



CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

VOL. XXV.

MONTREAL, FRIDAY, OCT. 9, 1874.

NO. 8.

D. & J. SADLER & CO., CATHOLIC PUBLISHERS, 275, NOTRE DAME STREET, MONTREAL.

Will send, with pleasure, to any address, their 1875 School Book Catalogue, and Classified List of Catholic School Books and School Requisites, used in the different Colleges, Convents, Separate Schools, and Catholic Private Schools in the Dominion.

JUST PUBLISHED: FINE ENGRAVING OF FATHER MATHEW. We take great pleasure in announcing the publication of a beautiful portrait of the Great Apostle of Temperance. It represents him as he appears giving the Temperance Prayers; and below the Engraving is a facsimile of his handwriting endorsing this likeness of himself as "A CORRECT ONE."

LORD DACRE OF GILSLAND; OR, The Rising in the North: AN HISTORICAL ROMANCE OF THE DAYS OF ELIZABETH

By E. M. Stewart. CHAPTER V.—(CONTINUED.)

"Did you not hear a noise?" he said to his companions. "Where?" they enquired in reply. "Hush where he lies!" returned the robber, adding in a lower tone, "I have been watching the door and I am sure I saw his hand put forth to beckon us."

"You art a fool!" said Jacob. "That was the other robber," or perhaps the old fellow wants company, give him thine, Robin," so saying, he seized the latter, and being the stronger of the two pushed him across the room, driving him with such violence against the door of the antechamber that it burst open, and he fell prostrate on the body of the murdered man. A loud cry was uttered both by Jacob and the third robber, when they beheld Lord Dacre standing with his drawn sword. Concealment was now no more, and he retreated towards the casement, his sword pointed towards the robber, who, drawing a rapier which he wore, at once sprung forward to arrest his course. Robin, who had uttered a yell of horror at finding himself thrown upon the corpse, had quickly scrambled to his feet, a ghastly looking figure, for his clothes, face, and hands were all stained with blood. Lord Dacre had now to make good his retreat, and to ward off the desperate attack of the robber and of Jacob, the partial intoxication of the latter vanishing under the influence of his strong and sudden excitement. As the light from the torches which he and his comrades had placed in the saloon flashed upon the countenance of Lord Dacre he uttered a loud cry.

"Smite hard, good Miles!" he exclaimed to the third robber, "smite hard; you is the man of Satan, with the strong arm, who last night sorely wounded our well beloved Ralph Adams."

While Jacob spoke thus, a sharp contest was maintained between Lord Dacre and robber Miles, the whom he found to be no inferior swordsman; indeed his command of his weapon and military carriage justified the surmise which, even in the excitement of the moment, glanced athwart the mind of Lord Dacre, that he had been in the army, and like many of his inferior members in those days, had left his ranks to devote his strength, courage, and skill in arms, to the most lawless of pursuits.

The noise of the clashing swords had reached the ears of the robbers in the upper apartments, and they rushed down the stairs, crying to their comrades, as they entered the room, that they had sought everywhere, and the precious papers were gone.

"Ab, fools!" cried Jacob, "why did ye not seize them last night?" "Truly," answered the robber to whom he spoke, "thou shouldst have drunk less of the Papiet's wine, and have looked to them thyself."

These words even were heard by Lord Dacre, for he was fortunately sensible to every fraction of the horrors around him. Nothing could be more dreadful than the scene—the mangled corpse of Martin on the floor, the fierce brutality in the face of Miles, the subtle malice lurking under the drooping eyelid of the fanatic Jacob, and the noble countenance of Lord Dacre, worked into agony, as he stood with his back to the casement, which he had now forced open, with his single arm beating off the attacks of three or four assailants, like a lion held at bay by the hunters.

