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LORD DACRE OF GILSLAND;

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

By E. M. Stewart.

CHAPTER II. "Silence, and darkness! solemn sister twins

From ancient night who nurse the tender thought, To reason, and on reason build resolve; That column of true majesty in man, It was with feelings of the utmost alarm that

John Harding, being awakened by repeated knockings, hurried on a few clothes, and hastened himself to open the door of his habitation.

"Alas! alas!" said the old man, as he descended the stairs, "God forgive the rebellion of my heart, which cannot chuse but murmur at His will, in so far as it has fixed my lot in such a troublesome age! Who waits?" he cried, as he laid his hand the ponderous bolt.

"Ah, dearest father!" answered a well-known voice, "open the door quickly: here is Master Willoughton badly wounded, and my dear cousin Lucy is in the hands of some most evil men!"

With trembling hands John Harding opened the door; the crowd without at first swam before his eyes, and he saw nothing but his daughter, who, springing from the support of the stranger, threw herself, sobbing hysterically, upon his neck. Lifting his eyes to enquire the cause of her disorder, they fell upon the countenance of the stranger: he was about to speak, but a grave look from the former arrested the words upon his lip, while Gertrude, somewhat recovering, hastily explained the extent of her obligation.

"Noble sir," said Harding, "that you are the friend of Henry Willoughton, would alone make me feel my house honored by your presence; but

language fails me, when I would thank the preserver of my child!" So saying, the old man ushered the stranger into his house, to best chamber of which the wounded Willoughton was conveyed, and the servitors of Master Harding being called up, one of them was despatched for an apothecary to Bucklersberry, at that time the peculiar place of abode of all who professed the healing art. On his arrival, the apothecary talked gravely of Willoughton's wound, which appeared to have been inflicted with some blunt instrument. He was conveyed to bed, and blooded; after which operation the professor of in the morning, and an injunction of strict quiet for the patient. The young Warden of the Watch, who had stayed till that time, also departed, with an assurance to Harding that he would spare no endeavors to discover the abductors of his nicce. In compliance with her father's carnest entreaties, Gertrude sought her chamber, and throwing herself upon the bed, without undressing, she wept for the uncertain fate of her cousin. Lucy Fenton and Gertrude Harding were sister's children, and both deprived in childhood of a mother's care; their fellowship of grief had produced a fellowship geant, her heart would sometimes throb with an

search of the perpetrator of the daring outrage: well she remembered that the preceding week her well she remembered that the preceding were ner cousin and herself had been present at the public show, given by Sir Philip Wynyard, but it appeared not to her that they had there excited any extraordinary attention. Thus she lay till she had fairly wept herself to sleep, and might have reposed perhaps an hour, when she was awakened by her name repeatedly pronounced, and beheld her father standing at her bedside in much agitation.

"Rise, Gertrude ! rise my child, I entreat you!"

he exclaimed, "and come with me I"
Alarmed and confused, Gertrude started up, and throwing a mantle over her disordered dress, she followed her father out of the apartment. The house of Master Harding was truly one of the olden time; it had long and narrow passages, walls with heavy casements, and deep and dark closets; and as the old man glided along that night, he might have been taken for a wizard leading some lovelorn maiden to the secret chamber of his divinations, there to make known to her her certainty of thin, and age had bestowed on it a slight and not locks changed from bright auburn to a perfect silver were thinly scattered over his bold expanse of forehead and the flickering of the lamp showed the serene expression of his deep blue eyes, and the lines which time and sorrow had traced about his mouth and brow. John Harding was often taken for the grandsire of his child, but he had married very late in life. His habit was that of a wealthy, but not an ostentations, citizen: his doublet and hose of fine broadcloth were sparingly embroidered on the seams with gold, and adorned with crystal buttons. Light as were the footsteps motion her to a still more noiseless tread, ere he reached the chamber to which the wounded Henry Willoughton had been conveyed. A piece of ta-pestry, according to the fushion of the times, hung over the door, and as the old man lifted it, Gertrude could not resist making an enquiry if their guest was worse; but he shook his head, and beckoned her into the chamber. It was a very large one, and the single lamp which burned on a table at one end of it rather served to show than to dispel its obscurity. The equipments of the apartment befitted the house of the wealthy merchant. The hangings were of green saye, those of the bed adorned with a narrow fringe of silver; the bed was down, the counterpane of verder work inlaid; the blankets of red Irish frieze, peeping beneath the sheets of the finest Holland; the chairs were of Flemish manufacture, heavy with carving and gilding; and the carpet of Turkey work, while opposite to the bed hung a large steel mirror, with curtains of yellow velvet, looped with gold cord. As Gertrude passed through the room, she was surprised to see none of the servants there, and turning to her father she whispered to him in a low tone—

