



CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

VOL. XXV.

MONTREAL, FRIDAY, NOV. 20, 1874.

NO. 14.

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.

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 FLUDGE; 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 XI.—(CONTINUED.) The extreme lassitude which had been caused by the violence of the fever under which Lucy had suffered for the last fortnight, soon compelled her, though unwillingly, to comply with the recommendation of Cicely. Yet, ere she yielded to the heavy torpor which subdued her senses, she caught the low tones of a man's voice conversing with her hostess in the adjoining room. The voice was not Walter's—that she knew—for its sounds were musical and melancholy; besides she heard Cicely term the speaker, "Her heart's own treasure—her darling boy!"

Could this person so affectionately addressed be the same whom, on the first night of her abode at the cottage, she had seen brought there so desperately wounded? Lucy remembered the despair which was then expressed by Cicely, and did not doubt that such was the case, or that this young man was the person on whose account she was so anxious and alarmed. As Lucy became convalescent she was convinced that her surmises were in this particular correct. On the first day that, with Cicely's assistance, she was able to creep into the outer apartment, she found, sitting by the fire, and propped up with cushions, that young man whom she had seen on the night of her arrival. His handsome countenance was yet pale with the loss of blood; but on Lucy's appearance he rose, saying he would give place to the fairer invalid. Of this she would not hear; but sensibly affected by discovering that Cicely had attended to her in her sickness, even though harassed at the time by apprehensions for one so much dearer, she repeated her thanks to that good woman for her kindness, and her regret for the trouble which she had occasioned.

"And this is the way that my boy, too, molests me with his thanks," said Cicely. "Be but submissive, my children, to the instructions of your nurse, and she will warrant that you shall not long stand in need of her cares. Be but quiet and happy, and ye shall be soon in health. Now I will put the maiden, Hubert, under your charge. Let her not sink into melancholy, but even cheer her with some of those fine tales which you have told me of your travels."

The youth literally obeyed Cicely's injunction, relieving the tedium of Lucy's slow recovery by spreading before her the rich stores of his highly cultivated mind. For hours, while the good wife was occupied in her household cares, was left alone in the company of this youth; but those hours were never weary. All that he had read, and all that he had seen, became tinted when he spoke with the bright glow of his own enthusiasm; and Lucy, when she thought of his conversation, on retiring to her chamber, often wondered how it was that he could throw such a strength of interest over the commonest subject which he touched. It might have been thought that these two young people, thus thrown into each other's society, and both equally attractive in person and amiable in manner, might have come speedily to indulge for each other a sentiment far warmer than friendship. But the heart of Lucy was secured by her strong and inviolable attachment to Willoughton—an attachment founded on a long acquaintance with his many excellent qualities; and for the youth, his manner towards her had all that innocent and affectionate freedom which might have characterized the tenderest of brothers—none of the restraint of love was there. He seemed, indeed, a being wrung in a glorious dream of existence, too bright for the sober enjoyment of mortality. Lucy, laughingly told him one day, that she believed he might fall in love with a sunbeam or a star; but that as to anything so earthly as woman—a mere mould of mortal clay—she must expect to be at once depreciated by his brilliant imagination. The youth sighed deeply, and lowered his blue eyes, as Lucy spoke. She fancied, too, though he bent his head, and the long curls of his brown hair fell over his face, that she could discover, beneath the shade of those curls a deep glow for a moment mantle over his pale cheek. The confusion of Hubert