perience eye and a steady hand, and that moment had nearly been the last of the noble Lord Dacre's life; but even in that moment came a rushing noise in the adjoining apartment, the hand of Richard was struck aside while his finger was on the trigger, and the pistol being discharged from the suddenness of the action, the bullet pierced the shoulder of Jacob, who had stood grinning at a little distance from Richard, having throughout the affair been careful to keep himself safe from all chance of hurt by the sword of Lord Dacre. With a scream of agony the wretch now sank upon the ground, and his comrades gathered together, started to find themselves so suddenly opposed by other adversaries. The young cavalier who had so opportunely averted the weapon from its destined aim, now sprang, sword in hand, to Lord Dacre's side, having in the act of turning away the pistol already inflicted a severe flesh wound in Richard's arm. His attendants, four in number, fought bravely, and the robbers, finding themselves very hardly matched, collected together, having lifted the wounded Jacob—Miles had already risen, and was foremost in the contest—and contenting themselves with merely parrying the thrusts of their assailants, almost inch by inch they retreated from the room. The fanatic Jacob gnashed his teeth with rage at finding his comrades thus forced back, and as they were driven into the saloon, he snatched up one of the torches which was burning there, and flung it through the open door of the library. It fell upon the mass of torn books, pictures, and tapestry, which he and his comrades had heaped there in their malice of the preceding night. The light and dry material caught the flame in a moment, and the bright glare which immediately spread itself over the saloon would have informed Lord Dacre and his friends of the miscreant's malicious act if even they had not beheld him fling the torch. His comrades, however, apprehensive that the blaze might rouse the attention of the villagers, hurried from the house, saluted, in crossing the garden, by several shots from the pistols of the young cavalier and his attendants, a cry of pain from more than one of the robbers telling that these shots were not without effect.

The cracking of wood and the bursts of flame and smoke which now issued from the library gave fearful notice of the progress of the fire: it had already not only communicated with the ceiling of that apartment, but played round the door of the saloon. Regard for their own lives compelled Lord Dacre and his friends to rush from the atmosphere of smoke, by which they were almost suffocated, into the fresh air of the garden. It was then that Leonard turned to thank his deliverer. The latter was a young man of from twenty to twenty-five years of age, of a slender but elegant figure, and with a countenance whose animated and frank expressions atoned for some irregularity of feature. He was attired in a suit of dark velvet, with a mantle of scarlet cloth, and his manners possessed all that graceful confidence which is the gift only of a generous mind.

"Pain me not, valiant Dacre," said Lord Morden—for it was that young nobleman who had so opportunely entered Willoughton's house—"pain me not by the offer of thanks for an act of common humanity. I was by a mere chance—how fortunate do I now esteem it—riding late to my dwelling in the Strand, and passing this house, which I knew to belong to a brave and worthy gentleman, I was surprised to find the garden gate left open at such an hour. On listening I caught some tokens of tumult within the house, and, dismounting with my attendants, we tethered our horses in the lane, and, amidst the night's evils, how grateful may we be that the villains whom I have been so happy as to aid you in driving hence had left the hall door open, like the gate, and enabled me to arrive opportunely to assist one who though but little known to me except by fame, has been by that everywhere reported as so noble a gentleman that I had long wished to number him among my individual friends."

"Were it not possible," said Lord Dacre, having replied courteously to these compliments, "were it not possible to procure some assistance in the village, which may save my friend's house from total destruction?" "Two of my servants," said Lord Morden, "shall go immediately and seek whatever aid the village can afford; but much I fear the flames have already fastened on the mainbeams of the building, and that all efforts to preserve it from destruction will be fruitless."

While this conversation passed, the two noble men had stood in Willoughton's garden, surrounded by Lord Morden's attendants. He now drew Dacre a little apart, and, warmly pressing the hand of the latter, while something of a sad expression crossed his own intelligent features, he said in a low tone, "We live, noble Dacre, in a troublesome age, when every cause of satisfaction is darkly chequered by some accompanying ill. How doth it grieve me that my first duty of this new established friendship, which I hope may long endure between us, is to warn my noble friend to a distance that must forbid me to enjoy the pleasure of his friendship. The ever wary and suspicious Ministers of Elizabeth are on the alert; I deem not that they know you to be in London; but alas! noble Dacre, your adherence to the faith of your fathers is well understood; and oh, bitter truth for one of the new creed to admit, that knowledge is of itself sufficient to make you even, exalted as you are, the object of their detestable suspicion. Alas! even this day, while supporting the fair damsel who interferred to save the Queen from an assassin, did I myself hear the ruthless Walsingham bid Elizabeth look well to her Catholic subjects. 'Aye, madam,' he audaciously added, 'look to your life where they are concerned, and trust it not to the noblest of them all.' Alas, alas!" continued the generous Morden; "enough of the suspicious and the unfeeling has by nature a share in the stern heart of Elizabeth; but something of a more generous and noble character is also native in that heart. But when will she hearken to those better dictates while surrounded by Cecil, by Walsingham, and by Leicester—the crafty, the cruel, and the licentious. They stifle her best impulses, and fan for ever the lurking fire of her envy, her suspicion, her hatred, and revenge."