"Have you alone been watching by our sick guest, and so lately ill thyself, my father?"

"Not alone," answered Harding, "for his friend

has borne me company." In spite of herself, Gertrude shrunk as she glanced at the bed where Willoughton lay in a sleep so profound that it might have been mistaken for that of death, so low and imperceptible was his breathing; while the dark spot of blood which had oozed through the surgical bandage that bound his temples contrasted with the ashen hue of the lower part of his face. But short time she had to pause in pity, or in dread, by the couch of the sufferer; the room adjoining to this chamber was the principal sitting apartment of the house, and her farher now standing at its entrance beckoned her forwards.-The appointments of this room were of the same character with those of the bed-chamber, and proportionably rich, the hangings richly wrought, the cushions of green silk, the chairs and tables heavy with carving and gilding, the handirons were of copper highly gilt, and ornamented with flowers in various colors, while two large cupboards, or ranges of shelves, were filled with massive gold and silver plate. At the entrance of this room the step of Gertrude faltered, when she perceived the stranger standing near a table spread with wine and other refreshments; his wrapping cloak and slouched hat were thrown aside, and he appeared attired in a dress of murrey-colored velvet and boots of Spanish leather. The habit was medicine retired, with a promise of an early visit simply made; but in spite of the defect in his figure, it was enough to look at the wearer to be convinced he was a man of no common rank: nor was his alone the chance elevation of birth-there was a mind, a meaning in the full brow, and the large and brilliant eyes, which filled some with a painful sense of inferiority, and all with admiration and respect. His age appeared to be about thirty; but his spirited and expressive features scarce afforded the means of conclusion upon that point—he might possibly have numbered a few years more. The stranger, at the moment when Gertrude entered the room, held in his hand what of joy; their hopes, their cares, their sorrows were appeared to be a small picture, upon which his the same. They had both been delicately nurely eyes were fixed with an earnest expression. At tured; they were equally beautiful, equally excel- the slight noise occasioned by the approach of ling in all the feminine accomplishments of the Harding and his daughter, he looked up, and with age in which they lived. Gertrude was indeed an involuntary rudeness gazed intently upon Gerthe more gifted and prouder of the two, and had advanced some way in severe studies, which the rested on it; the slumber so hastily broken, had

less patient application of her cousin could not restored to her cheek the glow which the terrors surmount. Gertrude could speak French, Italian, of the night had banished; a profusion of the and Spanish; and scated in the humble place al- brightest golden hair had escaped, as she started lotted to the citizen's daughter at the tilt or pa- up from the bed, the bands accustomed to confine it, and swept luxuriantly over her neck. Her eyes excusable pride as the dames of the Court flaunted | were of the softest and sunniest hazel, while the by; when even their disdainful eyes were con- unmatched transparency of her skin had deservedstmined to pause in admiration on her face, and ly obtained for her the name of the Lily of Grass she falt that she could whisper to herself, that in Street. Her face had all that delicacy and precimental as well as personal perfections she excelled, sion of outline which distinguishes the works of that all which raised their rank above contempt ancient sculptors, and was purely and truly Grewas supereminently her own; yet with such at | cian, though the color and liveliness of the eyes tractions there was no vanity, no insolence in relieved it from that insipidity which too fre-Gertrude, no pride, but when the pride of rank quently attends a perfect regularity of features. contemned her; her spirit was at once refined and enthusiastic. Since the death of her mother Gerdisguised by the monstrous ruff and frightful farthtrude had never known a grief till the present one, ingale of the Court ladies; a petticoat of crimson

and lace, wrought with needlework, which appeared below the satin, showed that the heiress of "Fair Gertrude," said Lou the rich citizen could indulge in the taste for fine linen as freely as the daughter of an Earl.

