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JUBILEE BOOK, CONTAINING INSTRUCTION ON THE JUBILEE, AND PRAYERS RECOMMENDED TO BE SAID IN THE STATION CHURCHES; To which is prefixed the Encyclical of His Holiness POPE PIUS IX., For the ARCHDIOCESE OF TORONTO, containing the PASTORAL of HIS GRACE ARCHBISHOP LYNCH. For the DIOCESE OF LONDON, containing the PASTORAL of HIS LORDSHIP BISHOP WALSH. For the DIOCESE OF HAMILTON, containing the PASTORAL of HIS LORDSHIP BISHOP GRINNON. For the DIOCESE OF OTTAWA, containing the PASTORAL of HIS LORDSHIP BISHOP DUHAMEL. For the DIOCESE OF ST. JOHN, New Brunswick, containing the PASTORAL of HIS LORDSHIP BISHOP SWEENEY. For the DIOCESE OF RICHMOND, containing the PASTORAL of HIS LORDSHIP BISHOP MCKINNON. For the DIOCESE OF MONTREAL, containing the PASTORAL of HIS LORDSHIP BISHOP BOURGET. EACH DIOCESE has its Separate JUBILEE BOOK. Per Copy, 10c. | Per Dozen 80c. | Per 100 \$8 D. & J. SADDLER & CO., 275 Notre Dame Street, Montreal.

SYDNEY EARLSTONE! OR, THE DISGUISED ARTIST.

CHAPTER I. But now it has fallen from me, It is buried in the sea; And only the burden of others Throws its shadow over me. Earlstone Park looked at its best. It was August, and the noble trees had a mellow rich green color, which grew dazzling emerald in the bright sun. From the terrace in front of the house the spectator looked over a far-stretching panorama of yellow cornfields, gold-bespangled pasture-meadows, russet-brown rivers and streams, on the smooth surface of which lay the white lilies; while here and there in the distance was seen a sombre patch, where a shabby wood hid the nests of the kestrel hawk and the wild dove. It was afternoon, and in the burning heat of the August sun all things rested, as it were, in languor. The old man who was working at the many-colored flower-bed; on the lawn had ceased from sheer fatigue, and lay under an ash tree, smoking; the song of the reapers from the neighboring field had died away; not a soul was to be seen along the dusty road leading to the village, which was dimly visible through the park gates; and only the drowsy hum of the ever-working bees, and the occasional rustle of the trees, as a very slight breeze sluggishly forced its way through the wood, disturbed the lazy silence. In the wood which bordered the park for a mile on the south side was a natural arbor, formed of three old oak trees, the trunks and branches of which had so interlaced that one could not distinguish their original source, and some gigantic lilac bushes, the lower boughs of which were twined round with wild convolvulus and many a brilliant flower. This pretty nook was close to a private footpath which led from the highway up to the Hall, and which was closed by a wicket-gate always locked. This afternoon the nest was not empty. Half buried in the bed of wild strawberries which formed the carpet of the retreat lay a young lady, apparently about nineteen. Her long hair had become unfastened, and lay in bright folds of golden brown on the soft greenward; her fair oval face, flushed with the heat, was resting on a plump white hand, and her ripe red lips, parted slightly, disclosed a row of perfect white teeth. The open book of poems at her side told of her late employment; for she, like the rest of the world, was enjoying the summer afternoon in sleep. The clock in the stable belfry struck five, and still the sleeper dreamt blissfully—only the heaving of her bosom told that she had life and breath. The wind had gradually risen, and it now whistled hoarsely in the old beeches; the air grew colder as thick banks of dark gray clouds hid the sun from sight, and from the distant hills faint rumbles told of a coming storm. Presently all grew dark and lurid, and a few large drops fell with a loud patter on the dry leaves. Scarcely had the rain commenced when a gentleman sprang over the wicket-gate at the end of the path, hurried on, as if he knew the way, and parted the boughs to reach the shelter of the arbor. Seeing that it was occupied, he was about to retire hastily, when, his eyes noticing the exceeding beauty of the figure before him, he stopped involuntarily to look again. Barely indeed could he have seen so fair a picture, and he stood gazing in rapt admiration at the beautiful sleeper. The newcomer seemed to be about twenty-five handsome, with a bright manly beauty which won upon the beholder irresistibly; but with a careless, nonchalant smile on his regular features, as of one who cared naught for the world and its opinion, and feared little, if anything, under the sun. Yet there was fire in the bright dark eyes—and power in the high forehead which seemed to say that had he cared to try, there were few things which man accomplishes impossible to him. After gazing for a few seconds, he turned again to go, but the movement awoke the fair one, who look-