"Truly, noble youth," said Lord Dacre, grasping warmly in his turn the hand of his friend. "Would that those who have given up the religion of their fathers were all 'alike endowed' with thy free and generous spirit; then might men yield each other to

be sincere though in an opposite faith, and love the brother who adores his Maker in all truth, though one might kneel to a simple and the other to a decorated shrine. Oh, Spirit of the Gospel, what share have these fierce Reformers in Thy holiness and peace?"

"Yet we will hope," said Lord Morden, "that a time may come when that spirit of charity and meekness shall prevail, when the distinctions of Catholic and Reformer shall exist no more, and, with meekness in their hearts and on their lips, men shall kneel in affection towards each other to their God. And now my heart is pierced, noble Dacre, so soon to say farewell. But, with all submission, I would suggest that it were meet you did not linger even here. Let me pray you to accept my horse, and be assured that I will myself stay to superintend all endeavors to save the dwelling, though it is, I fear, doomed to irremediable destruction."

Lord Dacre thanked the young nobleman for this advice, so judicious in itself, and doubly so even from those circumstances of which Lord Morden was ignorant—namely, the imperative call for immediate presence in the country. Before mounting the horse, however, he lingered to detail such circumstances of the robbery and murder which had been committed in Willoughton's house, as might help the future apprehension of the assassins. Nor did he omit to mention their share in the offence committed in the Chepe. The villains had for the present made good their escape, but Lord Morden promised that no exertion should be spared on his part to trace them out and bring them to their well-merited punishment.

Meanwhile the flames which were now in all directions bursting from Willoughton's house, had excited attention in the village, and many of its inhabitants were gathering about the spot. In those flames and in the bright moonlight every object was distinctly discernible, and Lord Dacre felt the necessity of complying with the advice of his young friend, and hastening from a spot where he might by some ill chance be recognized. Yet ere he departed he turned again to Lord Morden, and in a faltering tone enquired of him concerning the fair damsel who saved the life of the Queen. The reply, the warm eulogium on her beauty and her grace, which burst immediately from the lips of Lord Morden, convinced him that it was indeed Gertrude who had won for herself the undesired protection of Elizabeth. An unpleasant feeling, amounting almost to pain, shot through the heart of Lord Dacre as the young nobleman spoke rapturously of the damsel, but it yielded to a more exalted emotion; and leaning down over the neck of his horse, he said that, were the name of the maiden "Gertrude Harding," he would commend her as his own sister to Lord Morden's care.

"Need I speak to you, dear friend," said Lord Dacre, "of the dangers which must surround so lovely a creature in the Court of Elizabeth. Though of humble condition, I love and honor the damsel for her worthy father's sake—her father's sake, ah, though it was but last night that I first beheld her, she taught me no less to esteem her for her own. And you, gentle Morden, will release me from a load of severe anxiety by acceding to this my only request. I shall not think that my absence from London leaves that fair creature undefended amid the thousand toils of the Court."

"Be assured, my Lord," said the young Morden, "that it will be to me a pleasure not only to comply with your request, but to convey any message from yourself to the damsel." Hereupon Lord Dacre drew from his finger the ring which Gertrude had conveyed for him in the morning to Vitelli, and which had been returned to its owner by Pietro Mancini, the page of the Italian captain. Lord Dacre now tendered the ring—a ruby of great value—to the young nobleman, praying him to transmit it to Gertrude, bidding her remember that she had in the donor a friend for ever anxious for her well-being—a brother, whose arm should be prompt to avenge her wrongs. With the warmth of real sincerity did Lord Morden promise to fulfil the behest of his friend, who, wringing his hand in silence, looked up once with a sorrowful countenance at the blazing dwelling of poor Willoughton, and then urged his horse at a rapid pace in the direction of the city. Once more, however, when through the village, did Lord Dacre pause and turn his eyes towards the house.