The stranger still stood gazing on the levely form at the upper end of the apartment: he had been conversant with the Courts of Europe, and had seen beauty in its high and low degrees, polished ly art, and wild in the charms of untutored nature; yet it seemed that, with one excep-tion, he had never met with grace or loveliness till now. He forgot, in his surprise and admira-tion, those forms of chivalrous politoness with which he was so well acquainted. Meanwhile John Harding, bending over the fair vision, whispered to her a few words which met not the ear, of the stranger; but their effect upon Gertrude was remarkable—the doubtful, timid and half-saddened look changed in a moment for one of delight, surprise, and admiration.

She relinquished her father's arm, which she had at first clasped upon perceiving the stranger, The figure of John Harding was tall and and suddenly gliding forwards with the lightness and speed of a fairy, she sank ere he could preungraceful bend, his face had in his youth been vent her at his feet, and taking the hand which he remarkably handsome; though now worn and at-tenuated, it still retained its noble outline; a few with the tremulous motion of unbounded respect.

The stranger astonished, and even confused, by her assumption of so humble an attitude, again attempted to raise her; but gently resisting the profferred courtesy, while the tears gathered in her eyes, Gertrude exclaimed. "True disciple of thy father's faith! brave gentleman, loyal peer! suffer the daughter of John Harding-of him who must have died in prison but for you-to name that debt of gratitude she may never hope to cancel; suffer her to attempt her thanks for the more than life which has been this night preservof Gertrude, her father turned more than once to ed to her by the noble Lord Dacre, of Gilsland,"

"Gentle Gertrude," replied Leonard Dacre, "when I rescued thy fatcher from the rapacious cruelty of Leicester, I did but exercise that common kindness which we owe to all our fellow beings, and which surely we should at least never refuse to the persecuted few still clinging round the broken altars of our faith. But much I have to say, fair Gertrude," continued Lord Dacre, raising her from her kneeling posture, " and slender space of time to say it in, and thy heart will belie thy face if it refuse to spare a moment from its private grief to mourn the public wounds of this unhappy land."

"Rightly do you judge my daughter, noble Lord," said Harding, advancing and gazing on her with a fond pride, "and safely may I declare that you will find not in London a quicker witted or more trusty messenger, nor yet a neater scribe. The troubled times, alas! in which we live have forced me often to put upon the poor child offices that seem to ask an older head! but it hath blessed Heaven hitherto to make up to her in wisdom that which she must needs want in experience. Many is the time, I thank the saints, that my house and my Gertrude have saved the suffering confessors of our faith from the halter and the

While Harding spoke thus, both he and his noble guest had seated themselves naer the tuble on which the refreshments stood, and Gertrude, after stealing into the adjoining apartment, and finding Willoughton still quietly sleeping, drew a silken cushion near her father's feet, and kneeling on it, fixed her eyes upon Lord Dacre in eager exnectation.

"Know you this picture, gentle Gertrude?" he exclaimed, extending towards her the minature which she had seen in his hand. She took it and gazed for a few minutes in silence on the beautiful and famed features it represented. The strong feelings, the wild enthusiasm of Gertrude, had hitherto slept in the deceitful calm of innocence and youth, prosperous youth, surrounded by luxury and indulgence. So gay, so artless she had hitherto appeared, that even her father himself, whose thoughts so rarely wandered from her and from her wishes, scarce understood the excess of that pity, that indignation, she expressed in favor of the hapless original of the picture which she now held with a trembling hand.

