



CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

VOL. XXV. MONTREAL, FRIDAY, AUG. 21, 1874. NO. 1.

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 PLEDGE; and below the Engraving is a facsimile of his handwriting endorsing this likeness of himself as "A CORRECT ONE."

It is printed on heavy plate paper, size 24x32 inches, and will frame 22x28 inches. PRICES ONLY ONE DOLLAR.

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

By E. M. Stewart. CHAPTER I. "Le donne, i cavalieri, l'arme, gli amori, Le cortese, l'audace impresa, io canto."

It was about ten o'clock in the evening of the 4th of October, 15—, that the door of a house in the little village of Charing, was cautiously opened, and two men wrapped in dark mantles stepped forth.

The day had been fine and warm, but its closing marked the capricious character of the English climate. A cold wind blew from the North, driving rain and sleet before it; the clouds scudded along in huge masses, or were broken into fantastic forms, with here and there a star sparkling through them, while the moon was totally obscured, or shone amidst a grey vapor.

The taller, and as it appeared the younger of the two companions, stepped lightly through the garden, and listened for a few minutes at its entrance; but no sound met his ear, except the heavy pattering of the rain among the leaves; he then returned to his friend, and they walked with a cautious air through the village; their path was however unobscured, its inhabitants had long since found in sleep a like forgetfulness of their sorrows and their joys.

part of the roof had fallen, and the moonbeams as they struggled with the clouds, now lighted up the scene of desolation within; the broken arches and mouldering columns, garlanded with ivy, or clothed with moss, and anon touched with a wan lustre, some fretted pinnacle that seemed mourning the fate of its companion.

"Spirit of beauty!" he murmured, "dost thou too, art banished with the light of holiness and truth; but yet may not that time be far distant when the ruined altar shall be raised up, and its banished servants restored."

As the stranger again turned his eyes to the spot where the altar had stood, he perceived a tall figure wrapped in a mantle, leaning against the shaft of a broken column, the moonbeams darted full upon his own face as he rose from his kneeling posture; and the person near the pillar might have observed that his figure, though fully reaching the middle height, was deformed by a projection of the left shoulder.

"Henry, is that you?" he inquired, supposing that his companion had followed him into the chapel; and his only answer was a deep sigh, and the moon sinking at that moment behind a cloud, the chapel was involved in obscurity.

It was not to him one of a new resort. The stranger from Charing perceived that to track the course of this mysterious figure must be vain, hastened to the spot where he left his friend, to whom he recounted what he had seen. The work, however which they had on hand would not admit of being delayed, even by a circumstance which the unquiet times rendered so suspicious, as the appearance in that lonely spot and on that dismal night, of a person who might be either a spy upon their actions, or one oppressed with trouble like themselves.

They had by this time reached the Stocks market, where the Mansion House now stands; the beacon lights of Bow Church in the Chepe, threw out a ruddy glare, contrasting strongly with the cold lustre of the moon, which, as the rain had for awhile ceased, now traversed the sky, but seldom obscured by the eddying clouds.

"We can scarce shape our course better than in the way chosen by these most precious rascals!" whispered Henry to his friend, "and much I fear their expedition bodes ill to honest John Harding, of Grass Street."

"This house was, I believe, built by Sir Robert, not Sir William Cecil, towards the end of Elizabeth's reign."

"By the Lord!" said one, "many a merry prank has our master had, but none to match with this; the maidens—here a louder blast of wind drowned his words; but their reply met the ear of the friends unimpeded—"

"Fairer are not than the Lily of Grass street, and the rose of the Lombards; but were I our master, the soft eyes with which my Lord of Leicester and Sir Kit have looked upon the dainty damsel would like me not; 'tis ill crossing Sir Robert Dudley—let Sir Philip beware of a fever!"

"Hush, hush, Edmund Ware and John Morley, both of you," exclaimed a third speaker; "is it for pages and serving men like ye to question the actions of a godly noble like my Lord of Leicester, full of the majesty of the blessed spirit, or the freaks of a May-pole gallant, such as our master, Sir Philip? Surely his bare communing with so godly a vessel of the faith as Leicester, may make amends for him, when he yields to the little worldly frailties of the flesh; and the Lord forbid, that any vanities should disturb their friendship, which is so pleasant to behold!"

"It hath an ugly visage, the scene of our mystery of the night," said Morley; "let but an arrow fly in the street of the Lombards, and the whizzing of its goose feather shall rouse all the villain practices of the Chepe and the Cornmarket, to lay their poles about thy shoulders—barring the clamor which the wives of the brute citizens will make, and the fumes of bacon and sack posset, which shall taint the air as soon as they open their lattices: for ye know, my comrades, that these Londoners gorge like the very swine themselves!"

"Neither forget we," answered Edmund Ware, "their city watch, who give hard blows upon occasion."

"True," cried the other, "but they are more decent ones, fitter for a man of some blood to encounter; they are given with good swords, not with the churl cudgel."

"And wherefore?" inquired his companion. "The Lily of Grass Street, and the rose of the Lombards," replied Henry, "are no other than the daughter and niece of our friend."

"The impudent, forward, conceited, painted hoydens!" shrieked the woman who had spoken: "my troth, I warrant the dames, and damsels of the city will be stung with a new ballad about the Lily and the Rose, after this brawl!"

were not therefore the less expressive—darting and twinkling with an indescribable malice from under a pent brow. The forehead was narrow, and fell back so much from the eyes, that nothing was visible between their dusky brows and the steely-crowned felt hat, which was worn by this ungracious looking being.