The cold, grey tints of coming morning had now spread over the sky, and a few faint streaks of red were even perceptible on the eastern verge of the horizon. But in fearful contrast with that uncertain and pale light did the flames roar up from the devoted mansion, swaying like a red banner in the breeze that fanned them. In dark contrast to that lurid light, the knots of tall trees that were planted in the garden gloomed against the morning sky; and the figure of Lord Morden, his attendants, and the villagers, were dimly perceived by Lord Dacre in the distance. While in the near ground the village of Charing, with its tufts of sober green and scattered cottages, still lay cool and quiet in the yet lingering lull of the departing night.

CHAPTER VI. "She had an Asiatic eye, Dark as above us is the sky; But through it stole a fitful light, Like the moon's rising at midnight."

There was something ghastly in the smile and in the tone with which the beautiful and gaily-attired female welcomed Lucy Fenton on her arrival at the house of Sir Philip Wynyard, at Eltham, and the poor girl shrank back and clung in an agony of terror to the arm of the good-natured Gilbert, while the woman beckoned her to enter. The latter perceived her emotion and its cause, and bursting into a mocking laugh, she cried:

"Fear not, damsel, to enter here. Your skin has borrowed a tint from the rose, though the white one may for the present have touched your cheek with too much of its own pale hue, and those locks have stolen from the sunbeam a portion of its golden light. Then fear you not to enter here. This dwelling is a fairyland for the beautiful and the young—the full cup of pleasure shall be tendered to your lip; but beware, maiden, beware, drain it not too deeply, lest you taste of the bitter potion that is mingled with its dregs."

"Have a care, Euphrasia," said Gilbert, in a tone

sharper than Lucy would have imagined that he could use; "have a care—it will but ill please our master if you frighten or annoy this fair damsel with your vagaries. Poor thing," he added, "she must be fatigued and faint; I pray you give her some refreshment, and let her seek repose." Then withdrawing his arm from the tenacious grasp of Lucy, who trembled to lose sight of one who had seemed more sensible to the dictates of good feeling than the rest of those into whose hands she had fallen, he bade her be cheerful, and assured her that no harm was intended to her. As the door closed on him, and Lucy found herself alone with Euphrasia, she burst into a passion of tears. The latter still stood with the lamp in her hand, but so far from expressing anything like sympathy with the anguish of the unfortunate girl, a bitter smile of mockery—it might be almost of gratified malice—played over her beautiful features. This malignant expression, too, was strengthened by the intense glare of her large and deeply-set black eyes, which literally blazed beneath the arched and delicately pencilled brow, and contrasted painfully with the marble color of her Grecian-shaped forehead, and with her cheek, which Lucy at once perceived owed its deep and crimson flush to art. There was a fate written in the lightning flashes of those brilliant eyes; they told of wild passions long and recklessly indulged, and yet unsatisfied even by indulgence; of sufferings borne for many years, and of which time had not decreased the first poignant smart; and of a spirit amid its sorrows mourning most for the lost enjoyments of its guilt. While Lucy indulged in that burst of irrepressible anguish, Euphrasia leaped against a column that supported the roof of the hall in which they stood, with less of indifference than of satisfaction in her countenance. She did not speak, but waited calmly till the girl's paroxysm of grief was past. Then she coldly inquired whether it would please her to remain a tenant of the hall for the night, or vouchsafe to accept her guidance to the apartment which was prepared for her. The forlorn girl, somewhat roused by the question, gazed mournfully round her. She stood at the moment in a handsome, semi-circular hall, with a vaulted roof supported by stone columns. Two immense folding doors of carved oak denoted the principal entrance; and on the side opposite to that on which she stood, Lucy perceived a small door similar to that by which she had entered. These doors were also of oak curiously carved. At the upper end of the hall she observed another small pair of folding doors, which led, she did not doubt, to one of the principal apartments of the mansion. On either side of these doors a wide oak staircase branched off, leading to a gallery which surrounded the hall; and between this gallery and the floor the space was filled by alternate panelings of oak, and the tall, narrow windows customary to the age. Perceiving that Lucy was prepared to follow her, Euphrasia led the way to the staircase.—The poor girl's heart sunk still lower than before as she followed her conductress.