Her face and neck as she looked upon it, became suddenly suffused with a deep crimson! but suppressing the hysterical affection, which would fain have found a vent in tears, she said, though with a choked accent, and low, as though she dreaded that the walls should hear her dangerous words, "How, my Lord, should I not know the features of England's persecuted Queen,? Yes, calumniated Mary !" she continued as to herself, Queen thou art of all the fertile land of abused England, no less than of the cold and cruel country that cast thee on the mercy of Elizabeth—of

her who knows no mercy!" The fervent tone and carnest looks of Gertrude filled Lord Dacre with delight and suprise. Much as John Harding, whom he knew to be a man above the common mould, had commended the prudence and talents of his daughter, he had yet almost dreaded that she should be made acquainted with a secret on which the lives of so many noble and brave men depended. Himself an enthusiast in favor of the Queen of Scots, he was enchanted to find one who so warmly participated in his feelings; and was not that which would have charmed him in the aged and the dull, yet a greater charm when found in the youthful, the beautiful, and the gifted? His surprise, too, made Gertrude more interesting, for Lord Dacre had some taint of the prejudices of his age, nor did he expect to find a chivalric love for a queen in the breast of the daughter of a citizen. He had thought that, as a Catholic, where her insignificance could be of use, she would be coldly willing to lend her endeavors, and thought also that the disastrous event of the night, and the mysterious loss of her cousin, would occupy her mind to the exclusion of all else. That it did not do so, was owing to no want of affection towards Lucy Fenton, on the part of Gertrude; she loved her with more than the tenderness of a sister; but since the time when words bore a meaning to her ear, she had nursed every tale of Queen Mary's wrongs. and how overwhelming was that which now op- satin, with the bodice slashed with black velvet Her pity, her love for her, had become a passion,

symmetry of her form, while the sleeve of lawn its strength, and whatever did not relate to it be-

"Fair Gertrude," said Lord Dacre, and his deep voice softened to a tone alike thrilling and impressive, "if thy gentle soul is so touched by the summons at the door, drew a chair near the sick woes of the royal sufferer, would it not seem a pleasant task to relieve them?"

"Noble Lord," replied Gertrude, "fortune has decreed me to a very lowly state; much have I sorrowed for the injured Queen, and never lamented my mean condition but when thinking of her wrongs; for, alas! I felt I was too far removed in rank to alleviate them, Alas! my Lord, the nobly born pay bitter penalties for all their high estate-the first in place seems often the first in woe; they are hard distinctions which shut out the heart's most tender sympathies; the queen whom I have mourned for may scorn my pity, but show the way in which the humble Gertrude may assist her, and all she has of energy or life shall be yielded to the g'orious purpose. Your, sex, my Lord, have sterner frames to suffer; but oh, they cannot have more will or patience to endure than ours. I have read," continued Gertrude with yet more of solemn energy in her manner, "how a lowly village girl of France retrieved the waning fortunes of her country; might such a blessed work be mine, how joyfully would I yield up life when it was accomplished, even as she yielded it. It is bitter to behold injustice triumph, to see this fair world laid at the feet of the wicked but how sublime is the power and eternity of truth -how noble the task to aid in her success !"

"And this task, Gertrude, may be thine; the flower of the northern counties are ready to arm In support of their rightful Queen. But arms, fair Gertrude, must be had; 'twere worse than vain without a proper supply of these to encounter the disciplined and well appointed forces of the usurping Elizabeth. Nor do we rely on our own strength alone, the great Alva has promised his assistance in arms, troops, and amunition; his renowned captain, Chiapino Vitelli, the Marquis of Catena, is now in London; and it is the means of conferring safely with him that I hope, fair Gertrude, to obtain, by your assistance, or that of your father. A baleful wisdom is Elizabeth's, and woe to our design if she suspect that Vitelli, has another mission than to accommodate his master's disputes with her. And Ceeil, whose suspicion never sleeps—who watches wary and alert, like the dog whom ancient fables make the guard of hell-Cecil, whose craft, is that of the reptile who wiled our parents out of paradise; and Walsingham, with his heart of flint; the profligate and cruel Leicester—of all these, fair Gertrude, must we be cautious, and for them it is I would not be known to be in London now. Doubtless you are aware how the Court spics infest the dwellings of the great."

