a Christian land!" "Surely thy pleading in his favor shall win for him a bountiful portion of grace, sweet maiden!" said Sir Philip, bitterly.

Having now reached the house, he rudely thrust

Lucy into a small and meanly furnished room, and tauntingly bidding her exert her ingenuity on a new escape, withdrew, locking the door after him. But an escape, had the desolate girl had the spirit to attempt it, would have been impossible, for the only window of the apartment was grated. She was not left long to indulge her melancholy reflections—the door opened, and a grey-headed servitor of Sir Philip presented himself; in one hand he bore a lamp and in the other a bunch of keys. Unlike he kind-hearted Gilbert, the appearance of this man was starched, sour and Puritanical. His lank hair was combed straight over his forehead, the blue and tawny liveries of Sir Philip were worn by him with all possible primness, and his whining tone. and downcast eyes at once bespoke him one of the most zealous of the Reformers. With considerable asperity he bade Lucy follow him, for he had been told the girl was a Papist, and he thought the roof of his master endangered by sheltering one of that abhorred creed, even though it was as a hardly used prisoner. With tottering limbs and sinking she rose to obey him; through many a stately gallery and obscure passage did he lead her, till they arrived at the foot of a flight of narrow winding stone stairs. At the summit of this staircase the servant paused, and unlooked a door thickly barred and studded with iron, he discovered a small circular cell, built in one of those fantastic turrets of the mansion, which seemed, from their profuseness of strange ornaments, when seen from the exterior, to be designed rather for show than for use. The girl shrunk back as Clement, the old servant, bade her enter this dreary apartment, but he observing her reluctance, seized her roughly by the arm, pushed her down a couple of stone steps at the entrance, and immediately withdrew, mingling his more than muttered execrations against all Papists and idolaters, whether male or female, with the harsh sound of the grating bolts and ponderous key, which confined the poor prisoner to that dismal cell. As the last footsteps of her merciless jailor died upon the staircase, in spite of bruises and fatigue, the unhappy Lucy raised herself on her elbow to survey her new

The grey, melancholy light of the early morning pouring through the bars of the single-grated window, displayed all the dreariness of her miserable room. She perceived at once that were she long confined there, she might look for death as a sure release from her woes; for delicately rurtured as she had been, she felt that she could not live in such an abode. The stone walls were not only green with moisture, but in many places she could sweep the humid drops from them with her hand. The window being partly open, the keen morning wind whistled between the massive bars, and chilled the frame of the captive, already sinking under suffering and fatigue. The only furniture of the cell consisted in a heap of straw, intended probably for the prisoner's bed, and a joint stool, upon climbing which Lucy was enabled to gain a glimpse of the gardens and the country beyond. In the now fast increasing light, she perceived at some little distance the ivyclad towers of some venerable building embosomed in trees; this was, in fact, the royal palace of Eltham. Immediately beneath the turret in which Lucy was confined, an embankment of soft turf shelved from one of the stately terraces that decorated the garden, and spread into a spacious lawn, dotted here and there by a statue, or the more grotesque form of some tall holly or hawthorn, clipped and cut into a strange, uncouth resemblance of the human figure; this lawn was terminated by an artificial lake. The sunbeams had now pierced through the grey clouds, and tipped with a golden red the distant towers of the palace, while more near they dispelled the blue mist that hung over the garden, darted in long lines of light between the branches of the tall trees, as they waved gently in the morning gale, and tinted the rippling bosom of the lake with a thousand magical colorings; while the birds began their gay song, fluttering, in sad contrast to her state, past the window of the hapless. prisoner. She looked at the poor warblers, and the contrast was too bitter; she could scarcely believe. her own identity, she who had been so cherished, so beloved. Where was her cousin Gertrude, her fa-