ed up startled at the intruder, and disclosed a pair of blue-gray eyes under brown lashes which bewitched the stranger more than all the rest of the charms which he had been surveying so leisurely. Seeing that it was now too late to retreat, he advanced to offer excuses. "Pardon my intrusion," he said, lifting his hat and disclosing wavy-black hair curling over a well-shaped head; "I sought shelter from the rain, not knowing that any one was here. I will disturb you no longer." And he turned as if to go. But the young lady had recovered her self-possession, and said, smilingly—"Nay, do not go out into the rain. I will not frighten you from your expected refuge. You startled me at first; I cannot imagine how I came to sleep so long or so soundly. It is late, is it not?" "It struck five a few minutes ago. But the storm came up suddenly. I was painting in yonder meadow when the first drops came; so I hastily covered my tackle and sought this place with a rashness which I hardly know whether to regret or to be thankful for." "You mean you are glad of the shelter, but you think the comfort entirely counterbalanced by another person's presence?" she answered demurely, giving him a side glance from under her long lashes which was quickly withdrawn when she met his look of intense admiration. "You mistake my meaning willfully," he said laughing; "but I will not seek to make it clear, lest my admiration should induce me to say more than you would credit." After the pointed compliment which she had brought on herself, the lady looked silent for a few minutes, and they both looked out at the fast falling rain. Presently, meeting her glance, which could not help expressing her curiosity at seeing so handsome a stranger in these parts, where few such ever penetrated, he said, merrily—"You are wondering who it is that has so boldly invaded your quiet domain. My name is Percy Cleveland; I am what the world calls an artist, but I am not worthy the name, being only an idler who never did any good, and I fear, never will." "You give yourself a marvellously good character, Mr. Cleveland. However, since it seems that we are to be companions for some minutes more, I might as well tell you my name, as self-introduction is the order of to-day. I am Helen Maldon, niece of Sir Herbert Earlstone, and his ward; and in my uncle's name I beg to give you welcome on this, your first visit to his domain, and to assure you that you may remain at large over his kingdom, without fear of the keeper's dogs or sticks." "Thank you, indeed," he answered, gravely; "I shall perhaps avail myself of your permission more than you imagine." Then the conversation turned on painting, and then on poetry; and he who called himself Percy Cleveland talked so well that Helen became interested, and forgot for a few moments that he was a stranger in the pleasant chat which she heard so seldom from the man who frequented the baronet's house. The rain had ceased some time, and the sun had been shining warm and bright, ere either noticed it; presently Helen rose hastily, suddenly remembering the time and the situation, and said, as she prepared to leave—"See, it is quite fine; I must go home and make my excuses. You must pardon the plight in which you found me"—pointing to her dishevelled hair—"since I hardly expected to receive visitors, you know." "Nay, it is I who must apologize for my intrusion and thank you for—" "No more, Mr. Cleveland; you have paid for shelter by entertaining me so pleasantly during the last hour. And now, good afternoon." Another moment and she was gone, leaving Percy Cleveland to retrace his steps by the way he came, which he did musingly. Arrived at the spruce little inn of the village of Esvalde, where he had taken up his quarters the day before, he lit a cigar, and while waiting for dinner began chatting with the landlord in a free and easy manner which always opened the hearts of his auditors. "Has Sir Herbert Earlstone any daughters?" he asked, thinking rightly, that this would give him the information he required. "No, sir; not exactly daughters, but Miss Maldon goes near to be one, and when Mr. William marries her, it will be all the same." "William Earlstone?" cried his auditor, starting. "Ay, no other. And a good thing it will be for her. Though there be those as say that there ain't much love lost between 'em. But Lor' bless you, that don't matter with folks like them." "But how comes it that they are to be married if they do not like each other?" "Well, you see, sir, it's the old squire as has done it. When first Miss Maldon's own papa died, three or four years ago, she came here. And Sir Herbert, he took a liking to her, and have been mad about her ever since. So nothing must do but Mr. William must make her his wife, and mistress of Earlstone Park; and if he don't, then he don't have the estate. That's all about it, sir." Percy