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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 PLEDGE; 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.

"Be assured, my Leonard," said Vitelli, "that the young daughter of the merchant is a creature of no common mould; few emissaries in her situation would have returned to you with an unexecuted errand. Most exquisitely stupid on the occasion, too, was Mancini, for by leaving the poor girl to find as best she might, the way to my apartment, he exposed her to an encounter of the lynx eyes of Cecil himself, who had honored me with an early visit of seeming friendship and real suspicion. I marvel that she found her way to the apartment, for a perfect labyrinth is this house, and so full of unaccountable noises, that some of my knaves swear that the old rooms are haunted by the ghosts of Yorkists and Lancastrians, who renew in them their ancient animosities. I may thank Mancini, too, for that annoyance, for the rascal having before visited your country of fogs and vapors, I made him my precursor to secure for me a dwelling, and truly I will allege nothing against its outward staleness, but much in commendation of its comfort and privacy within."

brance, even to the destruction of many a noble enterprise, that the use of such doubtful and subordinate agents is so often necessary," said Lord Dacre. "It would seem that we must trust even to Rudolphi, for the ammunition and the arms; but if it be as you say, that the assistance for us expected by the middle of November, we may hold ourselves secure in an independence of that man, who, from what I know of him, will not venture upon any measure more treacherous than a mere delay in the delivery of the arms; but we may well defer all offensive operations till the arrival of the troops, if we may hope that they will join us at so early a period as that which you have named."

"You will then depart at once for Tutbury?" said the Marquis Vitelli. "Without delay," answered Leonard, "for the hopes of the royal captive must be well nigh exhausted, if we may give credence to but one-half of the tale that is told of her sufferings. From hence I shall hasten into Cumberland to arm my own retainers on the Baronies of Greystock and Gilsland; and oh, that I could infuse into the great mass of the people who cringe to the iron sceptre of Elizabeth one spark of the generous flame which animates the true spirits of the border! When was the scallop-shell of the Dacres raised that they failed bravely to rally around it?"

At this moment a strange and rushing sound met the ears of the friends, succeeded by a heavy fall, accompanied by a deep and lamentable groan, as of a person in mortal agony. Simultaneously they started up, and proceeded towards that door of the apartment through which Gertrude had entered in the morning, and from which direction did the noise appear to proceed. All was silent in the vestibule; the entrance of the deserted chamber was closed, but a low rustling sound was heard within. Both the Marquis and Lord Dacre endeavored to burst open the door, but it defied the exertions of their united strength. The Italian now summoned his servants, and suspicious of some dire treachery among them, he ordered instruments to be brought wherewith to force the door. Meanwhile the rustling noise had ceased, and when they at last obtained admittance to the apartment, it appeared as silent and solitary as it had seemed to Gertrude in her visit of the morning. That some person or persons had been lately there both Lord Dacre and Chiapino were well convinced. Might they not even have been for some time concealed in the vestibule, secure listeners to their conversation, so dangerous in its import? They now searched carefully for the outlet by means of which the late occupant of the room had departed, but to their utter astonishment, they could find none; no other door appeared than that by which they had themselves entered; and egress by means of the windows was impossible for not only were they so lofty that it would have been difficult to reach them from within; but had even that obstacle been overcome, an attempt from them to leap into the garden below must from the great depth of the descent, have been inevitably attended by loss of limb, if not of life. The tapestry, as before mentioned, was torn in many places from the walls, but no door, no spring was observable in the oak panelling. The Marquis, however, resolved on having the whole of the hangings removed on the following day, and strict search made for that concealed entrance which he felt assured that the room contained. The flooring also was carefully examined, for Lord Dacre had suggested the possibility that there might be some artfully constructed trap. The servants murmured loudly at being detained in an apartment which they asserted to be the favorite resort of the ghosts, for whose existence they tended. But the stern manner of the Marquis averted them into present compliance with his commands, and in silence, though unwillingly, they prosecuted their search. Suddenly one of the men holding his lamp somewhat lower than those of his companions, started back with a loud cry of horror, and with his fingers pointing to a track of newly-spilt blood which he had discovered upon the floor.