was, however, dispelled by a knock at the cottage door, which, on being opened by Cicely, who had been engaged in the adjoining room, admitted her husband, Walter, with a gay-looking, handsome youth, whom the invalid saluted as his dear and faithful Layton. This Layton, however, looked at the damsel in a manner which convinced her that her absence would be agreeable both to him and to his friends, and, ever sensitive with regard to the inconvenience which she might occasion to her hosts, she immediately withdrew to her own apartment. The stay of Master Layton at the cottage was not long; but while he stayed, an earnest conversation was carried on between him and his friend. Cicely after awhile joined Lucy in the inner apartment, and kept her in converse, as though she feared that a word of the discussion in the outer room should meet her ears. After the departure of that cavalier, Hubert appeared to be in high spirits, and his animation gave to his fair and finely moulded features a brilliancy of beauty which Lucy had never witnessed before; his strength, too, seemed to rally with his spirits, and within two days after the visit of his friend, he was able to traverse the copse in the neighborhood of the cottage. Thus matters went on for a fortnight after Lucy left her chamber, and so much was her own strength renovated, that the day was appointed on which Walter was to conduct her back to her father's house; but she was still very weak, and had been so animated throughout the day, by the expectation of again embracing her friends, that towards evening her strength suddenly failed, and she was seized with a faintness, the effect, Cicely decided, of her excessive excitement. Being persuaded of this, the good dame insisted that the damsel should immediately retire to bed, giving her at the same time one of the opiates which the simplicity of her medical art prescribed. This opiate was, however, much stronger than Cicely had probably imagined, and it was long past noon on the following day when Lucy awoke. A confused recollection she had of troubled dreams, and she had some idea of having once been partially awake and of seeing some strange faces in the room. This recollection was however confused, and she was only distinctly sensible that her sleep had been unusually torpid and long. She now rose and hastily began to hurry on her clothes, but was surprised that she did not hear any voice or foot in the outer apartment; still, however, too, was her surprise to perceive that rude feet had been evidently trampling among the fresh rushes which Cicely had strewed on the preceding evening, over the floor of her little chamber. With a nervous tremor, she now put on her garments, for her heart began to throb with the apprehension of some new and dreadful evil—evil to her kind hosts—indeed, she felt that this was too probable; their mode of living, their refusal, even with all their kindness, to summon her relatives round what might have proved her deathbed—all betokened some mystery in which their well being, if not even their lives, was involved; and the terrible Government of Queen Elizabeth, that was ever present to the mind of Lucy.

Scarcely waiting even to fasten her bodice, she now opened the door that led to the outer room; and here her fears received their first confirmation. All within was silent and deserted; the ashes from the fire of the preceding night lay white and cold upon the hearth; the oaken chair in which the wounded youth had been accustomed to recline was thrown down. The bed upon the floor of this room, which Cicely had made up for herself and her husband since their cottage had sheltered two sick guests, had evidently never been entered. One desperate hope yet remained, and Lucy, in compliance with its suggestions, threw open the door of the little closet in which Hubert slept—it was untenanted like the other apartments. A mantle which the young man had worn the day before was thrown over the bed; and his sword lay unheathed upon the ground. Mechanically, Lucy lifted it, and there perceived gravely on the upper part of the blade the letters A. B., apparently the initials of the owner's name. He had indeed always been styled Hubert by Cicely and her husband; but Lucy had reason to believe that the appellation was merely an assumed one, for on more than one occasion Cicely had hesitated in addressing him, as though another name had been about, from mere habit, to escape her lips. To Lucy it was now evident that some misfortune had in the course of the past night overtaken her kind protectors; and this misfortune, too, probably was their arrest on some suspicion of the Government, by the ministers of which they had no doubt been hurried at a brief notice from their retreat; and while she still slept under the effects of the opiate which Cicely had administered. She could not believe that either that benevolent woman or her husband would willingly have abandoned her in so strange a manner. The evident lowliness of their own station in life might indeed have availed to secure them from danger, even in that troublesome age; but the youth Hubert, to whom they appeared heart and soul devoted, was manifestly a youth of education and of birth, and it was, Lucy did not doubt, on his behalf that those kind creatures had subjected themselves to the most terrible misfortunes.