Cleveland had fallen into a reverie, and not a very pleasant one, to judge from his countenance; for the insouciant smiles had vanished, and a sad frown sat on his face, making him look older by several years. Presently he lifted his head, and asked suddenly—"Was there not another son?" "Indeed, sir, there was, and is," said the landlord. "Mr. Sydney is still alive, as far as we all know. He was the nicest gentleman of the two, but he did something or other when he was at college which angered the old gentleman, and he quarrelled with him, and ordered him off from home. Sir Herbert is very strict and severe, sir. Anyhow, Mr. Sydney went off, and nobody has ever seen him since, though it is seven years now that he left. Unlucky for him, the squire can cut him off from every penny, and it seems likely enough, for no one dare mention his name in Sir Herbert's presence. But I am wearying you, sir, with this talk; dinner will be ready directly." "Oh no, you do not tire me; I am always interested in those sort of things." The landlord bustled away, however, and present-

ly dinner was served, and sent back hardly tasted much to the good hostess' discomfiture. Later on the evening Percy Cleveland sat brooding deeply. The old smile had vanished utterly as he puffed away at his cigar, and gazed moodily out of the open window towards the place where the tall building of Earlstone Hall loomed gray and dim in the shadow of the thick trees, save where the moon fell on one wing, and made the white stones gleam like silver. Once he spoke bitterly: "Must it be always thus? And when the clock in the village church struck two, he rose, and, sinking off the fit of abstraction, was his own careless self once more. CHAPTER II. A week passed away, and then another, and still the artist remained in his old quarters at the inn. Many times in that short interval had Percy Cleveland met Helen Maldon, not without danger to both sides. The landlord of the Red Lion had spoken truly when he said that Helen's heart was not in the match which Sir Herbert contemplated, but being aware of his wishes, she had yielded herself without a thought, and hoped to make Mr. William a good wife when the time should come. But now she could not help comparing her intended husband with the handsome stranger who talked so eloquently on every subject, and especially on those that pleased her most. For the first conversation had not been by any means the last. Percy Cleveland was not wanting in that tact which enables men to surmount triumphantly the small but occasionally awkward obstacles which conventionality raises between two persons who are not regularly introduced. He had so managed that Helen was hardly aware that she was committing any breach of etiquette in permitting an acquaintance begun in so unorthodox a manner to ripen into intimacy; or if sometimes the thought crossed her mind, she dismissed it with the excuse that she could not help it. So in that fortnight Percy had advanced rapidly, and each day determining to leave on the morrow, each day put off the evil moment another twenty-four hours, under every pretext but the right one. And Helen began to look forward to the quasi-accidental meetings, when Percy, with cool effrontery, would make some transparent excuse for the strange coincidence, and then, gradually opening a conversation, induce her to talk and listen for more than an hour in shady lanes, or among the old trees in the cool wood. And when he talked with her and bent his eyes on hers, Helen saw something there which made her glow and tremble, for they told unconsciously that the contented painter felt something for his beautiful companion which, while it made her heart beat with pleasure, she knew she ought not to suffer. Yet she had not the power nor the inclination to put an end to such meetings, each of which as it became sweeter to her became more dangerous to both. So the days passed by, and at the end of the fortnight Percy began to feel that Earlstone held a talisman which chained him irresistibly to the spot which now seemed to him the fairest in England. One night, about the beginning of the third week, as he strolled down the lane which skirted the park wall, he felt an inclination to enter the grounds and have a look at the Hall by moonlight. Perhaps the idea that he might catch a glimpse of Helen at one of the windows had something to do with it. However, he directed his course to the wicket-gate which had been his means of entrance on a memorable afternoon, and, waiting over it as before, proceeded in the direction of the house. It was a bright moonlight night, and the moonbeams, wherever there was a break in the trees, fell in broad bands of silver across the greensward of the avenue which he traversed. He could hear quite plainly the splash of the neighboring river, and every few minutes the hoarse cry