"Here," exclaimed Vitelli, "is something more than common treachery!" and glancing round the circle of his attendants, he perceived the absence of his secretary Mancini. The page, his brother, however, stepped forward, and with a countenance free from all symptoms of embarrassment, assured the Marquis that Mancini had retired an hour before to his chamber, complaining of unusual weariness and a slight indisposition. This account was confirmed by the servants; but the Marquis, still unsatisfied, proceeded himself to the secretary's chamber. Finding that he was really in bed, and on being awakened neither his manner nor his countenance discovered traces of guilt or of confusion, he returned to the room, where he had left Lord Dacre and the remainders of his household, in complete embarrassment and unable to justify to himself the suspicions which he could not but still entertain of Mancini. The dangerous character of the times gave a stronger interest to this appalling incident, and the servants, shrunk together with terror in their looks, while the Marquis announced his attention of instituting a severe inquiry as to the cause of the noises which had disturbed his family, and this strange appearance of the blood! and also his determination not long to remain a resident in a dwelling to which it was evident some other persons than those of his household possessed access. The blood was evidently but lately spilt, for the track was yet moist and fresh colored. Vitelli, being unable to discover any trap or other outlet either in the flooring or the wall of this mysterious chamber, was now fain to dismiss his attendants and retire with Lord Dacre, to confer upon the possible causes of this terrific appearance.

"Know you not," inquired Leonard, "of any passages concealed in the walls of the house? That some such exist I do not myself doubt, and that by one of them, though we have been unable to discover it, the occupants of that room have made their escape?" "I know of none," said Vitelli, "save a narrow gallery between the wall of the anti-chamber of this apartment and that of this house. And that gallery contains no outlet."

and little less anxious as to the cause of the noises heard in Vitelli's house, Lord Dacre now took his leave. Both he and the Italian would at once have resolved that the dwelling was infested by the spies of the Government—who managed in general to make their way wherever it was their will—had not the stain of the fresh blood seemed to indicate some dark deed of domestic crime. The rushing noise, which might be that of a vain attempt to escape the dagger of the murderer, the heavy fall, and the deep groan—these did not point towards the emissaries of the Government, who would certainly be true to themselves. The firm manner, too, in which they had found the door of the chamber fastened partly relieved them from their first serious apprehension that their conversation had been overheard, as it would not have been possible for the person or persons, if they had been at any time concealed in the vestibule, to have retreated to the chamber and so secretly have fastened the door without noise. They could not doubt, nevertheless, that some dreadful injury, if not murder, had been committed upon the person whose groan they had heard; and Vitelli resolved at any risk, on the following day, to make the particulars of the affair known to the Ministers of Elizabeth's Government. Now, too, he concluded all his arrangements with Lord Dacre, and it was not without pain that that nobleman took leave of his friend, for it was settled that he should at once depart for Tutbury. His longer stay in London might excite the attention of the Court; and all that was essential to the cause in which he was engaged he had learned from Vitelli in their present interview. Better would Leonard be now employed in conveying news of the flourishing promises of the future to the captive Queen, that she might be prepared to take advantage of the efforts of her friends; and when that mission was accomplished, then should his voice be heard among his own faithful vassals, or at the council table of the bold leaders in the North. To linger longer in London would now be worse than useless, and yet Lord Dacre felt pained as he parted from Vitelli. Though entertaining a rational and well grounded hope of success in his purposed undertaking, he was nevertheless fully aware that it was encompassed by great dangers; and those dangers, how many of the gallant and the noble might they not overwhelm! It was this consciousness that dimmed the eyes of Lord Dacre, as he wrung the hand of Vitelli, and made his voice falter from its customary deep and mellow tones.

With this mournful feeling still prevalent did he pursue his way to the house of Henry Willoughton, in the village of Charing. Nor did the uncertain fate of Gertrude Harding contribute to raise the spirits of Lord Dacre; of whatever danger might encompass her he felt that he was himself the cause. If it was not she who had protected the Queen, then had she been overtaken by some worse fate. Into what cruel hands in those quiet times might she not have fallen—those times, when night was universally abandoned for power, when the protection of the law was to be obtained only by ministering to the venality of some corrupt dependent of the Court, and when bribery in the walk of the more humble administrators of the law was so notorious that it was said—"That a Justice of the Peace would, for a present of half-a-dozen chickens, dispense with a dozen laws."