Once, as they were ascending the stairs, Euphrasia paused for a moment and raised the lamp which she carried to a level with her own face, as if to mark more accurately that of Lucy Fenton, and again that smile of fearful and malicious meaning played upon her lip. Then pursuing her course up the stairs, she passed through the gallery with a rapid step, and opening one of the many doors which it contained, after conducting the girl through several of the labyrinthine, intersected passages common in the dwellings of the period, she paused, and throwing wide a door, led the way into a magnificent and brilliantly illuminated saloon. The sudden blaze of light dazzled the eyes of Lucy, after being guided through so many dim passages merely by the doubtful rays of the lamp; and involuntarily she put up her hand to shade her eyes ere she examined the apartment which she felt sure was to be her prison. On again looking round it, her heart sickened at its splendor. What wrong might she not expect at the hands of those who had thought it worth their while to convey her—the humble daughter of a citizen—to that gorgeous abode? Bronze lamps descended from the ceiling, in which burned perfumed oils; many candelsticks of richly-chased silver were placed upon the tables, filled with tapers of yellow and scented wax. The ceiling itself was painted and gilt; the walls were hung with blue silk; the window curtains of the same material; and the cushions and couches covered with velvet of the like color, with a bordering of silver; while upon the floor was spread a rich carpet. A table in the centre of the room was spread with every delicacy that could tempt the most fastidious appetite. These were served in costly gold plate; and mixed with the dishes of cold pastry and game were others piled with all the fruits that the season afforded; luscious grapes tinted with a purple bloom, and peaches glowing from the ardent kisses of the sun. Nor was there any lack there of the vintages of France, of rich burgundy, or fragrant claret. Slender vases of crystal, too, were filled with the last flowers of the season—the lingering rose and the carefully cultured carnation mixing their sweet perfume with that of the rare scents that steamed from the tapers and the lamps.

The luxury that surrounded her only appalled poor Lucy, and, sinking on a pile of cushions, she again melted into tears. Euphrasia gazed on her in silence for a few minutes, and then, with something more of kindness in her tone and manner, she prayed the damsel to approach the table and partake of some refreshment; but Lucy only waved her away in token of refusal, and wept. Euphrasia then took her hand, and, seating herself on one of the rich couches, she drew the girl towards her. There was amid all its wildness and severity a kind of awful majesty in the appearance and manner of this woman that filled the bosom of Lucy with an undefinable but unconquerable dread. She felt as though in the presence of some being of a superior nature unaccountably degraded below its original condition—one sublime amid decay, and never seeming

"Less than archangel ruined." Under the influence of these impressions, she almost shrank from the earnest gaze of Euphrasia's black eyes, so searching were they in their intensity of light. "Thinkest thou, maiden," she said, in a milder tone than she had hitherto used, "thinkest thou it were impossible to live as the light of love of him who will make thee the lady of this gay mansion;

the mistress of all that it contains? Wouldst thou not purchase grandeur on such terms?"

"Oh, never, never!" said the indignant and terrified Lucy.

"Nay!" returned Euphrasia; "bethink thee, damsel, ere thou art so eager to pronounce. The bubbles which gold will buy are dear to the youthful heart, and power, and luxury, and command are its idols. Oh, they are dreamers who despise gold; do but thou give an enormous vice and the world will cense as a vice to regard it, but be thou poor, then tremble to divorce one hair's breadth from the thorny path of rectitude; damsel, damsel, thou art too eager to pronounce." And Euphrasia burst into a bitter, scornful laugh as she spoke.

"Miserable woman," said Lucy, "I pity thee, if it be thy real thought that the poor and transitory luxuries of the world are worth the heavy purchase that thou dost name."

"I pardon thine anger, damsel," replied Euphrasia. "For once I had thought the same; but there are other attractions for the female heart than those even which are furnished by wealth and power.—Think, maiden, to have one kneeling at thy feet, one for whom the proud dames of the Court have in vain spread the snares of their beauty and their wit—the young, the gay, the gallant a slave, damsel, to thee and to thy smiles. Couldst thou remain insensible to such pleading?"