Meanwhile, as we have said, the lengthening shadows warned her that the hour of noon was now past, and the fogs of a winter day came creeping over the cottage casements. She felt that, deserted as the habitation now was, it would be dangerous long to remain its inmate, and that, though still feeble from illness, she must forthwith set out for London. A brown cloth hood and cloak, which Cicely had been for the last two days employed in trimming with cherry-colored ribbons, for the damsel to wear on her return home, still hung upon the hook in her chamber where it had been placed; and in this Lucy now invested herself, tears falling from her eyes as she thought on the probable fate of the donor. Her heart, too, now that she was prepared to leave the cottage, sunk when she remembered that she was wholly destitute of money, for how could she calculate what mischance might possibly befall her even in her short journey to London. The oaken press in the sitting apartment was, she knew, the depository of her owner's little store of money; and could she find any there, she would not hesitate to supply herself with the small sum necessary for her present comfort, and security. On examining the chest she found that its doors had been burst open and its contents thrown into dis-

order, as though they had been tumbled over in search, she concluded, of papers or documents which might help to criminate the owners of the cottage; but no money could she find there, and returning in despair to her little chamber, she sunk in a musing attitude upon the bed. Her action dislodged the pillow, and a small bag immediately fell from beneath it on the floor. The sound discovered that it contained the money, by the want of which Lucy was so much distressed, and hastily picking it up, she found in it two rose nobles and some silver coins. Her heart throbbed with gratitude and affection, for she did not doubt that even amid the hurry and distress of probably compelled departure, the excellent Cicely had been so mindful of her distress, as to slip the purse beneath her pillow.—There was now no cause for more delay on Lucy's part in a place where she was perhaps surrounded by many dangers, and casting her swimming eyes sorrowfully at the desolate hearth of the kind beings who had cheered her with every attention, she hastened with a timid hand to unlatch the cottage door, closing it carefully after her. All was silent as she passed through the copse that surrounded it, and the vapors of the season floated among the naked twigs of the hazel and the Hawthorn. As Lucy approached the pond, with its over-hanging oak, which marked the entrance of the thicket, her heart throbbed with a yet more painful apprehension for her kind friends; for she remembered the forlorn and desolate condition in which she had approached their hospitable door but a few weeks before, and it was grievous to think that those charitable beings were now, perhaps, suffering under calamities even more hopeless than those from which they had rescued her.

The pond was frozen now, and the branches of the decayed oak hung black and bleak above it.—Lucy remembered the story of the murder beneath that aged oak, and involuntarily quickening her step hurried past it into the open road. Arrived there, as she more slowly pursued her escape from the way her thoughts recurred to her house of Sir Philip Wyndham, and the mysterious mode in which it had been effected. Euphrasia, she did not doubt, was that concealed friend; and who was Euphrasia? What record of misery and guilt was hidden, with an agony that almost burst its sad receptacle, in the heart of that extraordinary woman? But from such thoughts, and from sorrow for the fate of the kind Cicely and her husband, and of the youthful and accomplished Hubert, Lucy was diverted by her own present distresses. She had not proceeded a quarter of a mile from the copse when she found that her limbs, enfeebled by illness, were ill calculated to bear her unassisted to London. She now loitered along the road in the hope of being overtaken by some wayfarer, who might direct her where to procure a horse. In this hope she was not disappointed. When she had advanced about a mile on her way, she heard a horse's hoofs sharply approaching, and presently she was hailed by a rosy, burly-looking man, mounted on a strong grey horse, and who, compassionating the condition of a lonely damsel traversing the way to London on foot, offered to take her behind him. This offer was most gladly accepted by the weak and tottering Lucy, and the stout steed soon set off under his double load with a briskness that raised the spirits of the forlorn girl with the hope of soon beholding the relations from whom she had been so long and so strangely separated.

The good man who had thus kindly proffered to make her the companion of his journey, was, she found, a Kentish farmer, bound on a visit to a married daughter who lived in the borough of Southwark. Lucy had designed, on reaching Greenwich, to take a boat which might convey her to London Bridge; but the farmer would not hear of any such proposal. She might as well ride with him upon his horse, and it was hard if his daughter could not give her a wing of a fowl and a manchet, with a good cup of spiced ale. "For truth to say, poor thing," said the old man, "these lookst but weak and sickly."