"And not, alas! the dwellings of the great alone," said John Harding, with a sigh. "All degrees of society have been alike drenched with the poison of suspicion—the confidence of honest nion. friendship is no more, and oh, perdition to those "If who have severed them I the ties of father, of bro-ther, and of son are broken—wives have been royal draught shall make ample amends for the yielded by their husbands to the rack, and husbands led by the witnessing of their wives to the halter and the stake. How long, oh Heaven! shall thy wisdom permit these horrors?" "May your aid, gentle Gertrude," said Leonard

Dacre, "assist in procuring for me a conference with Vitelli. My recollections of John Harding, when he led me a child through the woods of Rockliffe Castle, long before his brother-in-law invited him to try his fortune in London, his firm patience when his property was seized by Leicester-in fact all that I formerly knew of his life-would have led me to seek him in this emergency, even had I not been urged by the warm entreaties of our poor friend, Henry Willoughton, with whom I knew not till this day that you were acquainted. This hope, then, that you might convey safe intelligence of my arrival in London to Chiapino, led Willoughton and myself hither during the hours of darkness, for I care not to pass through the streets during the day time, lest I meet with the spies or dependents of the Court; for well do Elizabeth and Cecil know that I love them not. Yet, if aught of danger to you seems to lurk in this attempt, pray you my friends scruple not to name it, and I will think of some other means to obtain speech with Vitelli."

"Rest you content, noble Lord," said the father and daughter with one breath, "your wishes by to-morrow's sunset shall be accomplished."

"And if mine errand in London speed well," said Leonard Dacre, "I depart forthwith for Tutbury, the unseemly residence of the royal captive, to make known to her the faith and loyal projects of the noble Percy, and the true offspring of the Nevils. And now, gentle Gertrude, I will no longer rob thee of thy repose; the grey tints of morning stealing through the curtains, reproach me with having wearied you."

"Nay, my Lord," replied Gertrude, turning to-wards him with a bright smile, "I weary not; time is most precious in such a case as ours, nor must we lose the scanty moments; I will but attend to our poor Henry, who, I think is awakening, and be with you anon to receive more nice directions. It behoves us not to seem curiously occupied when our servants move around us; we know not, alas! whom we may safely trust, and light matters often serve to awaken great suspi-

As Gertrude spoke, she glided into the adjoin ing apartment, the door of which had been left open during the conversation with Lord Dacre; she found Willoughton awake, but with his face flushed and his hand burning with fever; she had smoothed his pillow, supplied him with a cooling drink, and soothed him with a few kind words, and was about to return to her father and Lord Dacre, when she was startled by a heavy knocking at the house door.

"Let us hope," said she to her father, "this may be some news of our sweet Lucy, but well we know that ill fortune must in these days be uppermost in our thoughts; were it not prudent for the noble Dacre to retire to that safe chamber which only you and I, dear father; wot of."
"Ever my sage Gertrude!" replied Harding,

"it is well thought of," and lifting the hangings Pressed her! In vain she racked her thoughts in and trimmed with Venice gold, displayed all the and, like all passions, concealment had added to near the bed's head, he touched a small spring,

and a door flew open at the top of a narrow flight of stairs; down these he led Lord Ducre, the aperture closing behind them, while Gertrude havcouch, and sat shivering between her hopes for her cousin, and her fears for the bold design of

CHAPTER III.

"Ob, night and shades! How are ye joined with hell in triple knot Against the unarmed weakness of one virgin, Alone and helpless,"

The unfortunate Lucy Fenton had sunk into a swoon as she was conveyed from the house of her father. On regaining her senses, she found herself extended on a couch and in total darkness, but the low dashing of water and a current of air blowing freshly on her face convinced her that she was being borne rapidly along the river. A dismal moaning near her tilled her heart with horror, and she involuntarily uttered a responsive sigh. Pre-sently a man appeared with a lamp, and sine then perceived that she was in what seemed to be the cabin of a fishing boat, or some vessel of no superior pretensions. As the man approached the couch on which she lay she again closed her eyes, thinking that while supposed to be asleep or insensible an opportunity for observation likely to avail her in her present desperate situation might occur.— The person who had entered paused at her side, and held the light over her face, the deadly paleness of which sufficiently confirmed the idea of her prolonged swoon, while her hand which he took had assumed the coldness as well as the color of

6 Poor maiden," he exclaimed, the compassionate tone of his voice inspired Lucy with hope. As he dropped her hand she heard by the sound of his steps that he had turned from the couch, and she ventured to look forth. He passed rapidly to the other end of the low and narrow apartment, whence the grouns had appeared to proceed, they had, however, ceased while the man stood near to Lucy, who rightfully conjectured that the person had

fainted from excess of pain.