of the landrail came from the meadows beyond, and sounded strangely weird on the night breeze. At last he reached the open, where trees bordered on a wide, well-kept lawn, and, retiring under the shade of some lime trees, he looked up at the windows of the grand old house, and as he gazed, something like a sigh broke from him, which was not produced by love, but, as it were, by deep regret. The windows were mostly lighted up, and from one on the first floor, which was open, and shaded by thick lace curtains, came sounds of merry music, as the warm west wind stirred the folds of the handsome draperies. Evidently some gaieties were in progress. After a time the patient watcher was amply rewarded. The curtains were drawn aside, and a lady came out on the balcony followed by a gentleman. Presently the latter was dismissed, apparently on some errand, for he bowed and withdrew, and his companion was left alone. Percy had recognized Helen immediately; and as the light fell on her upturned face and dress of gauzy texture, she looked fairest of all the fair to him who stood gazing so intently. Helen, on her side, happening to glance in his direction, caught the glimmer of some part of his apparel, and, looking again, soon distinguished the figure of a man, though indistinctly. Something told her who it was, and involuntarily almost she broke off a sprig of jessamine from the creepers which grew up the trellis-work, and, as if unconsciously, dropped it on the lawn beneath. Then she drew back, and appeared to re-enter the ball-room, but in reality stood under cover of the curtains, and in her turn watched. Percy, when she was gone, stepped out of the shade, and, crossing the lawn, which was in the full light of the moon, stooped down and picked up the fallen treasure. Helen saw him kiss it reverently, and carry it away with him into the wood, where he disappeared. Then she went back to the crowd of dancers with her head whirling, her heart thumping; for she knew now what she had guessed before—that she was loved, and by the man whose love alone she cared to win. Mean while the harvest moon, which shone over the broad acres of Earlstone Park, looked down on other scenes enacted under the grand old trees. Long before Percy Cleveland entered the park, some one opened one of the windows which looked on to the lawn, and stepped out. The gentleman was in evening dress, and had evidently just left the

ball-room. It was William Earlstone, and he crossed the park, and took the direction towards the river, glancing hastily round as if he feared to be seen. Arrived at the banks of the silent flowing stream, he commenced pacing up and down; and looking impatiently towards the footpath, as if expecting some one. Presently footsteps were heard crackling the dry twigs, and a woman came in sight. As she advanced to meet him, and threw back the hood which had concealed her features, the light fell on a proud, beautiful face. Her dark eyes sparkling, her cheeks flushed with the exertion of her late walk, with tall, lithe figure, and regular features, she looked a fitting queen of the night; and as William Earlstone advanced to meet her, his cold, impressive face lighted up with an involuntary smile, evidently called forth by the charms of the newcomer. And looking down at the fair face upturned to his under the distant stars, with love beaming in every feature, what wonder if he thought unfavorably on her whom he was to be compelled to marry, whose eyes never softened when they met his, to whose soft cheek no word or action of his could call a warmer flush? So thinking, he bent his head and left a passionate kiss on the clinging lips, which cared not to retreat from his; though he had come there to-night with a purpose in his heart which had not much kinship with such caresses. The girl was the first to speak, and her hushed voice sounded like gentle music in the surrounding stillness. "Why did you send for me, to-night, William, instead of coming, as you are wont, to our trysting-place? Was it to see whether I loved you enough to come? If so, you should have chosen something much harder to try me than a pleasant walk in the bright moonlight, with such an ending to look forward to." "Not for that, little Addie; I would not give you a moment's extra trouble that any exertion of mine could avert, and I know your love too well to wish to try it by such means. But it seems that I have been watched, and some one who has seen me visit you informed my father, and it was only by continued denial that I could quiet his suspicions. So, not daring to come to you, I asked you to come here; and, like my own darling Addie, you have complied with my wishes willingly." "As I always will," answered she whom he called Addie, looking up in his face, fondly. "But tell me, when will all this secrecy end? Much as I love you, dear William, I sometimes