In such times what protection might exist for a poor, defenceless female, should she once have fallen into evil hands, and might not Gertrude even have been by some means betrayed again into the power of those very ravishers from whom he had himself rescued her on the preceding evening? And if, on the contrary, she had been really conveyed to Whitehall, then was her condition but little less distressing. She might, indeed, actuated by the sudden impulse of a generous heart, have interfered to save the life of Elizabeth; but her just causes of dislike to that imperious and, as she thought, usurping Sovereign, would still remain unchanged. How then would the very nobleness of her heart make her revolt at her new position; how painful to her would be the gratitude and the favors of Elizabeth! Or how would that creature, the purity of whose soul shone out conspicuous in every motion and every look, how would she bear with the manners of the Court—that Court so notoriously and shamelessly profligate? Would not her own exquisite loveliness expose her every hour to witness, or become the victim of, that abandonment of principle which would fill her soul with emotions of mingled horror and disgust? And to all this had he exposed her; and now must he quit London in absolute uncertainty as to her fate—that fate in which he felt an interest painful to him in its own excess. Nor was the conversation of Sir Philip Wynyard's retainers on the night before already forgotten by Lord Dacre. "My Lord of Leicester and Sir Kit had cast soft eyes upon the dainty damsels, and Sir Philip might beware of a fever." Leicester, then, the worst among the bad, was known to be enamoured of the beautiful Gertrude. When did honor or good feeling curb the wild passions of that most licentious among men? Would the innocence, the unblemished purity of the merchant's daughter, have a power to defend her from his detestable attacks? Did purity or innocence ever avail to check the career of the abandoned Leicester? He might not indeed be altogether insensible to that holy influence of virtue which added a new grace to its possessor's charms, but he would regard only the charm without any reference to its cause, and that charm would from its novelty only operate to bestow a zest upon his jaded fancy, and stimulate him to added perseverance in his odious pursuit. "Let Sir Philip beware of a fever!" There, too, was an allusion to the Earl's audacious perpetration of the most abominable of crimes. So notoriously and so frequently had he been known to administer poison, that a person expiring of a sudden or doubtful disorder was commonly said to have died of a "Leicester Fever." Was his interest in Gertrude so strong that he was already prepared thus to dismiss all rivals from his path? If the fact were so, then were betide the unhappy girl should she fall into his power; and what fearful facilities would not Leicester possess, if she had been really sent by the Queen to Whitehall! There was something inexpressibly irritating in

these thoughts, and the flush of anger crimsoned the brow of Lord Dacre, and his pulse beat with painful violence as they passed through his mind. Gertrude, pursued, insulted by, perhaps even the victim of, Leicester, was an object too distressing for contemplation. And must she be left to be encircled in such horrible coils, and not one honest arm be stretched out in her defence?—Involuntarily Lord Dacre put his hand upon his sword.

Who should be the protector of Gertrude in such an emergency save himself—he who might remotely be considered as the cause of her defenceless condition; must he leave her to the withering gripe of the despoiler? And Lord Dacre no longer wondered at or rebuked the violence of his own emotion. What bosom replete with chivalric feeling but would have kindled even as his own in such a cause? Conventional prejudice in this instance overbore itself; all those ideas of the exalted advantages of noble blood, of which his mind was peculiarly tenacious, even in an age which did not undervalue them, only contributed to warm him into a more vital consciousness of the claims of Gertrude—hardening upon the protection of his arm—that protection which, alas, he could not linger to bestow. Must the last Dacre of Gilsland prove a recreant to his illustrious line, and leave the humble being whom he should defend to be overwhelmed by evils which but to serve him she had probably never encountered. But, ah! the call was more imperative elsewhere; the ruin might extend to thousands should he linger about the Court of Elizabeth. And Gertrude must be abandoned to her fate—hard necessity to a generous heart, bitter sacrifice to honour, divided against itself. It was, Lord Dacre convinced himself, this reflection only—a reflection to be made by every exalted mind—that wrung his heart with such a pang as it had never known before, or roused in his soul that fierce and burning indignation, when he pictured to himself the form of Lord Leicester at the feet of Gertrude Harding. He felt that he could with pleasure have annihilated the man who should dare insult her ear with the proposals of dishonorable love. It is true that the name of Sir Christopher Hutton had been also mentioned in that conversation, the remembrance of which had roused such agonizing reflections in the mind of Leonard Dacre; but, strangely enough, Sir Christopher never for a moment appeared to him as the admirer of Gertrude, nor did he pause on the extreme possibility that her cousin Lucy might be rather the object of Lord Leicester's pursuit. The truth was, that his mind was impressed by so vivid a consciousness of Gertrude's attractions, that, without his pausing to define the source of that impression, it would not admit that the superiority of her charms could be passed over by any who had beheld them in favour of those of any other female.