The hamlet of Deptford had long been passed, and Lucy and her companion travelled amid the marshes and the fields which at that time extended from thence to London, interrupted only here and there by a house of some pretensions or a few straggling cottages. At length, to her great delight, they entered the main street of Southwark, and she beheld not only the tall, overhanging houses of that borough, but, joy of joys, she could catch through the fog a glimpse of the dusky tenements which nodded on either side of the bridge. The residence of the farmer's daughter was a little past the famed inn of the Tabard, and fain would the honest man on assisting Lucy to alight, have persuaded her to pause and partake of his sister's hospitality. This the latter, in her eagerness to reach home, most positively declined, but promised that she would visit her some other day, and named to the old man the residence of her father and her uncle, begging that he would come and see them before he left London.

Insenible was poor Lucy to the effects of her late illness now, and with a foot as fleet as the fawn's she hurried first to Grass street, fondly picturing the delight and the surprise which would be testified both by her uncle and Gertrude on her unexpected appearance. What, however, was her consternation and disappointment, when on reaching the house she perceived its doors and windows closed, the furniture and merchandise within having been apparently removed, and the whole dwelling bearing an aspect of desolation, as though its tenants were departed or dead. Lucy's heart sunk, and she leaned for support against the doorway.

London was not then what it has since become the huge reservoir into which poured all the life and streams of the country, all its wealth and population; and two hours after noon on a foggy day in December, even Grass street was comparatively silent and deserted. Tears were now streaming fast down Lucy's face; she knew well in what daily danger her family were involved, merely by their adherence to the ancient faith. Might it not at least have brought them under the pains and penalties of those cruel laws which it had pleased Queen Elizabeth to impose upon all who added by the religion of her own fathers. Impressed with this dread, Lucy almost trembled to enquire the fate of those whom she loved so well; for were they really in prison, she knew that it might be of some consequence to them that one in whose heart they

were cherished should be free. Drawing her hood therefore, cautiously over her face, she first took her way to the street of the Lombards, to examine the dwelling of her father. There her worst suspicions were confirmed, for that too was silent and solitary. To her still greater surprise she perceived that the house of Master Allen, the goldsmith, was also closed. Lucy now hesitated, for she knew not where she might venture, to ask for intelligence respecting her friends; for so black a treachery unhappily pervaded society, that had her relations indeed fallen under suspicion, she felt that nothing was more probable than that the persons to whom she applied for information might immediately hasten to denounce herself to the Government. Actuated by this feeling Lucy sunk in tears upon the threshold of her father's door, which now, alas, inhospitable, opened not to receive her, who, weary, wandering, and faint, had reached it once more and in vain. She recognized the faces of the few passengers, and there was not a house on the spot whose inmates she had not known from her childhood. Any danger, however, was preferable to such horrible suspense, and springing forward in a kind of desperation, Lucy ventured to intercept a portly citizen, who arrayed in a furred mantle, and wearing a gold chain, was with a stately air taking his way down the street of the Lombards.

"Good sir," said Lucy beseechingly, "will it please you to tell me what has become of Master Richard Fenton, the goldsmith, and his brother-in-law, John Harding, the mercer of Grass street?"

"Out, out, woman!" said the city dignitary, with an air of wounded consequence, "think you that I, Michael Wicksteed, alderman of Candlewick Ward, a true and loyal servant of our most gracious Queen Elizabeth, know aught of such men? Woman, woman, being as I am, what should I know about fellows, traitors! who have fallen under the displeasure of her Grace?"

Poor Lucy sunk back; she had ventured to accost the worshipful Master Wicksteed, because, though his portly person was well extremely known to her she believed him in the magnitude of his dignities to be without any knowledge of herself.

"Then you cannot tell me what has become of the late owner of these houses?" she said, as she drew back despondingly.

"Why?" said Master Wicksteed, in a chuckling tone, and with a rough kind of twinkle dancing in his little grey eyes, "woman, I do not exactly tell thee that. The house yonder, next Master Fenton's was, till late, the habitation of one Allen, a well intentioned citizen, troubled with the sore affliction of a scolding wife. But the dame it seems, has fallen under the displeasure of the Queen's grace, and, ha! ha!—and here the old fellow crowded with as much delight as though the case had been his own—

"They have clapped the jade in prison, a marvelous school for correcting the tongue; but they may let her out again, and oh, good Master Allen, wise and worthy Allen, ha! ha! he will trust in no evil chances, he has packed up his chattels and his gold and betaken him to a secure retreat, safe from the tongue of Mistress Bertha. Truly a wise expedient, a very proper proceeding, one which I will even take into mine own serious consideration; for those who cannot fight, 'tis surely best to fly."