"Here, Ware, Morley," cried the other man,
"this chicken-hearted fellow has even swooned

"Steady a moment," answered another voice, good, there we have shot past the bridge, the

gobbling citizens can scarce overtake us now!"

"Bear a hand here then F' said the first speaker, surely Robert and Hodge can spare you for a moment, the poor young woman looks unseemly pale; you, Edinund, where is the box with the strong water and the scents?"

Two other men now appeared, and opening a kind of locker produced a phial filled with a reviving essense, and two flasks of wine. They first addressed themselves to the care of their compa-

"Ho! brute apprentice!" cried one, "rouse up, royal draught shall make ample amends for the red puddle which thou hast lost?"

"Shame upon thee, Edmund Ware?" said the man whom Lucy had first seen, "a rock! ss youth art thou always; wouldst thou give a man with so unsightly a wound as this, wine to drink? Twere fire in his veins to feed the fever that is already parching them. Go, fetch cold water to sprinkle his face with, the bandage has slipped from his wrist-there, that is well; now my man, how feel you?"

"Alas I" replied a voice, which though its tones were weak and low, was but too well recognized by "Is it thus that the Lord permits his godly ones to fall by the hand of the Philistine?"-Truly, that man of Beelzebub hath smitten mo sore! Gracious Gilbert, where is thy master, Sir Philip? a faithful gentleman he is, and will doubtless make a consideration to Ralph Adams, for the hurt which he has received in his service. "Aye, aye, rest thee content!" returned Gilbert,

in a tone compounded of a grunt and a snark, and seeming to intimate no great complaisance towards Master Ralph. "Aye, aye, my master pays all who work for him in proportion to their work, and by that count, Ralph Adams, thou shouldst be well off!"

"Alas!" exclaimed Ralph, "my spirit waxes low, I feel marvellously weak!" "Lie thee still! lie thee still, lad !" said Gillert,

here, taste of this cordial, it should produce thee quiet sleep.'

But may I not have speech with Sir Philip?" "Rest thee still, fellow, Sir Philip parted from us when thou camest into the cabin here. Thou shalt see him to-morrow, but be patient now. Ill will it fare both thee and us if we see not to the condition of the damsel!" So saying, he turned towards the couch on which Lucy was extended. The poor girl looked up on his approach and cast her eyes mournfully round the place. The scene was dismal enough, the cabin itself was narrow and low roofed, its naked rafters black and hung with cobwebs. Its only furniture was the locker before mentioped and two couches of faded green stuff, on one of which Lucy herself had been placed, while Ralph Adams rested on the other.-With the exception of Gilbert, the appearance of her companions was ill calculated to cheer her.-Of the desperate villany of Ralph her present situation was sufficient proof. She turned her eyes towards the persons of Sir Philip's men; the countenance of Gilbert had a kind expression, it was full, ruddy, and good-tempered; he was a man passing from the middle to the decline of life; he wore the colors of his master, a blue doublet, slashed with tawny, and trimmed with silver lace; his companions, Ware and Morley, were attired in dresses of the same fashion and color, but of superior materials, denoting their higher rank in their master's household. Their doublets were of fine cloth puffed with satin, and powdered with stag's heads in silver, the cognizance of their master, this badge appeared only on Gilbert's arm, and in a baser metal, the hilts of their rapiors were also silver, and a rosette of tawny color and silver was fastened in their hats. These youths were fit attendants of Sir Philip Wynyard; their persons

were well made and their features inclining to-

handsome, but they were rendered unpleasant by