Wholly absorbed in these reflections, Lord Dacre walked hastily on, unheeding strutting objects, and thus, ere he was aware, he reached the house of Henry Willoughton. It was, as we have said, a calm, delicious evening, and the moon, now floating through the serene sky, amidst a mass of lustrous clouds, silvered the tree tops, and the closed casements in the village of Charing. The dwelling of Henry stood somewhat apart from the other buildings; indeed, it was not, strictly speaking, within the limits of the village, and the large garden by which it was surrounded added to its isolation. Not a sound was heard as Lord Dacre now approached it, save the chimes of the distant abbey clock at Westminster, mixed with the hoarse baying of a watch dog in the village. The wicket yielded at once to his touch; but on approaching the house, he was surprised at not perceiving a light in any of the casements. Where was old Martin? Lord Dacre knew that he was too warmly attached to his master to have retired composedly to rest in uncertainty as to the cause of Willoughton's delay in his return home, for though contemplating a stay at John Hawling's house during the past night, Henry had, before he left Charing, bid his servant expect to see him at an early hour in the morning.

Not without an apprehension that the old man was either ill himself, or had imprudently left the house to visit the city in search of his master, did Lord Dacre pass hastily through the garden, and knock at the door of the dwelling. The hollow echo of the blow was, however, its only answer; again and again did he repeat the summons with no more satisfactory effect. As wearied with these fruitless endeavors to obtain an entrance, he leaned for a minute against the porch, and his eye wandered over the garden, he perceived in the bright clear moonlight, which bathed its trim flower beds and rustic arbours, that it had been trampled on by many rude feet, and shrubs and flowers having been alike wantonly trodden down. Something, too, he perceived, that lay glistening beneath a rose bush that grew by the principal path. On stepping forwards, to his astonishment and horror, he found that it was a small cup of richly chased gold, bearing the name and arms of Willoughton. One frightful idea immediately took possession of his mind; the house of his friend had been robbed, and this cup was a part of the spoil which the robbers had dropped while carrying away their booty.

It is here worthy of observation that the advantages commonly ascribed to absolute Monarchy—a greater regularity of police and a more strict execution of the laws—did not attend the almost Oriental despotism of Queen Elizabeth's Government. On the contrary, the whole country was in a state of the most lamentable disorder. Bands of vagabonds were in the habit of assembling in the different counties, even to the number of fifty or sixty, despoiling the inhabitants of their property, and committing all kinds of atrocities, the Magistrates themselves being commonly too much in terror of the confederates of these felons to execute against them the sentences of the law. The streets even of London itself were infested, and the Queen's only idea of a mode by which to check so enormous an evil was by ordering a general execution of martial law. But to return to Lord Dacre. If robbers had really broken into Willoughton's house, what had become of old Martin? A more dreadful apprehension now seized the

heart of Lord Dacre, and he hastily retraced his steps towards the dwelling. The door resisted all his efforts to force an entrance; but, on proceeding to the back of the house, he perceived one of the upper casements thrown open. By the assistance of a tree that grew near it, he with some difficulty climbed up to this casement, and by that means obtained admittance to the house. In the room which he entered from the window everything was in its usual state, but when he passed from that to the chamber of his friend, he at once perceived his fears verified. The furniture was in confusion; the wardrobe and closets burst open. With a beating heart he turned to look for the cabinet of which Henry had particularly spoken—that also had been rifled, the cushion was gone. But the papers, those papers more important than all the treasures of the Indies—were they gone too? It was with a feeling of inexpressible thankfulness that Lord Dacre found the documents crushed into a corner of the cabinet as of no use to the robbers, who, in their greed of gold, had, fortunately for Leonard's cause, neglected to secure writings for which they would have been richly rewarded by the Ministers of Elizabeth. Having concealed these precious papers safely in the breast of his doublet, Lord Dacre proceeded to examine the house. In every room was some trace of the robbers. They had not apparently been in any hurry to desert the scene of their enormity. The cellar and the buttery had been ransacked, and empty flasks and broken fragments of provisions strewed the floor in the principal sitting apartment of the house.