"Thou dost not know me," answered Lucy. "But I know the heart of woman," said Euphrasia. Then she exclaimed with a wild yet mournful energy, which filled the bosom of Lucy at once with wonder and compassion, "Do I not know woman's heart; oh wofully have I purchased that knowledge, the bitter fruits of many a bitter tear, of many a fiery sigh. Oh the betrayer of its own peace, the wretched victim of itself, the vain, weak, fickle thing—a woman's heart. Maiden, thou hast been, I doubt not, nurtured amid those whom the world calls virtuous: thy heart recoils in wonder and disgust from the poor frail ones of thy sex, insolently proud in its confidence in itself; loud are its assertions of its inability to become so corrupt, so miserable. But I tell thee, proud girl, thy fancied virtue is the child of chance—women are all frail were they all alike tempted. The time may yet be—ah, to how many, once innocent and proud in innocence as thyself, shall I not see that time arrive?—the time which shall rob thee of that boasted virtue and make thee lightly estimate its loss; and a worse time too, when thy heart, with all its pride, all its coldness gone, shall cling in beseeching and passionate affection to one who shall then turn coldly from its love. Insolence, and contumely, and rejection will you then submissively bear. What is there as subject as a woman's love? Do I not know this?"

pursued Euphrasia. "Ah, have I not most wofully proved it? I, the proud, the imperious, the frigid, and inaccessible in my own conceit. How have I doted on my degradation, on my fall? With what horrible consolations have I soiced my dark spirit and laid an unction to my bleeding heart? And I, maiden, was once as proud and as innocent as thyself. And if I once was as thou art, wherefore shouldst thou not be even as I am?—a wretch sunk beneath the level of thine own contempt, hardened in thy shame, but to one fierce, one hideous comfort for thy woes, to see others of thy doomed and wretched sex made as wretched, as degraded as thyself. That is the cup of my consolation. Hope not, dream not, miserable girl, to leave this house mistress of your proudly boasted virtue. Was I less lovely or less virtuous than you? Or think you I will suffer you to escape the snare by which I fell? Many of the beautiful, the innocent, the young have I made even as I have made you, upon the altar of mine own wrecked virtue, of my ruined hopes. Hope not, then, to escape the wrath by which they fell."

As Euphrasia spoke thus her voice grew husky with passion, her stately form dilated, and her dark eyes gleamed with a thousand fearful meanings.—Poor Lucy shrank appalled, for she felt that she looked either upon the most frantic or the most abandoned of her sex.

As she ceased speaking, the wretched creature, as if exhausted by her own violence, sunk back half breathless upon the couch, from which in the energy of her emotions she had risen. Her eyes lost their wildness, and her trembling lips assumed the palor of death. Perceiving her eyes fixed steadily, but as it seemed unconsciously, upwards, and that she labored much for breath, Lucy, yielding to the dictates of that humanity which could not desert her breast, though the object were ever so undeserving, approached the miserable Euphrasia, and loosening the rich ruff that encircled her throat, she unlaced her velvet bodice, that she might breathe more freely. The convulsion, however, appeared to increase, and a strong spasm contracted the muscles about her mouth. Lucy, really alarmed, now brought water from the table with which to bathe her temples, and with great difficulty forced a small quantity of wine down her throat. While she was thus engaged, she perceived a gold chain about the neck of Euphrasia, to which was attached a portrait of a cavalier, richly set with diamonds. This portrait had been concealed between the under bodice attached to her petticoat of pink satin and the outer one of velvet, and had fallen from her bosom when Lucy unfastened her dress. Involuntarily the girl took hold of the miniature to examine the features, but there was astonishment and recognition in her gaze; she turned her eyes from the fine countenance which the portrait so faithfully represented to that of the wretched and abandoned Euphrasia, and there was something more of pity in her glance. Was she really heart and soul devoted to the original of that picture well might she be the unhappy being which she had described herself. Meanwhile Euphrasia, partially recovered by the remedies which Lucy had applied, unclosed her eyes, and fixed them on the girl with a gaze of mingled wonder and enquiry. On Lucy again tendering the wine to her lips, she shrank back with a shudder, and exclaimed in a voice of shame and grief:

"No, not from you, no gentle office of charity from your hand, most ill-fated and betrayed one! At this moment the door opened, and a gentleman, extravagantly and gaily attired in the prevailing fashion of the day, entered the apartment. This person might perhaps have been about seven-and-twenty years of age; he was by no means deficient in those graces, either of face or figure, by which ladies' hearts are commonly said to be so easily won;