Arrived at this conclusion Master Wicksteed suddenly found that his auditor had departed, he just perceived the border of her brown mantle as she turned towards the Chepe, and muttering to himself, "what a most perverse and unmanly girl," he betook him on his way.

Lucy who, as the alderman spoke, had suddenly resolved at once to seek the house of her lover at Charing, passed rapidly on, unheeding that as she hurried up the Chepe, a squeaking, tremulous voice cried to her to stop.

As for Lucy, the distress of her mind had for the time nerved her frame, and in her long walk from the Chepe to Charing she neither flagged nor staid. The leaden twilight of the season was closing round the village when she reached it; but what was her dismay when on gaining the dwelling of her lover, she discovered the garden gate torn from its hinges, and the garden itself laid waste. The dwelling, too, was in no better condition, the doors had been pulled down, the casements beaten in; on approaching it more nearly, too, she discovered that it had been the prey of fire, which had reduced it to little more than a mere shell. Mechanically the unhappy girl stole round to the little casement of the library where she had so often sat with her lover; that also had been beaten in, but as Lucy leaned despondingly on that sill and looked into the room, she perceived that it had been apparently less devastated by the flames than the other parts of the house; a low garden door, too, which led to this apartment, had been like the rest torn down. Lucy approached this door, yet she hesitated upon its threshold, for all was dim and silent within, and the rising wind swept with a melancholy sound through the dismantled casements. The walls of this apartment were constructed of stone and it was partly detached from the main body of the building, hence it had so far escaped the fire.

Again Lucy advanced, again receded, but an impulse stronger even than her fears, prompted her to enter the dwelling which had so often echoed to the voice of that being whom she loved best on earth. Overcoming, therefore, the combined emotion of superstition and natural fear which had induced her to hesitate at first, she entered the ruined dwelling. The staircase which led to the upper apartments had the balustrade broken down, and was itself in so ruinous a state that it would have been dangerous to mount it. In a like condition also was the floor of the saloon which led to the library.

Lucy passed into the little ante-chamber in which Lord Dacre had discovered the murdered body of old Martin, and which like library, had escaped the worst devastation of the flames. A bitter sigh burst from her bosom as she entered this apartment. Was it the hollow voice of the wind only, or did she hear some person utter a responsive sigh? Lucy trembled and glanced fearfully through the shadows that spread over the remote corners of the room. Was that fancy, too, or did she perceive a dark figure emerge from the obscurity and advance towards her? She stood for a moment literally spell bound by terror; then as the figure still approached her, she screamed hysterically and turned to seek security in flight. Her limbs, however, seemed to refuse their office, and she sunk powerless on the ground; but a well-known voice then sounded in her ears, and in

the next moment she was locked in the embrace of Henry Willoughton. The bliss of that moment did not seem too dearly bought by all the perils which she had passed.

CHAPTER XII. "Then news into leave London came In all the speed that ever may be, And word is brought to our royal Queen Of the rising in the north country. Her Grace she turned her round about, And like a royal Queen she swore, I will ordaine them such a breakfast As never was in the north before. She caused thirty thousand men be raised, With horse and harness fit to see She caused thirty thousand men be raised, To take the Earls in the north country." Rising in the North—Percy's Reliques.

Away from the dim and desolate abodes, from the bitter moaning of the night wind, and more bitter lamentation of all that humanity may claim of noble and of good plunged into all that it knows of suffering—away from the dark prison, from the roofless hut, to the regal splendours of the Council Chamber at Whitehall.

The curtains of crimson cloth were drawn over the deep recesses of the windows, an enormous wood fire blazed upon the hearth, and a massive bronzed lamp, dependent over the council table, threw its light upon the countenances of those who encircled it.