"Well met!" cried the new comer to Sir Philip's men, "but who would have thought to meet you here: surely, friend Gilbert, thou art not in the readiest way to the house of Master Fenton?"

"All ready, Master Edmund: see, but see I keep fast the Lily and the Rose," cried the new comer, and as he spoke he held up a ponderous key. "Come, come," he added impatiently, "the old man will be returned from York before the break of day."

"Sir Philip's men seemed as little inclined for delays as the new comer, and they all strode hastily away. A few words of earnest entreaty from Henry induced his friend to track with him the way of the villainous confederates: they were not, however, equally well acquainted with the city, and were besides obliged to grope their way cautiously along by the fluctuating light of the moon, while the conspirators had now a lantern to guide them."

"Unhand the damsel, ruffians!" exclaimed Henry, drawing his rapier as he sprung forwards. The dress of one of the women, which he had grasped in his endeavor to save her, slipped from his hand, as he sunk on the ground, stunned by a severe blow on the forehead. His companion was not on his part slow to hasten to the assistance of the other female; she was dragged along between the two men, one of whom, hearing a lantern, our stranger perceived to be the unwhom being who had joined Sir Philip's men in Canwyke Street.

"What ho! watch! watch!" cried an old man in a squeaking treble from the casement immediately above the combatants.

"Watch! watch!" screamed the still shriller tones of a female from an adjoining house; "a shame it is that honest people cannot sleep for forward maidens and was-sailing gallants!"

"My most delicate Lily, and most dainty Rose!" squeaked the old man, "I would come to thy relief with more pleasure than I carve doublet of a rare price; but there is a sound of steel near thee, fair Gertrude, which my stomach likes not; those needles of a large size might pierce my body with an oilet of unseemly fashion; but I will assay what I can do to help thee. Ho! watch, watch!"

Master Williams might, however, have spared this great exertion of friendship for the watch were rapidly advancing down the street. On hearing their approach, the opponent of the stranger dropped the point of his sword, and in a tone hoarse with rage, exclaimed—

"Meddling intruder! remember that I bear thee in my mind; we may yet meet, where none shall come to part us!"

"Do not, do not," replied the stranger, with a voice of placid scorn, "that I shall be at all times ready for the encounter!"

"The mask uttered another exclamation of wrath, and seemed as if then half inclined to renew the combat; but he now plainly heard the tramp of the watch, and bidding the wounded Ralph to follow him, they both fled precipitately down the street. The other female had been already borne away; and when the spot was reached by the watch, no one was to be seen but the stranger supporting the terrified Gertrude, and the form of Henry extended on the ground covered with blood, apparently dead.

"By my hope of her smiles, pretty Mistress Gertrude Harding!" cried the Warden of the Watch, holding a flambeau near her pale face, "and looking but too much like a Lily; what do you here, sweet Gertrude?"

"Alas, Master Warden," replied the damsel, "my uncle is, as thou knowest, at York, and as is my word, I was at his house to bear his daughter Lucy company; we sat alone conversing in our chamber, for her maid, Alas, betrayed such unusual heaviness, that we sent her to bed, and were preparing ourselves for sleep, when my uncle's apprentice, the villain, Ralph Adams, burst into the chamber, and assisted by four masked and armed ruffians, forced us from the house. This low-gentleman has saved me from their grasp, and his friend here is killed, I fear, in an attempt to rescue my cousin, whom they have borne away. Alas, my dear Lucy, what has become of her, I know not; but well I wot, the villain Ralph must have dragged the night cap of the servant, to whom whom were awakened by our screams."

"The Warden now despatched some of his men in pursuit of the offenders, while others, entering the house of Fenton, found the servants in a sleep so profound that it was evidently the effect of an opiate. Meanwhile, a considerable crowd had gathered in the street around Gertrude and the stranger, both of whom were earnestly occupied in examining the condition of his wounded friend.

"Alas!" exclaimed Gertrude, as she marked the features, "is this indeed the gentle Henry Willoughton? Good citizens, I pray you for the love of heaven, to aid in bearing him to the house of my father, and you, most noble sir, she added, turning with a timid air to the stranger, "may it please you to go there, and receive the thanks which I know my father will be prompt to pay to him who has warded from his daughter the evils of this heavy night, which has deprived him of his niece, and much I fear me, of his friend."

No lack was there among the youths of the city, of many willing, and proud, to assist the fair Lily of Grass Street. A commodious litter was speedily formed, on which the form of the wounded Willoughton was supported; but it seemed as if the bystanders thought that the office of assisting the beautiful Gertrude towards the dwelling of her father belonged of right to the gallant stranger who had preserved her in her peril. The crowd of the citizens and their apprentices, who had by this time hurried on their clothes, and assembled in the street, fell back, and even Edward Wood, the Warden of the Watch, respectfully retreated. A well favored youth was Master Wood, and a rich one too; folks said that his thoughts were much fixed on Gertrude Harding, no uncommon hap among the youths of Grass Street and its neighborhood; though it might be that the good estate, and good favor of Master Warden, gave him a chance over his rivals. This gay Edward placed himself at the head of the litter on which Willoughton was supported; doubtless it was to see that he was borne gently, and not to watch the demeanor of Gertrude and the noble stranger. Master Williams, meanwhile, had quietly watched these proceedings; his antiquated and grotesque visage assuming the tint of copper in the light of the torches beneath his window; conceiving there was no longer any danger to his precious person, he called out—

"Stay, my delicate Gertrude, I will open the door to thee: thou shalt have a cup of spiced sack, and the hurt of this gentleman can be examined."