The pillage, too, had been accompanied by a very wantonness of destruction. Not only had every portable article of value—such as carpets, mirrors, linen, and plate—been carried off, but the robbers had done their best to destroy what they could not steal. The heavy furniture was bruised, cut, and injured; the tapestry torn; and some portraits, by Holbein, of several members of Willoughton's family had been taken from the walls and the canvas pierced in many places. From this room Lord Dacre proceeded to the adjoining one, which was used by Willoughton as a study. Here, too, had the work of devastation been carried on with the same improvident malice. The books had been taken from the shelves, and were scattered in fragments upon the floor. To these two rooms there appertained a little ante-room communicating with both, and with a staircase that led to Willoughton's bed-chamber, and Lord Dacre now bent his steps towards it with the intention of seeking again for Martin in the upper apartments. But, as, in the cursory glance which he had before taken, he had not seen the old man, he was not without a hope that he might have escaped from the house while the robbers were engaged in their work of plunder. In this hope, however, he was awfully deceived.

Scarcely had he crossed the threshold of the apartment, when he stumbled over some dark object that lay near his entrance. The moon looked down upon the scene presented itself to the eyes of Leonard Dacre. Old Martin lay stretched a mangled corpse before him. He was clad in his night dress, and it seemed as though the noise made by the robbers on their entrance had induced him to descend the stairs in order to ascertain its cause. Upon his forehead appeared a hideous wound, the cause of his death; it seemed as though inflicted by some blunt instrument, such as the butt-end of a pistol, or it might be the hilt of a dagger. The long grey hair of the old man was spread over his forehead in tangled masses clotted with blood. The convulsions of death seemed to linger on his countenance, which was ghastly and horrible, a hideous blueness encircling the mouth, while the set teeth appeared between the drawn lips, and the glazed eyes, wide open, seemed staring into the countenance of Lord Dacre as he leaned over the corpse. The floor was crimsoned with blood, which had flowed copiously from the wound, but the body was quite cold, and life had evidently departed for many hours. A braver man than Leonard Dacre never lived; he had faced death on the battle field, and watched his slow insidious approaches by the side of the sick couch, but never had he felt such a sickening emotion of almost superstitious dread as that which now subjected even his strong mind to its control. It was a fearful thing to stand alone as he did amidst that scene of murder. The casement of the room was half overgrown by a luxuriant jasmine, which it had delighted Lucy Fenton to train when she visited the dwelling of her lover, the moonbeams pierced through the fantastic twine, but as often as the slight tendrils trembled in the night breeze, did pale light dance and shimmer on the distorted features of the dead. And as Lord Dacre gazed down upon the frightful face, it seemed to quicken into motion, and as though a meaning were gathering in the glassy eyes, the clenched hands relaxed, and either his own eyes were dim, or those vivid lips were moving as in speech, though no sound proceeded from them. The loud beating of his own heart was painfully perceptible, but then a rushing as of many waters seemed to fill his ears and shut every other sound. What was that dark and shapeless figure at his side? Lord Dacre shut his eyes for a moment to dispel what he felt to be an illusion, but was the reality upon which he opened them less horrible? He turned to leave the dreadful apartment, when his footsteps were arrested by the sound of a key, turning apparently in the house door. The next minute he heard the door itself creak heavily on its hinges, and the murmur of voices in the hall; among which he recognized that of the man who had that night delayed his course in the Corn Market.

The pillage of Willoughton's house was then the exploit of which he had boasted, and he had now returned with his assistant murderers to commit some new work of devastation, nor did Lord Dacre forget that the same ruffian was by his own acknowledgment connected with the offence committed in the Chepe. What meanwhile was to be done? To step forward at once, to provoke an encounter with those ruffians, was but recklessly to cast away his life. Could he reach the upper apartments, and effect an escape by means of the same casement which had offered him an entrance? The staircase which he must ascend could not be gained but by crossing a corner of the hall which