feel strangely sad when I think of all that we have done and must still do to avoid notice. Will the time never come when you will not be afraid to own your love for humble Addie Carter, and I may call you husband before the world, as you have said I should?" "It is to talk to you about these things that I have asked you to meet me here to-night. I have often told you, Addie, that as long as Sir Herbert lives our love must never be known, and, like a sensible girl, you have seen the good sense of my arguments, and not fretted and fumed as some girls would have done. But now the case wears a different aspect. Sir Herbert sent for me a few days ago, and informed me that it was his desire that I should marry my cousin, Helen Maldon, and upon my demurring he told me, sternly, that if I thwarted him he should change his will, and Helen should be his heiress; and I know him well enough to fear that he will do so without an instant's reflection if at the end of the week, I refuse. What am I to do, Addie?" The girl trembled; for she felt, and justly, that if William Earlstone had any doubt, his love for her must be worthless. But she said hopefully, scanning his face eagerly the while—"You have your own income; and if the worst comes to the worst, and you cannot obtain your father's consent to our marriage, we can go away where no one shall know us, and I will try by my love to make you forget the riches you have lost. Oh, William," she said in trembling tones, "remember all that I have forfeited for our love in days gone by." But William was too selfish to give up eight thousand a year and live on five hundred for the sake of the love which this beautiful creature bore for him, or for the now smouldering passion which he felt for her; so he answered angrily—"And did I risk nothing in those days you speak of? Honor, position—are these nothing? No! you women are so confoundedly selfish, do what a man may, you always want something which it is impossible to give. However," he added in gentler tones, "what I want to tell you is this: I cannot and dare not thwart my father in this thing; so outwardly I must appear to yield, but my love for you, Addie, will be unchanged, and you know well enough that you may command anything of all I have." For a few moments the poor girl stood as one stunned; then disengaging herself from his encircling arm, she said, with a sad attempt at a proud composure—"No, William, that cannot be; you cannot love me any longer, or you could not have spoken as you have to-night. Heaven forgive you for your broken faith, and grant that I may not live much longer. Good-bye. Don't attempt to see me again, for you shall not." She was gone. And William Earlstone stood stupefied looking after her, until, recovering himself, he lit a cigar and said composedly—"That's well over. I was afraid she would go into heroics; women invariably do on such occasions." With this, the only obstacle to his marriage removed, he retraced his steps homewards in a good humor with himself, and scarcely giving a thought to the tottering figure, which blinded by hot tears, staggering through the lonely wood in bitter sorrow, whether she cared not or knew. But there was one who had followed her all the way to the place of meeting, and who had crouched in a hazel copse watching with glaring eyes the recent interview. The same one when late the lovers separated, followed not far behind William Earlstone. And there was something in the expression of the man's countenance, as he kept warily within the shade of the trees, which betokened ill to the former if ever they should meet face to face. The baronet's son walked on, little thinking of

the danger which lurked behind him, and soon arrived at the carriage road which led to the Hall. As he turned the corner into the road, Percy Cleveland was advancing towards him, and the two men presently stood close together in the bright moonlight. Percy threw back his head with a gesture of mingled pride and defiance. The other started visibly, and would have passed without seeming to notice him. At once, Percy said, firmly—"Do you not know me, then, William Earlstone, or do you despise me so much that you do not fear what my errand here may have been?" William gasped for breath, and said, terrified—"What are you doing here? Good heavens, you have never—" "No," replied the other; "not yet. But I have something to say to you which will take some time to come back with me to your lodgings" and he turned authoritatively, leaving the other to follow him. Arrived at the inn, they sat long together; and the drowsy landlord, who waited to bar the doors after Percy's late visitor had departed, heard voices angry, beseeching, taunting, and wondered greatly. Then Percy Cleveland called for pen and paper, and there was another angry discussion. At last the door opened, and the two came