The chief of Elizabeth's famed advisers were there. To the right of the throne sat the gay and profligate Leicester, and opposite to him was seated Cecil, with Walsingham, his rival in cruelty and in deceit.

Meanwhile the Queen had not yet taken her seat at the council table. Walsingham and Cecil were discussing in low tones the merits of a pile of papers which lay before them. Leicester sat lost apparently in a reverie.

Suddenly the door of Elizabeth's closet opened, and with all the fury of her race blazing in her flushed cheeks and sparkling eyes she sent herself upon the throne. Her first words were those of bitter reproach to her ministers, for it was a custom of the Queen, when the affairs of State crossed her inclination, to impose all blame upon the shoulders of advisers. She burst into a volley of oaths and vituperation, observing in conclusion—

"Truly, our sage and far-seeing councillors, ye have done well. That while ye infected our peace of mind, and broke even our nightly repose, with whispering imaginary plots and daggers lurking in the dark—ye have done well. I say, while your busy brains were employed in combatting these monsters of their own invention, to suffer rebellion to unfurl her broad banner in the blaze of day."

"Had it pleased your Grace," said Leicester, "to have hearkened somewhat sooner to those suspicions which your faithful servants suggested of Leonard Dacre and the two Earls, their arrest had been surety for their loyalty."

"Ah, your are wise, my Lord," said Elizabeth; but when our ears were so assailed with foul charges that we might well believe that we governed only a nation of traitors, please you to compound for some womanly weakness on our part, which is slow to look for treachery in all."

"It was to be wished," said Walsingham, "that the other treason to which your Grace alludes were, indeed, as it hath pleased you to term it, a mere invention of the brain."

"We will see to these plots anon," replied Elizabeth. "Fear us not, our good councillors, not again will we err on the side of a womanish mercy. Heaven's truth! those traitor Earls have had some secret warning. Some spy escaping from our Court warned them of our intents, and urged them on to brave our power."

"The damsel Gertrude Harding, that was not been found, Madame," said Cecil; yet it were a sore trial for a young maid's courage to travel to the north alone."

"Yet her courage would have dared such trial," answered the Queen. "Oh! 'twas a brave damsel we could have loved her for her gallant spirit. But attend, Cecil," she added in a sharper tone, "attend that we have no more delays. By the soul of our father, they may look well to their own heads who let the Earls escape. We like not this loitering of Sussex, who lies like a sluggard with his men at York, while the audacious rebels to our authority march at their pleasure over our fair counties of the north."

"It is indeed an unseemly delay," remarked Leicester, who was an enemy of the Lieutenant. "It is indeed an unseemly delay to linger, while the bold Earls have made themselves masters of the good Castle of Barnard."

"It were time, indeed, we looked to the matter ourselves, or that others looked to the conduct of Sussex," said the Queen. "But," she added, with an oath, "our faithful Ralph Sadler shall set out for York to-morrow, and then let Sussex look well to himself! Are we a Queen to be thus defied? If there be a woman's spirit in our generals, we will show them what it is to bear the spirit of a man—we will take their ourselves! But we will punish the rebels—they shall feel naught of our sceptre but its weight."

"It need not be, gracious Sovereign, said Cecil; 'it need not be that your sacred person be so exposed. The Earl of Warwick, and your Grace's most noble cousin of Humdon, march against the rebels. Believe, most Royal Lady, that our next advice will speak of their defeat."

"And how plead you, my Lord, for the traitorous delays of Sussex?" said the Queen. "What palliation can your ingenuity frame for his sloth?"

"May it please your Grace to remember," said Walsingham, "that the army of Sussex is for the most part composed of Catholic gentlemen and their tenants. Shall we blame him that he hesitated, solely on their support, to oppose the two Earls?"

"Now, Walsingham," exclaimed the Queen, "how mighty a slander thou hast uttered in those few words against our gracious ruler; if besemeth not, then, that we should expect our subjects of the ancient faith to bend to the yoke of that authority which our good Walsingham will not deny, has laid somewhat heavily upon their necks?"