out. Percy said to the landlord—"I am going back to town by the mail which passes here at four o'clock. You can send my luggage on the next train." Then he paid his bill, and left the astonished host to ruminate upon this strange occurrence. The two men left the house together; and as the first streaks of rosy red appeared in the east, the shrieking engine rushed to town, bearing Percy away from Esvalde and Helen. Looking out of the carriage window in the dim, gray light, he bid adieu to Earlstone Park for ever. William Earlstone, however, did not sleep at the Hall that night; for, as Helen was dressing next morning, she saw three or four men coming slowly up the avenue, bearing something on a litter, and presently a breathless servant-maid informed her how Mr. William had been found in the park nearly dead, with a great knife wound in his side, by the under-gardener; and leaning over the banisters she saw the man carry his lifeless form, his evening dress all bloody and torn, up the broad staircase. Then she sat stupefied in her room, waiting for the doctors, who had been sent for in all haste. Over Earlstone Hall, which, the night before, all gay and brilliant, had rung with merry music and happy laughter as the wine went round and the dancers whirled, was a great gloom and sadness. Nor was it quite dispelled when the head physician had pronounced the wound not fatal, and given his opinion that with care the patient would recover; for the question then arose, Who did the deed?—and why? CHAPTER III. Dearly passed the next week to Helen. Once or twice she ventured out, but somehow she did not meet Percy Cleveland. Still she wondered how it was that no outcry was made about the attack on William, no attempt to discover the culprit. At last one day William was so far recovered as to come down into the baronet's study for an hour or two. After dinner Sir Herbert asked Helen to accompany him to the same room; and she knew from his tone that something important was about to transpire. After she had talked with William for a few moments, the baronet turned to her, and said, gravely—"Helen, I have something very particular to tell you, and something very dear to me to ask of you. Listen, child, attentively. I dare say you have heard that I once had an elder son, and that he disgraced me. Perhaps you do not know his sin. It was one which I could never pardon. Promising marriage, he eloped with the daughter of a small tradesman near Oxford; nor was this all—for, blinded by his passion for the girl, he stole some considerable sum of money from a fellow-colleger's room in order to supply himself with the means for their journey." "I had thought that son could never bring greater trouble on a father than mine on me. But he has now committed a greater crime than all in attempting his brother's life. It appears that he met William in some manner a fortnight ago, and inveigled him into an interview at night; then, upon his asking for money and being refused, he made the attack on his brother which has nearly ended so fatally. Inquiries have been made about him, and it is found that he left England a few days ago, and I am in hopes he may never return." "I have told you this, child, because I think it right for you to know it now. I have yet one thing to ask you, and I have no fears but that you will grant it willingly. You know how much I desire to see you married to my only recognised son. And now that he is ill, and I feel as if my own days were numbered, I would do away with all delay. The matter can be arranged so that the marriage can take place in the room within a week or so. And you are not the one to make squeamish excuses about sudden notices. Therefore think the matter over, Helen, and tell me to-morrow what day you would like best. Now I must bid you good night. I am very tired." And the fast falling old man left the room with tottering steps, and Helen and William were alone. Helen's head was full of surging thoughts, and the room seemed to dance round in wild confusion. Raising, she said, attempting to compose her voice—"I will leave you now, William. I have much to think about." And before he could reply she was gone. Alone in her chamber, she leaned her burning head on her hands, and tried to think. Suddenly, as she was wondering what Sydney Earlstone was like, a sudden thought flashed across her mind. Was Percy Cleveland Sydney Earlstone? Impossible. Yet why not? Then there came to her mind several circumstances which she had noticed before: his knowledge of the park and all its intricacies; his general avoidance of notice, several strange expressions; nay, worse than all, the fact that she had seen the supposed artist in the grounds on that fatal night. Utterly bewildered by this new complication of her trouble, she thought distractedly of some means by which to set all doubts at rest. All at once she